

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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MAY 1968 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY



PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR • AN INTERVIEW WITH "HUMAN SEXUAL
RESPONSE" AUTHORS MASTERS AND JOHNSON • LEN DEIGHTON DEBUTS AS
PLAYBOY'S TRAVEL EDITOR WITH A UNIQUE GUIDE TO THE CONTINENT
KEN W. PURDY ON THE INDY 500 • A WILD JULIE NEWMAR PICTORIAL



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PLAYBILL THE PACKING CASES of research material, cablegrams, rolls of film, maps, charts and pages of manuscript that flowed into Chicago from London-based Len Deighton for his premiere article as our Travel Editor, *Playboy's Guide to a Continental Holiday*, arrived just as word came that our January issue broke the 5,000,000-circulation mark. The largest overseas chunk of that record-breaking total was chalked up in Deighton's own British Isles, where over 100,000 turned-on young males buy *PLAYBOY* each month. But our foreign readership is by no means limited to English-speaking nations: Close to a quarter of a million copies are flown into France, Germany, Sweden and Switzerland each month; such far-flung spots as Dahomey and Ruanda in Africa and the Falkland Islands near the tip of South America even receive a few copies. The selection of spymaster, *bon vivant*, gourmet and world traveler Len Deighton to fill the important post of Travel Editor at *PLAYBOY* acknowledges our recognition that the magazine's readership is not only international in make-up but also internationally minded and very definitely attuned to the rewards of travel outside of the armchair. Deighton, of course, is the creator of Harry Palmer, the engagingly insolent secret agent, and five of the most literate espionage novels of our time—beginning with *The Ipcress File* in 1962 and including *An Expensive Place to Die*, the first appearance of which was as a serial in our pages starting in December 1966. After we read these and his British paperback *Len Deighton's London Dossier*—the hippest guide to Hipsville, U.K., ever published—he seemed to us a most logical choice as the man to cover the world with a monthly feature for your enlightenment. A lifelong globe-trotter, Deighton flew with the R.A.F. as a photographer in his late teens, with BOAC as a steward in his 20s, and has been traveling ever since. "The idea of writing about my travels," he told us on a recent visit to our Chicago offices, "and of traveling in order to write about it is beautiful—but only if one can avoid the two great pitfalls of travel writing. The bulk of it is written either by Pollyannas who make every place sound like Shangri-Lai or by someone so world-weary that you wonder why he ever bothered leaving home. Even with its disappointments, traveling is always an adventure to me and I'm delighted to be able to share those adventures with *PLAYBOY*'s readers. I plan on telling it like it is—at least with me."

Deighton's debut is a suitable springboard for a bright spring issue. News that September Playmate Angela Dorian was selected as our ninth Playmate of the Year reached her shortly after she'd landed a coveted seven-year contract with Paramount Pictures. The euphoria of what is developing into a great 1968 for talented Angela is captured, we think, in the six color pages devoted to her within.

The forces of Big Government in search of the means to produce a complete dossier on every American citizen form Alan F. Westin's large target in *The Snooping Machine*. Westin, a professor of government at Columbia University, is among the country's leading authorities on this subject. His work—most recently synthesized in last year's seminal book *Privacy and Freedom*, winner of a George Polk Award—has been quoted by the Supreme Court and used as the basis for much legislation.

May's *Playboy Interview* with Dr. William H. Masters and Mrs. Virginia E. Johnson grew out of a relationship with the myth-shattering sex researchers established by Senior Editor Nat Lehrman in the course of performing editorial chores on *The Playboy Forum* and *The Playboy Advisor*. "Since the publication of *Human Sexual Response*," Nat says, "we have often asked them for help with questions relating to the physiology of sex. They have always cooperated graciously, because they regard *PLAYBOY* as 'potentially the best medium for sex education in America today.'"

Ken W. Purdy's *Indy—the Golden Brickyard* does for the Indianapolis 500 what his *The Grand Prix*, published here just 12 months ago, did for Formula 1 racing. Also on hand herein is William Wiser's *Ulysses at Cannes*, a wry, bemused look at the bowl-derization of Joseph Strick's *Ulysses* by the Cannes Film Festival authorities.

Come September, Doubleday will publish an exhaustive account of the Carl Coppolino case by John D. MacDonald, creator of the 87th Precinct and a host of other fictional locales, including the eerie interior of a hospital patient's mind in this month's lead story, *The Annex*. "The Coppolino book, *No Deadly Drug*, took 17 months to write," MacDonald says. "I wrote *The Annex* during a break, when the hunger to deal with imaginary people rather than real ones got too strong." Isaac Bashevis Singer plans to include both this month's haunting *Henne Fire* and last December's *The Lecture* (voted our best fiction of 1967) in his next Farrar, Straus & Giroux collection, *The Scent and Other Stories*. May's other fiction finds British science fictioneer J. G. Ballard assuming, in *The Dead Astronaut*, that just about everything that might go wrong with the future world will go wrong; and Chicago social worker Gerald Cleaver humorously epitomizing—in *Never Press the Lapels*—the deterioration of the present-day world in an outrageous dry-cleaning establishment.

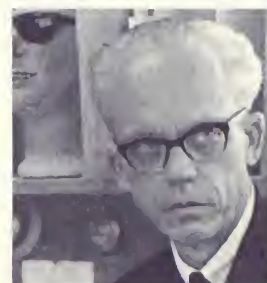
More to make May memorable: Novelist and pop historian Daniel Mannix recalls the consummate con men of the old shell game in *There's One Born Every Second*. Jules Feiffer, in *Exotica*, exercises his contemporary wit on an offbeat sexual practice. And *There Once Was an Indian Maid* bares Julie Newmar's pre-eminent qualifications as an appealingly bare Apache in *Mackenna's Gold*. All of which makes this international issue, we aver, a first-class flight of fiction, fact and fancy.



DEIGHTON



SINGER



PURDY



MACDONALD



WESTIN



FEIFFER



MANNIX

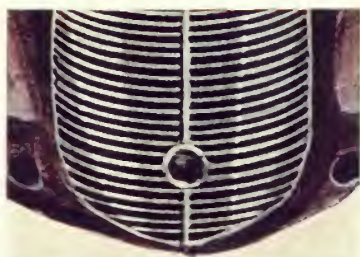


BALLARD



WISER

PLAYBOY



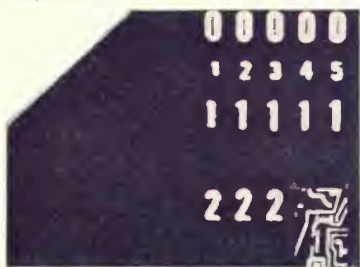
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Snooping Machine P. 130

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PLAYBOY, MAY, 1968, VOL. 15, NO. 5, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMM PUBLISHING CO., INC., IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILL., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U.S., \$8 FOR ONE YEAR.

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I positively light up.*

*How can any girl defend
herself against a warm color
like that.*

*And that tattersall...
irresistible.*

*But you really put a girl to the
test with your lean taper and
your rolled collar.*

*Maybe the other girls believe
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DEAR PLAYBOY

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AFFIRMATIVE VOTE

I am glad to see PLAYBOY bringing to the public's attention the growing problems of our voting age laws (*Lower the Voting Age*, by Senator Jacob K. Javits, PLAYBOY, February). I am a co-author of the Mansfield Resolution that would lower the voting age to 18 and I stand firmly behind this proposal. It was a prime plank in my race for the governorship of Texas in 1954 and has always been one of my concerns here in the Senate. The young person between 18 and 21 is a citizen of America, fully responsible to our courts and subject to our laws. Lowering the voting age is a matter of justice, not privilege.

Senator Ralph W. Yarborough
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

My colleague Senator Jacob K. Javits made an extremely persuasive argument for reducing the voting age to 18. A young man or woman graduating from high school today is a much better educated and better informed citizen than someone with two or three years of college 25 years ago. I am hopeful that during this session, Congress will approve a constitutional amendment to lower the voting age to 18. Senator Javits' cogent arguments will certainly help provide a stimulus for this.

Senator Stephen M. Young
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

I joined in sponsoring Senate Joint Resolution Eight, proposing an amendment to the Constitution to extend the right to vote to citizens 18 or older. It was my feeling that the experience of permitting citizens under 21 years of age to vote in four states—Georgia, Kentucky, Alaska and Hawaii—has demonstrated that young people today, because of the rising level of education, are equipped with the information necessary to intelligently exercise the suffrage right.

Senator Carl Hayden
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

Young people are in closer touch with the hard realities of life and view it with a fresh outlook and enthusiasm as they graduate from our high schools and pa-

renial protection into the outside world. It is then—not later—that they should participate in the dialog of our democracy. We acknowledge their achievements with praise, special attention and fanfare and welcome them as partners in society. But then we leave them frustrated by not giving them the realistic and responsible outlet of expression—the franchise—and so we really fail them at this important time. I agree that we should make them full partners.

Senator Jennings Randolph
United States Senate
Washington, D. C.

At my request and urging, the Nebraska legislature in 1967 passed enabling legislation lowering the voting age to 19. Since this is a constitutional change, it will require a vote of the people, which will take place this November. I have asked the young people of our state to accept this as a challenge to them and have urged them to campaign actively for passage of this amendment. The fundamentals of Senator Javits' article are in concurrence with my own thinking. Most certainly, the young people of this day are knowledgeable, sophisticated and responsible—therefore, they should have a voice in government. I used many thousands of young people in my campaign for the governorship of this state and I continue to maintain contact with them. Not only were they valuable for the more prosaic duties of the campaign but I counseled with them on policy and positions on controversial issues. Thank you for your foresight in printing Senator Javits' article.

Governor Norbert T. Tiemann
Lincoln, Nebraska

In response to Senator Javits' article concerning lowering the voting age in America, I would like to say that I have long supported such efforts and I will continue to lend them my support. The people of Illinois have a great opportunity to move in this direction: toward a sounder and more equitable future for our citizens, by virtue of a call for constitutional convention, to be placed on the ballot this November.

Governor Otto Kerner
Springfield, Illinois

Judging from the response we received

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Or this cologne, that will remind you of those very early mornings in the country, the scent of the woods, your favorite riding boots, a true Russian leather.

From The House of 4711

to Senator Javits' article, a great many elected officials support lowering the voting age. In addition to these letters, we received comments to that effect from Senators Peter H. Dominick, Clifford P. Hansen and Howard H. Baker, Jr.; from several members of the House of Representatives; and from a number of mayors of major cities. For additional comments on Senator Javits' extremely popular article, see below.

Javits' article was excellent, but he failed to discuss the very positive effects lowering the voting age would have on our educational system. For one thing, the student-teacher relationship would improve immensely, with teachers talking to their students as adults instead of as children. More important, student voting power would have a profound effect on crucial educational issues: school bonds, school-board elections and school policies. Lowering the voting age would give students the voice in their own education and future they have been trying to obtain—with so little success—by other means.

George Nyberg
American River College
Sacramento, California

When those my age graduated from high school, we were informed at commencement that "the torch had been passed on" to us. Passed it may have been, but we couldn't carry it anywhere. For the past four years, we have watched, powerless, while our cities burned and our friends died in Vietnam. At best, we can render services to our community or our country. Or we can block Government hallways, carry placards or simply turn on, tune in and drop out. I strongly believe that we are ready to carry the torch of voter responsibility. And in answer to those who doubt our commitment to this responsibility, I can assure them that I would much rather turn a switch in a voting booth than put a match to my draft card.

Kurt John Hein
University of Oregon
Eugene, Oregon

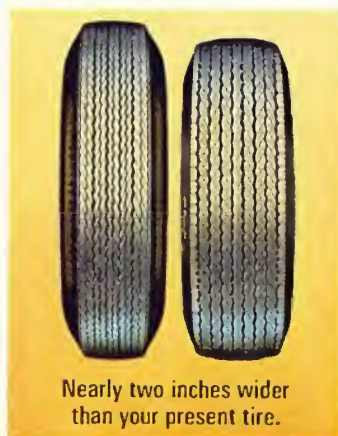
Senator Javits' timely article touched a nerve for me and many of my fellow students. If our legislators are afraid of a large bloc of new voters and new ideas, they ought to be turned out of office.

Spencer Hopping
University of Arizona
Tucson, Arizona

The Senator's proposal to lower the voting age to 18 is interesting but irrelevant. At the age of 18, this writer found it far less infuriating to be denied an electoral choice between two idiots than to be denied the opportunity to order a beer with his lunch. A society that commands 18-year-old males to kill Asian



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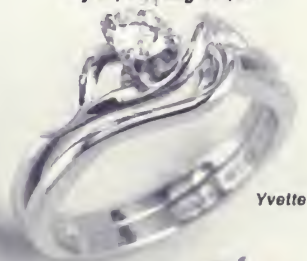
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peasants and simultaneously bars them from legally enjoying a glass of beer is sick. It will take much more than a lowering of the voting age to regenerate America.

Eric D. Kohler
Stanford, California

But it might help if the elected government were answerable to minor voters.

REVENGE IS SWEET

A Pimp's Revenge, in the February PLAYBOY, reaffirms my feeling that Bernard Malamud is among the most talented writers around today. As an artist, I think Malamud's story of a painter suffering for—and almost dominated by—his art comes so close to capturing a common situation that it shouldn't be called fiction.

Tom House
Cape Kennedy, Florida

Having visited and admired Florence, the Italian art capital, I particularly enjoyed Malamud's depiction of this fascinating city in *A Pimp's Revenge*. The story was delightful.

Terry J. Loat
University of Calgary
Calgary, Alberta

BROWN POWER

After reading your stimulating February interview with Jim Brown, I can't help but feel tremendous admiration and respect for him—both as an athlete and as a person. It takes something special for anyone to climb from the ghetto, contend with the prejudice Brown has faced and still maintain a rational mind. I think this special quality will make Brown's organization, the Negro Industrial and Economic Union, a real success. It serves to relieve the frustrations of Negroes trapped in the ghettos and those of whites who cannot help them because of the barrier between the two races. My hope is that Brown will fulfill his dream and that he subsequently will be remembered not for football or for acting but for his contribution to black America.

Richard Doughry
Williams College
Williamstown, Massachusetts

My sincere thanks to PLAYBOY for its clear and in-depth interview with Jim Brown. He is a personality towering alone in greatness in pro-football history. There are those who will not agree with Jim's views on life, just as there are those who didn't agree that he was a complete ballplayer because of his blocking. But when you are the greatest runner in all football and handling the ball 90 percent of the time, just how important is that other 10 percent?

Before I came to the Washington Redskins, I was Jim Brown's roommate and running partner in the Cleveland backfield for four years. I think I know

him as well as anyone. I don't think he will allow lesser individuals to change his mind about his work for the Negro or to change his thoughts about what's wrong with the power structure. Certainly the communities he is working in are better off already through the N.I.E.U. program. I hope that Jim will continue to speak out—because so many other dynamic voices have so far failed the Negro.

Bobby Mitchell
Washington, D. C.

I wish PLAYBOY had published the interview with Jim Brown before I flew to Bombay to direct him in *Kenner*. It would have helped me tremendously. As it happened, we met each other cold. I had been warned that he was difficult to work with and knew only that he was a great football player and had made a couple of pictures before *The Dirty Dozen*. But it didn't turn out so badly. Because of the hot (115-degree to 120-degree) weather, we had some problems with the love scenes, but there were none in the action sequences. Jim even suggested some scenes that I would not have asked him to do—he was eager to make tough scenes even tougher.

I think that when he feels a bit more secure as an actor—as secure as he felt on the gridiron or as in his recent and worthy "green-power" efforts for Negroes—he will make it big. He has the rest of the necessary equipment.

Steve Sekely
Beverly Hills, California

Here is one honkie who thinks Jim Brown makes sense. A contribution to the N.I.E.U. is in the mail.

Marjorie Stewart
Yuma, Arizona

Our response from the interview with Jim Brown in the February PLAYBOY has been tremendous. This kind of honest reportage was badly needed here at the N.I.E.U. Letters have come from all parts of the United States; and so far, we have received only one crank letter.

John Wooten, Executive Director
Negro Industrial and Economic Union
Cleveland, Ohio

I thought your interview with Jimmy Brown was excellent: It *was* Jimmy Brown. I have done extensive broadcast work with him, not only during his years in football but, since then, in London and all over this country. I know that Jimmy speaks freely with those whom he respects, guardedly with others. Your interviewer, Alex Haley, did an outstanding job in probing the nature of this remarkable man.

Once, Jimmy told me that he could never truly be friendly with a white man, and vice versa, because of the "back-door" life to which the Negro is



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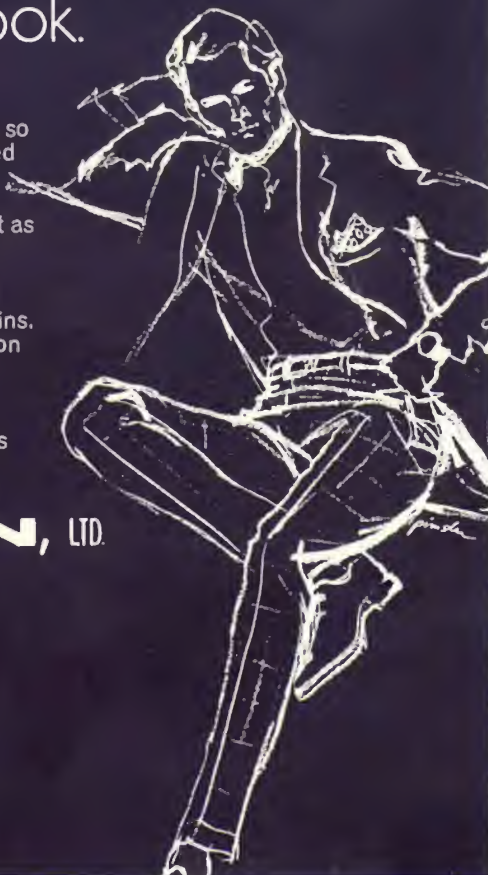
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consigned in our present society. Now I believe he has modified this view. Certainly, he now knows that, apart from the respect that one man can have for another, regardless of skin, there are white men who believe in him and who have taken public steps to prove it.

Howard Cosell
ABC Sports
New York, New York

The difference between the Jim Brown interviewed by Alex Haley for *PLAYBOY* and the Jim Brown I knew a few years ago is, to use a word Jim favors, beautiful.

As his collaborator on his autobiography, *Off My Chest*, I feared that despair over the plight of blacks had closed his mind to the slightest suggestion that his people could, with determination, help themselves in the battle for bread. When I merely raised the possibility that blacks seemed unwilling to pursue the dollar in the hard-nosed style demonstrated by oppressed minorities of the American past, he scoffed. White men would not patronize a black establishment; therefore, how could it grow?

Now Jim not only admonishes his people to emulate the early Jews but reminds them that they have more resources than the Jews had. In the end, self-help is the only alternative that does not sacrifice self-respect. Jim Brown is beautiful for acknowledging that he had to throw off his negativism.

Myron Cope
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

ON THE BEAM

Max Gunther's *Lasers: the Light Fantastic*, in the February *PLAYBOY*, is undoubtedly the best history and explanation of laser principles I have ever read. That this field could go from the realm of Buck Rogers fantasy to a burgeoning industry in a few short years is truly—as Gunther describes it—fantastic. My compliments to Gunther and to *PLAYBOY* for shedding such clear light on a very important scientific development.

Scott Bates
Boston, Massachusetts

Max Gunther's laser piece was, if I may use the word, an illuminating article. It seems strange to me, however, that mankind can turn a wonderful gift (capable of curing cancer, restoring eyesight, etc.) into an awesome weapon of destruction. Who knows—perhaps in the near future, man may possess a means of self-destruction neater and more economical than the messy hydrogen bomb.

William Haurahan
University of Massachusetts
Amherst, Massachusetts

POLL WATCHERS

I want to congratulate and thank Nat Henoff and the *PLAYBOY* staff for the

Confessions of a Girl-watcher in Scandinavia.



It all started on my SAS flight.

All my life I've had only these three weaknesses: blondes, brunettes and red-heads. So what happens? They have a blonde, a brunette and a redheaded air hostess.

Right away, my favorite quote came back to me: "I can resist anything except temptation." I succumbed. I would watch girls.

We landed at Copenhagen. I put on my sunglasses, picked a sidewalk cafe. And watched.

I watched blondes, brunettes, and red-heads. I consumed several Danish beers, half a dozen smørrebrøds, two aquavits. Poetry was unfolding before my eyes. I was inspired.

Later in the day, I followed the migration to the Tivoli Gardens.

Beautiful. More blondes. More brunettes. More redheads.

Then a thought of diabolical cunning occurred to me. By the latest census, girls comprised about 50% of the entire Scandinavian population. I could drive around, and girl-watch too.

So I went to Hamlet's castle. "To be or not to be," the guide intoned hauntingly.

I watched the girls.

Then I drove to Stockholm. Lovely city, with a groovy Old Town. And streets full of strolling, sun-worshipping girls.

Oslo. Here, luck was with me. A swinging festival was under way. Wild. Folk-dancing. Singing. Girls, tuning up for spring.

Then up to the fjords in blossom-time. Apple blossom. Cherry blossom. And wholesome, blossoming girls.

So, back to Copenhagen. Ah, Copenhagen. Serenely, I took in theatres, restaurants. Athletically, I roamed the countryside, digging its pastoral charm. A healthy mind in a healthy body, is what I always say.

And now for my last confession. I did all this on an SAS Dollar-Wise tour. You drive where you like, do as you like. Economy air fare from New York, 3 weeks' accommodations and use of Volkswagen with 1000 free kilometers costs only \$338 (Group Inclusive Tour Fare).

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comprehensive and exhilarating study of today's music scene. *Jazz & Pop '68* (PLAYBOY, February) is, I believe, the first published opinion poll that points out the increasing singularity of purpose of the musical artists of the world.

The fact that Charlie Byrd and Wes Montgomery appear in the same "top ten" with George Harrison and Mike Bloomfield is, indeed, proof of an increasing awareness that terms such as "jazz" and "rock" simply describe different kinds of creativity. This trend is evident throughout the poll: Frank Sinatra and Tony Bennett sharing honors with Paul McCartney and Mick Jagger; Gene Krupa, with Ringo Starr; Ella Fitzgerald, with Grace Slick; the domination of the "Vocal Group" category by groups who, a couple of years ago, were considered no-account screamers.

Thom Trummell
KCPX Radio
Salt Lake City, Utah

Bravo to PLAYBOY and to PLAYBOY readers! Pet Clark is, indeed, the best female singer of this or any other year. And she is fast becoming one of the music world's leading composers as well.

Rod McKuen
Los Angeles, California

Troubadour McKuen is something of a recording star himself, but he's better known for his fast-selling poetry volumes, "Stanyan Street and Other Sorrows" and "Listen to the Warm."

HAPPY DAY

Congratulations to Ralph Schoenstein for his hilarious February article, *A Day in the Life of President George Romney*—or Robert Kennedy, Richard Nixon, Ronald Reagan, Martin Luther King, Charles Percy, Hubert Humphrey, Nelson Rockefeller, Lurleen and George Wallace. It was a brilliant piece of satire that I enjoyed very much.

Elliott Vizansky
Galesburg, Illinois

TOP HAT

Terry Southern had better watch out—Robert Coover's *The Hat Act*, in the February PLAYBOY, marks him as an important new black humorist. By transforming the patent chicanery of a magic act into a situation that reveals many of man's darker hang-ups and frustrations, Coover has made the artistic leap that separates real black humor from mere morbid chuckling.

George W. Harris
St. Louis, Missouri

AUTO EROTICA

How can *Playboy After Hours* (February) make light of the American Association of Motor Vehicle Administrators' vigilant endeavor to save us all from "objectionable" three-letter words on automobile license plates? I, for one, only

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regret that they are not more assiduous. My wife and I were recently on a vacation trip in San Francisco and we had to abandon our plans to visit Chinatown when we noticed that the license plates on our rented car began with PLK. I could only say to myself, "Oh, CRP."

Ron Gordon
Los Angeles, California

BUFF BUFFS

Thank you for your sophisticated February article on the Miss Nudist contest. You have shown the world that nudism in this country has grown up. Events such as this make a person very proud to be a part of this healthful and relaxing movement.

L. C. Greenlee
Garden Grove, California

When I was contacted to judge the Miss Nudist contest and learned I'd have to undress to do it, I was about to say, "Thanks, but no thanks." Then I thought it over and, being a person who will try most anything once, I bravely agreed to take off my clothes and judge the nude beauties.

As I walked bare-ass naked into the nude area, I felt everyone must be looking at me. Surprisingly enough, nobody even changed expression. I was about as anonymous as one could be. In less than five minutes, I felt right at home. Having judged many of the nation's top beauty contests, I must say that a nude contest is the only real way to assess beauty. Most clothed contest winners are wearing false or partly false pectoral muscles. Nudity is a great equalizer.

Lou Nova
Hollywood, California

Versatile Mr. Nova is well known as a newspaper columnist, a night-club entertainer, a yoga instructor, a Broadway actor, a veteran of some 30 movies (including "Thoroughly Modern Millie") and a former world amateur heavyweight boxing champion. He has given two poetry recitals at Carnegie Hall and twice knocked out Max Baer.

EDITORS' PRIZE

I was happy to learn that my story *The Lecture*, which appeared in the December issue of PLAYBOY, was unanimously chosen as the best short story published in your magazine in 1967. Many serious writers published their works with you during 1967 and I hope that I deserve the honor bestowed upon me. I also want to take this opportunity to thank that great American poet Kenneth Rexroth. He has encouraged me for years. I am also grateful to your readers who wrote to me about my work. I also want to mention that the translation of *The Lecture* was done by my gifted friend Mirra Ginsburg. And I am glad to see that the short story, which is consid-

ered by some critics as "on the way out," is being brought back to the American reader with vigor and with faith in its power. To me, the short story is the most perfect form for portraying human behavior and human emotions. It will live as long as literature itself.

Isaac Bashevis Singer
New York, New York

A new Singer short story, "Henne Finc," begins on page 92 of this issue.

My profound thanks to the editors of PLAYBOY for awarding my *Day of Good Fortune* (PLAYBOY, May 1967) your prize for the best piece by a new contributor to your magazine. The honor encourages, the cash nourishes. I am especially gladened to be classified a "new" writer in the same year that I turn 40.

Rafael Steinberg
Glen Gardner, New Jersey

How nice to be so handsomely endowed! It is the first prize I ever won that didn't require me to make a speech. I am most grateful. So, presumably, are those who will not have to listen.

John Kenneth Galbraith
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Galbraith's "Resolving Our Vietnam Predicament," which ran in these pages in December, was voted the best PLAYBOY article for 1967. A "Playboy Interview" with the controversial economist will appear next month.

To say that I was struck dumb when informed of your sadistic decision to award *The Return of the Smiling Wimpy Doll* (PLAYBOY, December) your 1967 humor citation would be to grossly understate the case. The 1965 award could have been a lighthearted jape. The 1966 award was conceivably an error in type-setting. But upon being notified that I had been afflicted with the 1967 award, there can no longer be the slightest shred of doubt. I have been made the victim of a systematic plot designed to destroy my modest, yet respectable, reputation as a serious artist who speaks only for the lowly and the humble.

Would you do this to Steinbeck? Would you try this on Mailer? I doubt it! The dimmest reader must be aware that *Wimpy Doll* was pure tragedy, in the starkest Gothic tradition. Would Shakespeare have responded well to a humor award for *Hamlet*?

I must warn you that in this time of decaying standards, PLAYBOY's actions in this matter will not go unnoticed by higher judges when the time of final reckoning arrives. My attorney will carry on any further correspondence your scurrilous knavery has made necessary.

Jean Shepherd
New York, New York



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assertive. Colors range from Candy Apple Red to Banker's Blue. You meet the nicest people on a Honda.

below: This is the big one, Clyde. The new Honda Scrambler 450. Five-speed transmission. At home on road or rough. Twist the throttle, and don't forget we warned you. Loaded with hustle and muscle. Yet precise as a spinster's refusal.

The styling's a blast. Cross-over pipes. High competition handlebars. Colors are wild. Also dark tones of quiet authority. If that's your bag





above: The Honda 50. The earnest little fella that started it all. 200 mpg. Automatic clutch. Four-stroke dependability. A lark to park.

The yellow bike is the Honda Trail 90. Nature Boy himself. Shifts from trail to street gearing at the flip of a lever. Exclusive "Posi-Torque" dual trans-

mission does the trick. High country, low country, this is your machine.

below left: The Honda Touring 175. Everything new but the name. 279 lbs of sinew. The fat's been trimmed. With 17 bhp tops out at 80 mph. True to family tradition, it sips gas. Up to 100 mpg. The twin-cylinder

four-stroke engine can go 15 rounds. And not even raise a sweat. That's class, man.

below right: Honda's newest contender for roadability. The Honda 350 Super Sport. New slim-line design. Cradle-type chassis for extra strength. Chrome rear shocks. Neat

as kneesocks on a nymphet. Mega-phone-design pipes both sides. The 36 horses roll up 106 mph. The Honda four-stroke OHC vertical twin has no peer. On or off the track.

HONDA

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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



Popular phrases such as "God bless you," "God save us," "God be with you" and "This marriage was conceived in heaven" all imply that the Almighty is pretty much running the show. If so, just where does His responsibility end? At what point must He take the blame when His inscrutable plans gang agley? A little-known citizen of West Palm Beach, Florida, took preliminary steps to answer that question when he decided to fight that great dry hall in the sky.

It began when the unfortunate Floridian strolled past a construction site on a sidewalk that had been weakened by torrential rains. The sidewalk collapsed, causing him some rather painful injuries; so, like any patriotic American, he promptly sued the construction company. When the judge ruled that the accident was "an act of God," however, the poor guy had to pick up the tab for Mercurochrome, Band-Aids, Ben-Gay, a new suit—and the lawsuit as well.

Undaunted, he returned to court and changed that since it had been proved to the court's satisfaction that God was responsible for the disaster, then God Himself would have to cough up \$25,000 in sundry damages. The court, perhaps aware that the weather bureau had just reported a series of unexpected minor tornadoes in the immediate vicinity, apparently decided to take no chances and threw the case out. Its grounds: Since the bailiffs would be unable to serve the summons on the Defendant, and since He had shown no disposition to come in like a man and submit to adjudication, the case could not be tried.

Showing that tenacity of spirit and indomitable will that has carried our species from the lowly ranks of the amoeba to its present splendid eminence among the apes, naked and otherwise, our hero once more returned to court, this time demanding restitution from "God & Co."—22 churches and synagogues in the West Palm Beach area that he named as accredited "Agents for/of God, the Defendant."

The implications of the case are weighty: If God could be found guilty,

where would the Devil stand in all this? It is conceivable that if the legal precedent of God's responsibility were established, there would be nothing to stop us from hauling Beelzebub before the bar to account for his deplorable behavior since the Fall. Personally, we know of several occasions in our own checkered youth when the only plausible explanation we could give for conduct inconsistent with our normally placid and likable disposition was insidious subversion on the part of the Devil. Given a sharp lawyer, it might become possible to absolve ourselves of responsibility for such peccadilloes—and to collect some bread for damages in the bargain.

It saddens us, therefore, to report that the suit was subsequently dismissed as "absurd, frivolous and disrespectful." Had the case gone to trial, it could at least have served the purpose of reassuring churchgoers that God isn't really dead—He's just dodging a subpoena.

A friend of ours has sent along a newspaper clipping from the supersophisticated exurb of New Canaan, Connecticut, a perusal of which may suggest just how sophisticated the town is. The clipping—from the local newspaper—is a movie-house ad for *Ulysses* (see William Wiser's entertaining account of the showing of *Ulysses* at Cannes in this issue) that refers to the film as "the most controversial motion picture ever made" and warns, in stark white capitals on a solid black background, that ABSOLUTELY NO ONE UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE WILL BE ADMITTED. Immediately above this stern warning, however, and far more legible, is a list of show times, the last one reading, "Kiddie Show, Saturday, two P.M." Our hope—a forlorn one, we fear—is that some enterprising street-corner interviewer stood outside the theater on Saturday afternoon, tape recorder in hand, to preserve for posterity the New Canaan kiddies' reactions to Molly Bloom's ear-filling soliloquy.

In a profile of pop-soul singer Wayne Cochran, the *Chicago Sun-Times* magazine

supplement, *Midwest*, gave readers its own version of the New Math by noting, "He also hopes to play more concerts. 'In concerts, we could make just as much money for a one-and-a-half-month performance as we do now for a week's work,' he said."

They said it, we didn't: Oskar and Katharina Heinroth warn in their textbook *The Birds*, "Let us then beware of generalizations and keep in mind that what is true of a pair of blue tits does not necessarily apply to an Australian brush turkey."

Ominous note mailed by a British collection agency to delinquent customers of appliance stores: "Dear Sir/Madam, Unless we hear from you within the next seven days in regard to settlement of your outstanding account with _____ company we will take action that will astound you."

Sign of the times: At the State Department in Washington, there is a bulletin board in the operations center with the heading "TODAY'S CRISIS."

Women's wear is pretty far out this season, as all girl watchers are well aware, but we hadn't realized quite *how* far out until a novel fashion hint from United Press International came our way not long ago. "For something new in a hat," read the wire copy, "try a Peruvian sailor with mohair snood."

Milestones in Science Department: According to the *Bulletin* of the University of Alabama Medical Center, "The Dental Clinic has installed four new chairs of the type pictured above, which is designed to allow the dentist to work from a supine position and to fully utilize the services of the dental assistant."

The ideological *esprit* of East German Communists seems to have reached a degree of dedication unenvisioned even by Karl Marx. Members of the East

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German People's Army, said *Insider's Newsletter*, have been ordered to wear long underwear in the summer as an "exercise in discipline."

Catch-22 fans will be pleased to know that Major Major is not a completely impossible creation. The North Suburban Clinic in Skokie, Illinois, has on its staff a Doctor Doctor.

Lucky residents of Durham, North Carolina, have an erudite—but practical—mystic in town, judging by a *Morning Herald* ad: "PARAPSYCHOLOGICAL INSIGHTS, poems, paintings, ink blots, hand-writing analysis, Chinese lessons, lectures on the Far East. Also ironing, \$1 an hour. 688-0199."

A recently divorced woman in Johannesburg, South Africa, enlisted the aid of a computer in finding a new mate; the machine, according to the *Toronto Daily Star*, selected her ex-husband.

The Charleston, West Virginia, *Daily Mail* reports that during one busy day, highway patrolman R. A. Speedy stopped a Mr. Fast for driving too slowly, then ticketed a Mr. Quick for speeding.

Our Metaphor of the Month Award goes to a *New York Times* ad touting Michael McClure's off-Broadway play *The Beard*—in which Billy the Kid performs what appears to be cunnilingus on stage with Jean Harlow. Ballyhooed the *Times*: "The word of mouth is sensational."

BOOKS

Each generation of Negro writers, it seems, must bury its fathers. And just as James Baldwin tried to lay Richard Wright to final rest in his *Notes of a Native Son*, now in *Soul on Ice* (McGraw-Hill), Eldridge Cleaver attempts to lower the filial boom on Baldwin. To Cleaver, Baldwin is nothing more than an "intellectual buckdancer . . . titillating the guilt complexes of bored white liberals," a self-hating Negro with a "most shameful, fanatical, fawning, sycophantic love of the whites [who] cannot confront the stud in others—except that he must either submit to it or destroy it." The burden of Cleaver's argument in this book, which is a potpourri of love letters, autobiographical essays and personal position papers, is that the Negro male spirit has yet to break out and assert itself. White society, he charges, has set up a sexual and racial Maginot Line across which male negritude has not been allowed to venture. In effect, the white race has appointed to itself exclusively the "function of man's Mind," while relegating to the black the "function of his Body." By forcing the Negro to play the role of



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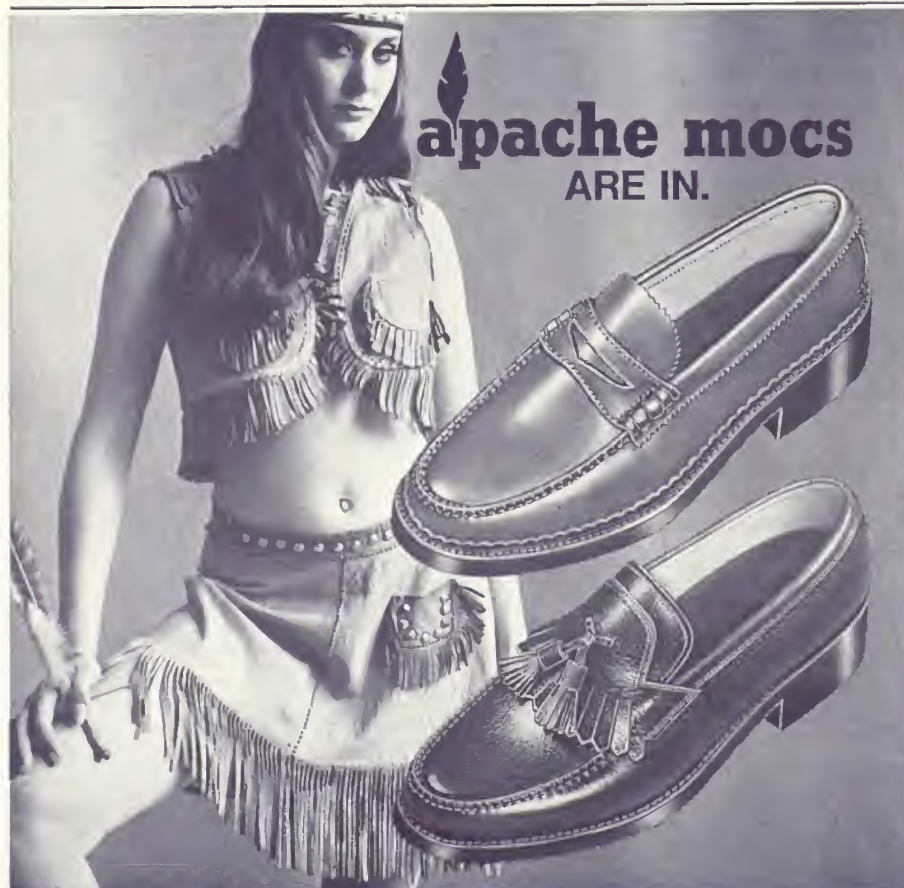


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"Supermasculine Menial," he argues, it has placed his mind in "cold storage" and thus effectively castrated him as a potential revolutionary force. Not surprisingly, Cleaver himself, a former convict who has been in turn a Black Muslim, a Malcolm X-ite and is currently minister of information for the Black Panther Party in California, aggressively sounds all of the usual black-nationalist revolutionary war cries. But the fact that he is a self-generating writer, re-creating in print his own passionately felt experience and trying as much to educate himself as to educate others, gives his voyage of self-discovery as a black man an appealing freshness, even though he finally arrives at a familiar port of call.

When Dr. Chalmers Prescott called for lights, camera and action in his sex-research laboratory, there were no holds barred. For Prescott and his psychologist-associate, Martha Freeman, were mapping what one of their more proficient subjects called "orgasm country"—the intra-vaginal reactions of women brought to climax by male partners, female partners, masturbation and the impersonal but indefatigable attentions of an electronically powered steel-and-plastic penis. The laboratory, unabashedly—and freely—based on the Masters-and-Johnson sex lab (see this month's *Playboy Interview* with the celebrated sex researchers), is the *mise en scène* of Robert Kyle's novel *Venus Examined* (Geis). Kyle's grab bag of characters is standard—oversexed wife, idealistic (and virile) young writer, politically ambitious assistant district attorney, homosexual foundation executive, prostitutes, Lesbians, a couple whose marriage is saved the moment they are introduced to cunnilingus, and a girl who could never achieve orgasm until she was unleashed by the coition machine. In keeping with his subject matter, Kyle writes his sex scenes, both inside and outside the lab, in straight-faced clinicalese ("In bed, he applied certain pressures, set in motion certain circulatory disturbances, established an appropriate level of neuromuscular tension"). Powered by a narrative drive as tireless as the artificial penis itself, the book weaves lurid plots and subplots into a sort of sexual square dance that might be worth following if the partners were more than tissue-paper cutouts. As it is, after every sexual experiment has been conducted and all the obligatory scenes played out, we are left with the simplistic and sentimentalistic moral that there is more to sex than orgasm and that love is a mystery the encephalograph and the zoom lens will never unveil.

"'Orgasm?' anxiously repeated the president of Digby College. . . ." So begins still another Masters-Johnson take-off. Patrick Skene Catling's *The Experiment* (Trident), a novel of romp and



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circumstance. To get things going, Turner Symington, millionaire benefactor and trustee of Digby College, proposes a new department of sexual research. It will, he says, put Digby on the map and make mating a hedonist's heaven instead of the hit-and-miss mess it is. Drs. Beatrice Schumann and Louis Porter move in, and 30 prostitutes, female and male, are rounded up, baited by large fees and, for a change, social sanction. Rubbing their Promethean hands, Drs. Schumann and Porter begin their efforts to make Digby the sex nexus of the nation. Uproarious idea? Perhaps—but somehow, the actual uproar is not quite as uproarious as the idea. For one thing, true love rears its square head, distracting one's hot eye from the center ring. For another, Mr. Catling's irony obtrudes, disturbing the erotic style. Not that the antics of Catling's crew don't have their funny turns, but too often the author mixes seriousness with his salaciousness. It's unnerving—like arriving at a nude party and finding half the guests in business suits. Britisher Catling has an unflinching sense of the ribald and a sharp working wit, but he should have decided just what kind of party he wanted to throw.

The Committee (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), by Walter Goodman, is a history of the controversial doings of the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC), provider of some of the gamier episodes in America's legislative annals. Goodman follows the first hesitant steps taken by the Committee after it had been prodded into existence by Samuel Dickstein, an immigrant Jewish Congressman who wanted to expose Nazi front groups in the Thirties. Dickstein's dream turned nightmare as the Committee became the darling of America's racists and Redbaiters; and Goodman chronicles the techniques—unsupported charges, hidden accusers, endless lists of fellow travelers—and the names—Martin Dies, J. Parnell Thomas, Richard Nixon, Harold Velde—that have made HUAC a fountainhead of unlimited bile for liberal Americans. Yet Goodman has not written a diatribe against the Committee. He is as tough on the radical popular front groups who danced themselves dizzy to Moscow's changing tunes in the late Thirties as he is on the Committee for its abuse of witnesses. He is perceptive about the self-delusion or malice of both accusers and accused, and he calls them as objectively as he sees them. Some readers may be surprised at Mr. Goodman's calm acceptance of the Committee's right to serve its investigative function that, to his regret, is too often neglected in order to produce the publicity-grabbing, sanctimonious tragicomedies that are the Committee's bench mark. Such excesses



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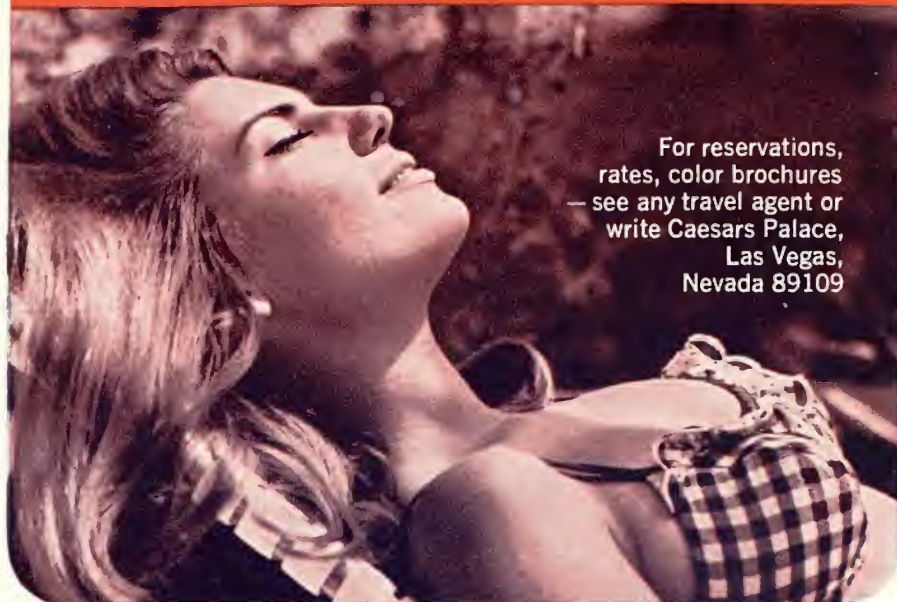
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are to be expected, the author states, for the Committee is the embodiment of a particular American mentality that would like to ban big cities, aliens, the Federal Government and, in fact, most of the 20th Century. Perhaps, as Goodman notes, the low esteem of the present Committee, which features Joe Pool—one of the most blustery editors to date—gives testimony to the soundness of the American body politic in that it has so steadfastly resisted the urge to follow the zealots down the path to paranoia.

Once more we are asked to journey through the inscrutable South, land of luxuriant nightmares, where good men tremble and all men think in italics. The literary pickings in Erskine Caldwell's *Deep South* (Weybright & Talley) are understandably lean; Faulkner, Robert Penn Warren, Wilbur Cash and Caldwell himself have already carried off most of the valuable gems. Still, Caldwell reminisces less pretentiously than most and, therefore, more readably. What he remembers, mainly, is Southern-style religion and how it was practiced in the days of his growing up. Caldwell's father was a Presbyterian minister—a trouble-shooting pastor who toured the South arbitrating churchly disputes and shoring up tottering congregations. Traveling with him, young Erskine was exposed to such spiritual practices as glossolalia ("speaking in tongues") and head hammering in order to exorcise the Devil. Like his father, Caldwell was not converted by these strenuous forms of worship, but he was sympathetic because such arduous strivings for heavenly salvation were so patently a symptom of earthly despair. He finds the present-day high-toned version of Deep South worship despicable; big-city churches, he notes, are just as segregated as their country cousins and twice as greedy. Caldwell makes the worthwhile point that Southern whites are far more fanatical about religion than Southern Negroes—and have used their fundamentalism to keep nonwhites enslaved. "The church vote," he writes, enabled white Protestants "to rule the Democratic Party in the Deep South" and to "oppose social and economic recognition of nonwhites." For precisely these reasons, suggests Caldwell, Negroes never put much store in the white man's religion. They did more singing than praying.

What is a scientific genius? A selfless oddball who gives little thought to people and is obsessed with things arcane? Or a human being endowed with pettiness, selfishness, pride and arrogance along with a modicum of redeeming qualities, like all the rest of us? He is both, reveals scientific whiz kid James D. Watson, and that's what makes *The*



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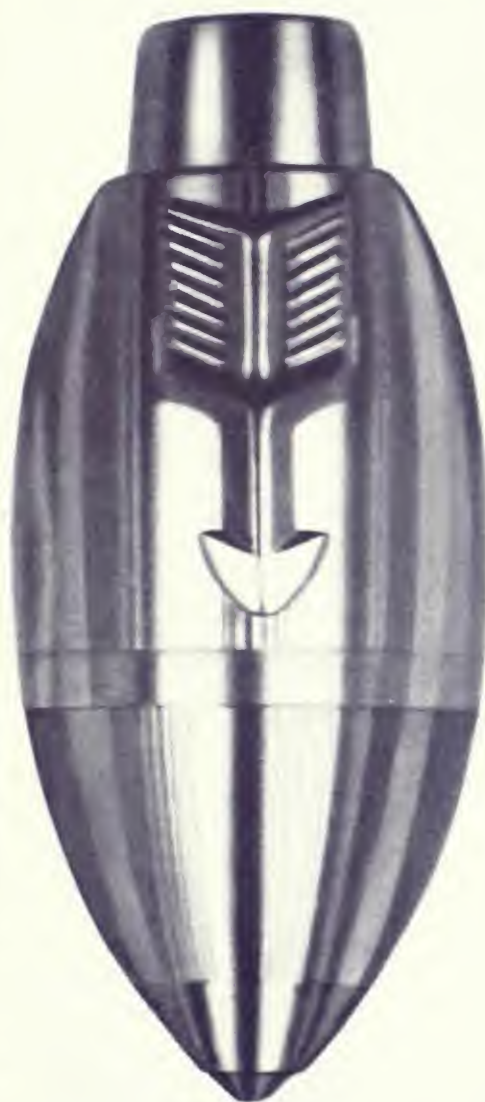
Double Helix (Atheneum) a brilliantly illuminating book. Its iconoclastic candor explains why Harvard University decided not to publish it. Jim Watson was a Chicago boy who didn't find a comfortable fit in the American scene, let his hair grow and went to England to have a whack at a Ph.D. in genetics. At Cambridge, hating chemistry, he teamed up with physicist Francis Crick, whose hammering intellect and mad laughter made colleagues squirm. Together, stumbling and dashing, erring and crashing through, they discovered the physicochemical structure of deoxyribonucleic acid (DNA)—a feat likely to cause reverberations for generations to come. DNA is the hereditary template of humankind—the molecules that, dividing billions of times in exquisitely perfect self-mimicry, make people and all other living organisms what they are in shape, height, color and everything else. *The Double Helix* is a delightful mixture of scientific history and gossip recall of how young Watson and Crick decided in the Fifties on the idea of dissecting DNA's incredibly complex structure—perhaps the most momentous search since Darwin's quest for the mechanism of evolution. With blunt asides—such as “A goodly number of scientists are not only narrow-minded and dull but also just stupid”—Watson recounts the thrilling chase for the DNA secret and the way other scientists vied for the Nobel Prize, which the pair received in 1962, together with a third researcher (toward whom the author is somewhat churlish). Building mechanical models of how the giant molecule should look, they attracted some derision and much skepticism almost to the finish line. Toward the end, Watson went to movies to escape DNA, but not even Sophia Loren could distract him: He frankly lusted for victory and acclaim. How Watson played Holmes makes a tale worthy of Conan Doyle.

In an important and impassioned book, *The New Indians* (Harper & Row), author Stan Steiner includes these lines from a correspondent: “Who can blame the Indian who wants nothing to do with the paleface's culture? Can the Apache, whose people never practiced scalping, forget the bounties on Apache scalps collected by white men, or the Sioux forget the unspeakable desecration of the bodies of their murdered wives and daughters?” The tone of the new Indians' voice as caught by Steiner is soft and bitter. But the wonder is that the Indian has found his voice at all after centuries of silence. As if embarrassed that he, a non-Indian, should be the one to amplify the voices of the college-educated Indians who are shaping the movement for Red Power, Steiner builds his book from thousands of quotes, most of them centering on the Indians' gut rejection of this country's dominant culture. “Come and join the Great Society. . . .” Steiner

quotes a Chippewa youth who has worked in Texas. “I don't know if I want to join. What for? To be killed by a white man in a university tower?” Of Indian boys who had been sent East to prep school, a leader of the movement says, “I think these kids suddenly realized that . . . the white society had nothing, absolutely nothing, to offer them spiritually.” What the young Indians want is to retain their Indianness—and, of course, what land is left to them—while somehow eradicating the conditions that have left them with the country's highest unemployment rate (40 percent in the *richest* tribes, 80 percent in many) and lowest average life span (43 years). They face a host of enemies, ranging from white neighbors—who simply want to bite off reservation lands—to the Federal Government itself, which as recently as 15 years ago operated under an official policy calling for the “relocation” of all Indians off the reservations. From the civil rights workers of this decade, the new Indians have learned how to defeat occasionally the local forces that would dam their rivers and further diminish their lands. With Steiner's help, they may be able to convince this nation that the Indians' land-oriented tribal culture must be first preserved and then strengthened.

Have you heard the one about the homosexual who has an operation à la Christine Jorgensen and then gets hung up on a chick? The plot of Gore Vidal's new novel, *Myra Breckinridge* (Little, Brown), might be described as high camp going shaggy dog and then into ultimate bitchery. But what raises this book out of the John Rechy genre and gives it *Candy* stripes is Vidal's stylish treatment, impeccable form and flashy humor. His other-worldly story—which covers all the variations of polymorphic perversity—has an *ambiance* of mythic Hollywood and abounds with movie-trivia metaphors (“Rusty's voice was deep and warm and he gave me a level gaze reminiscent of James Craig in the fourth reel of *Marriage Is a Private Affair*”), and it boasts the bollo line of the month: “After all, our relationship is a good deal more than that of analyst and patient. I am also your dentist.” Vidal also twists the dehumanizingly clinical *nouvel roman* and its exponents in a pithy quote that is a worthy call from the Wilde (“Robbe-Grillet's efforts to revive the novel as an art form are as ineffective as his attempts to destroy the art of film are successful”). For all its epigrammatic glitter, Vidal's theme may be more serious than it looks at first: He suggests a freer view toward all sexuality—a more permissive attitude in regard to homosexuality, for openers. So *Myra*

"How I slimmed down to almost nothing"



"How I felt before"

Nobody loves a fat pen.
 "Look at the knockwurst," people said.
 "Is it a pen or a balloon?"
 "Watch out for Tubby. He'll rip the pocket right off your shirt."
 That's all I ever heard, day and night.
 "Fat pen." "Fat pen." "Fat pen."
 I wept bitter ink. After all, I'm sensitive.
 I'm a writer, you know.

Besides, I wasn't just fat. I was fat for a reason: beneath that lumpy exterior bulged an enormous ink cartridge, that wrote more than any other pen's.

Yes, I was fat. But I also wrote longer than any other ballpoint pen. A lot longer. More than a mile longer.

I felt all mixed up. Proud and ashamed at the same time.

Writing longer meant everything to me. I would never give it up. Never.

But how I envied my pen pals. Those slim, trim jobs. So chic. So elegant.

Short on ink, maybe. But long on looks. So I went right to the top.

"Oh powerful Parker engineers," I pleaded. "Oh skillful Parker designers. Do something. Help me get into shape. Deliver me in a trimmed-down case."

"I don't care what the cost or how sharp the pain. I'll do anything. But touch not a drop of my ink supply."

Well. All the words in my big, fat ink cartridge can't describe the torture.

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I can't believe it's the same me. With exactly the same ink refill.

But it *is*. At last, I'm the pen you love to touch.

Long on ink *and* long on looks.

It's changed my whole life. People want me near them. I feel needed.

I'm writing things I could never write. I'm going places I've never been and doing things I've never done.

I'm one of the beautiful pens.

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Breckinridge poses a challenge as a literary experience: In order to accept it as a gay romp, one must first gird up one's loins as a man.

Theodore H. White comes not to praise Caesar but to quarry him, and unearths a man who would rather be right than dictator. In *Caesar at the Rubicon* (Atheneum), "a play about politics," White studies the six-week period in 50 B.C. when Caesar, determined not to violate Roman law, yet just as determined to save Rome from its increasing lawlessness, stood poised on the banks of the narrow river dividing legitimacy from tyranny. Finally, having outwaited and outwitted the self-serving politicians and greedy mobs, having forced *them* to violate the law first, thus justifying his own violations, he sadly accepts the tragic necessity of dictatorship and crosses the river to enshrine his Great Society, Italian style. According to White, all Caesar was divided into three parts: the soldier, the politician and the existentialist; but he renders unto Caesar little but political shrewdness. The unkindest cut of all—and one unjustified by other historical records—is his effort to reveal Caesar as some hero out of Sartre or Camus, facing the absurdity of existence, asking answers from the gods, hearing only silence and finally shaking his fist at the sky and sinking into madness. No less suspect is White's insistence on having Caesar utter such flautent phrases as "if deeds must come, thoughts must precede them." In concluding the play with this pithy poser in Caesar's hapless mouth—"if men cannot agree on how to rule themselves, someone else must rule them"—White doth beside the world like a freshman government major. Despite his sententious dialectics, however, White's Caesar emerges finally as a man who wanted to save the republic and ended by destroying it, a man who wanted to serve the law and became the very name for tyrannical power. Without drawing facile parallels between Rome and America, the author of this study of the making of a dictator, 50 B.C., succeeds in illuminating the contemporary and eternal problems of self-government.

Regular readers of these pages will be interested to learn that: Bernard Wolfe has collected nine tales (two of which first saw light in *PLAYBOY*) in a hardcover collection with the zippy title *Move Up. Dress Up. Drink Up. Burn Up.* (Doubleday); J. Paul Getty, our Contributing Editor, Business and Finance, has addressed his inimitable know-how to the problem of being happy though wealthy in a new book titled *The Golden Age* (Trident); *PLAYBOY*'s prize-winning social commentator Nat Hentoff has written *A Doctor Among the Addicts* (Rand McNally), an insightful, incisive report on Dr. Marie Nyswander and her methadone treatment

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for drug addiction; and our own indefatigable Sol Weinstein has penned still another book-length cliff-hanger starring kosher counterspy Israel Bond—this one entitled *You Only Live Until You Die* (Trident).

MOVIES

Bogart fans who thought Paul Newman's *Harper* a worthy attempt to recapture things past will have a fine time watching *P. J.* As a cut-rate private eye, George Peppard is better casting than Newman, because he looks meaner and less well bred. *P. J.* Detweiler is an ex-Marine who is down on his luck professionally but still has a sting in his tail for anyone who threatens his own rough-cut code of honor. Though not above a \$200 gig that requires him to be photographed *en déshabillé* in a motel room with a client's estranged wife, he resents being hoodwinked by an industrial overlord (Raymond Burr) who lures him down to a Caribbean hideaway to commit murder. Ostensibly, he has been hired merely to keep the tycoon's outraged relatives from bumping off a mistress (a honey of a Gayle Hunnicutt) whose flamboyant presence might well prove irksome to a man's wife, nephew or other heirs apparent. There are no heroes on this assignment; and before *P. J.* gets the villains properly sorted out, a flow of rich red blood hurries the action along: One thug is dismembered in a subway mishap and the sleuth himself is clobbered by a pack of sadistic fairies in a gin mill known as The Gay Caballero. Writer Philip Reisman, Jr., neither shrinks from violence nor overlooks the use of dialog as a deadly weapon. Some of the best lines fall to Gayle, a dark velvet beauty with a voice to match and a nice flip way of summing up how safe she feels with her paid protector: "Like I was stark-naked on a Greek freighter."

A Matter of Innocence, based on a short story by Noel Coward, abounds in worldly, well-phrased wit and gallant gestures. The story concerns a proper young English girl (Hayley Mills) on a trip to Singapore with her Kodak Instamatic and a rich aunt. The latter conveniently dies, leaving the girl free to enjoy a junior-miss version of *Summer-time*. Auntie isn't cold in her grave before Hayley plops into bed with an Asian gigolo named Amar (Shashi Kapoor, an Indian dream boy whose eyelashes stir indescribable commotion in the streets of Bombay) who doubles as her guide to a world of pimps, black marketeers and even rarer Oriental delicacies. She also looks up her Uncle Bob, who happens to be Trevor Howard doing his grimy best as a beefeater British colonial gone to seed in the tropics. In short, Hayley turns out to be a delightful surprise.

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Spray a little here. Spray a little there.
Spray a little here. Spray a little there.



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perhaps because she counts corruption with a 4-H heartiness that makes Lolita look like early Shirley Temple. If veddy British drawing-room comedies were still in fashion, the literate, graceful note struck at the end of *Innocence* would surely bring a round of polite applause.

Originality in Westerns is rare nowadays, and *Will Penny* not only stakes out new ground but provides Charlton Heston with a role that ought to rescue him from tunic and sandals for a while. The myths that obscure the cowboy's hard lot of a century ago are deglamorized in pungent detail by writer-director Tom Gries, with Heston playing a grizzled old cattle hand with an unheroic past and meager hopes for the future. He is illiterate; he stinks of manure and greasy leather because he just never got the habit of bathing; and all he knows about women has been learned from the kind of bedraggled frontier floozy a man doesn't care to look at after sunup. The only job he can get to carry him through a long cold winter is tending cattle alone up in the hills, and there in his slack he finds a comely squatter (Joan Hackett), stranded en route to California with her young son. There are faint echoes of *The African Queen* in this moving account of how the married lady and the cowpoke collide—and finally coincide—emotionally. Yet the sensitive, feelingly played love story need not deter action fans, for Will, wherever he goes, is set upon by a mean band of rawhidlers, whose leader (Donald Pleasence) rants about religion with mad, mad zeal. The preacher's depredations, some salty humor and a touch of humanity combine in a fresh evocation of the life men actually lived before the West was won, when mere survival itself was an epic achievement.

Rod Serling and Michael Wilson dreamed up a scenario for *Planet of the Apes* from the novel by Pierre (The Bridge on the River Kwai) Boulle, but somehow their potentially gripping sci-fi thriller was sabotaged along the way. A cool futuristic spell is cast during the initial scenes, when director Franklin Schaffner guides astronaut Charlton Heston (back again, leaping centuries) and his ill-fated crew to a crash landing on a moonscaped planet after a voyage of 2000 years. Heston comes upon an advanced ape culture where herds of humankind, abhorred as a savage species, are trapped, caged and used for medical research. His captors (among them such unlikely anthropoids as Maurice Evans, Kim Hunter and Roddy McDowall) stuff one of Heston's companions for a museum display, operate on the brain of another and cannot decide whether to geld their star specimen or mate him with a fetching wild female (Linda Harrison). So far, so good. But the movie's far-out fascination soon lapses into farfetched foolishness, as we

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learn that the peace-loving apes also beget racial bigotry: The blond establishment orangutans lord it over the darker chimps. "Human see, human do," one chimp mutters, while another quotes a fuzzy philosopher who once said, "I never met a monkey I didn't like." The most ludicrous switch occurs during a turn-about monkey trial (something about man-into-ape evolution), when three hairy judges strike the old see-no-evil, hear-no-evil, speak-no-evil pose. Such monkeyshines are unworthy of Serling.

Before he decided to direct and star in *Charlie Bubbles*, Albert Finney became an international celebrity in *Tom Jones*. Finney's personal doubts about the price of success filter through a screenplay that has the subdued, urgent tone of a confessional custom-tailored by author Shelagh (A Taste of Honey) Delaney, whose disenchanted hero is a writer-character named Charlie. The surname Bubbles can be taken as a clue that, for Charlie, fame's rewards are fleeting and not much fun while they last. Sick unto death of the London scene, cut off from his creative taproots by everything money can buy, he tools up north in a Bentley with his toothsome American secretary (Liza Minnelli, in a giddy film debut) to visit his ex-wife, his child and his boyhood haunts. Of course, he can't go home again—but no matter, for the real purpose of his trip appears to be a tour through the cinematic landscape of, say, Antonioni. All the familiar metaphors of alienation are intact and still mildly provocative. There is a bleak factory city viewed from an even bleaker local slag heap. There is a strained, mechanical encounter with friends and strangers in an antiseptic highway lunchroom, with everyone intent on getting nowhere fast. And watching a football match from inside a VIP's glass booth makes Charlie's isolation absolute. Yet what kind of writer he is, or what kind of man, remains anybody's guess. Finney shows finesse as both actor and director, though his own mask of brooding detachment seldom varies from the film's first five minutes to the last. Then scenarist Delaney cops out with a sharp detour into Fellini country—letting author Bubbles escape skyward in a balloon. It's quite arty, but not quite cricket.

The Scalphunters has Burt Lancaster playing the Rod Steiger part and Ossie Davis playing the Sidney Poitier part in a race-riotous Western that might have been called *In the Heat of the Day*. At the end of the picture, following a slugfest in a mudhole, Davis and Lancaster crawl out daubed identical shades of gray (the same, see!) and ride off together into the sunset—or into an exciting sequel, for all we know. Sounds terrible, sure, except that everyone involved with the pre-Civil War antics of *Scalphunters*

lets principle disappear under an avalanche of gags; broad popular comedies with a racial theme are such an unheard-of advance for Hollywood that even a preposterous one comes as a welcome change. As the blowzy camp follower of an outlaw (Telly Savalas) who collects Indian scalps for \$25 apiece, Shelley Winters sets the tone when she finds herself at the mercy of a Comanche tribe, looks the big brawny chief in the eye and draws, "What the hell, they're only men." William Norton's screenplay is as subtle as a pratfall and director Sidney Pollack handles it with appropriate disrespect. Surrounded by splendid Mexican scenery and greedy Indians, trapper Lancaster is forced to trade his fur pelts for runaway slave Davis (putting Nat Turner to shame with quotations from Yiddish and Latin). Pelts, scalps and slave soon fall into the scalpers' hands and Burt sets off in agile pursuit, as is his custom, stumbling over a clump of unlikely rhetoric now and again, but nothing serious enough to delay integration.

Some movies should never risk exposure beyond the rarefied atmosphere of a film festival, where cultists are apt to respond warmly to any sort of hero so long as he is amoral, antisocial and under 30. *Le Départ*, by Polish-born director Jerzy Skolimowski, is such a film—about a young Brussels hairdresser (Jean-Pierre L aud, grown to manhood since he started as the boy in Truffaut's *100 Bloes*) who hasn't a thing on his mind except fast driving. A *non sequitur* personified, he laughs a lot without reason, carries walnuts in his pockets and spends a couple of hectic days trying to beg, borrow or steal a Porsche to enter in a rally. An eager lady offers her car in exchange for a bit of sexual fun, but the boy's couldn't-care-less attitude makes him shrug off even that possibility. He finally grabs a car and a girl, roars away to the rally, oversleeps and misses the race. Fade-out—and the audience is left to ponder the nonmeaning of a nonexperience.

A heady test sampling of the new morality floats through *The Sweet Ride*, adding an air of sophistication to Hollywood's endless chain of teeny-bopper beach epics. Storywise, *Ride* makes little sense, but the volatile Southern California scene zings to life with a mixed bag of characters who appear to know where it's at. Mostly, it's at a rented beach pad where a 40ish tennis hustler (Tony Franciosa) plays host to surfers, musicians, stag-movie starlets, freaked-out motorcyclists and any passing dropout who might help a fellow to keep thinking young. One sultry afternoon, a girl drops in after a wave has wiped out the top half of her bikini. The rest of the movie—despite intrigue, kidnaping and felonious assaults—is little more than a low whistle of admiration for surfer

Jacqueline Bisset, a brunette beauty whose face and figure prompt a sexpot in the supporting cast to growl, "Do you *have* to look like that?" It's only the girls who mind, let us hasten to assure you.

Undergraduate mating rituals are the whole point of *Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush*, a Modly precocious comedy taken from Hunter Davies' novel and embellished with mind-blowing fantasies by producer-director Clive Donner. Britain's pacesetter youth, careening along the primrose path with both boots jammed on the accelerator, is represented winningly by Barry Evans, a movie newcomer whose Beatleish charm mirrors Paul McCartney's. As a sometime student and would-be seducer, Evans finds his virginity a handicap in getting with it among his peers. After some fumbled sexplay with a shrill shopgirl, a churchy do-gooder and a drunken socialite, he sheds his virtue during an orgasmic Happening at a furniture store. Subsequent success with a highflying bird named Mary (Judy Geeson), whose nesting instincts are rather unpredictable, teaches him all he needs to know about what's groovy in jolly new England. Director Donner launches this amiable item rather uncertainly, like a middle-aged wag determined to keep up with the kids at any cost: thus we endure some new-cinema clich s—lots of wild running and jumping seen from a bird's-eye view, plus a tiresome voice-over monolog that dotes on enunciating the obvious. But there are rewards. Of particular interest is a nude boy-girl swimming scene. Played with unself-conscious charm, this casual interlude taps out the late bulletin on how movies have come of age since the days when carefree skinny-dipping could be justified only as a prelude to tragedy.

RECORDINGS

Messrs. Sinatra and Ellington together—who could ask for anything more? *Francis A. & Edward K.* (Reprise) is a knockout of an L.P. The Chairman of the Board seems overjoyed by his surroundings and the Duke's men, charted and conducted by Billy May (who does an amazing job of capturing the Ellington sound), are superb, whether in ensemble or soloing. The tunes—with the exception of *All I Need Is the Girl*, which does nothing for us—are worthy of the performers: *Follow Me, Sunny, I Like the Sunrise* and *Yellow Days* are particularly outstanding.

After a long absence, Bob Dylan is back, with *John Wesley Harding* (Columbia), an impressive package of 12 songs, all performed with effective economy. That the genre is more folk than rock is unimportant; what counts is that Dylan's



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singing and harmonic playing are better than ever, his rhythm backing is tight and sympathetic and his surreal fables are alive with madly detailed imagery. Another moving LP from the folk world is *Fred Neil Sessions* (Capitol). Accompanied by himself and several other fine guitarists, Neil delivers original and standard lyrics in a vibrantly eloquent voice. His unique fusion of blues and country music is more lushly romantic than Dylan's, yet packs as much punch. Included are a few delightful bits of conversation from the wee-hour taping sessions.

Spanish Masters (Philips), the Swingle Singers' new venture into onomatopoeia, rates a resounding *olé!* There have been some changes in personnel, but the group's superlative sound remains undiminished. Albéniz, Rodrigo and Granados are among the composers brought into the Swingle camp. An Iberian extravaganza.

The Rolling Stones roll a seven with *Their Satanic Majesties Request* (London). The material ranges from hard rock to classical to Indian to Latin, but the Stones' most impressive trait is their mastery of the recording studio. Much of the LP is an aural mosaic, with brightly colored bits of sound woven together in hypnotic textures. *Sing This All Together*, which serves as the theme of the record, is an especially catchy melody.

With each new recording, guitarist Gabor Szabo grows in stature. *The Sorcerer* (Impulse!), etched live at Boston's Jazz Workshop, is the best yet from the super-hip Hungarian. Fronting a quintet that never quits, Gabor bounces from bossa nova to ballad to rock with an equanimity and aplomb that puts him beyond categorization.

Satire continues to be a significant by-product of rock, on both sides of the Atlantic. *The Who Sell Out* (Decca) deftly pokes fun at commercial radio, with ersatz ads and station breaks. Also on the program are such engaging hard-rock items as *Armenia City in the Sky*—*Heinz Baked Beans* and the group's single hit, *I Can See for Miles*. "*I-Feel-Like-I'm-Fixin'-to-Die*" (Vanguard), by Country Joe and the Fish, combines some heavy-handed but funny antiwar propaganda with psychedelic tracks that, while insubstantial, are colorful and entertaining.

The Tommy Vig Orchestra, made up for the most part of the West Coast's premier jazzmen, produces a flock of intriguing musical statements on *The Sound of the Seventies* (Milestone). Vig, a vibist-drummer-composer-arranger-band leader working out of Las Vegas, wrote the big item on the agenda, *Four Pieces for Neophonic Orchestra*, a major concert work

of compelling interest. Also on hand are *Sunrise Sunset*: the Larry Clinton classic, *Satan Takes a Holiday*; and *It's Only a Paper Moon*; each has been brightly refurbished.

Songs of Leonard Cohen (Columbia) quickly shows that the Canadian poet is no singer; yet, as one gets accustomed to his untutored voice, one realizes that his melodically simple, lyrically rich ballads—including the hit *Suzanne*—are genuine contributions to the pop-folk repertoire. More accomplished performers should latch onto these compositions.

In her third Victor album, appropriately tabbed *Act III*, Lana Cantrell keeps up the good work. This time, the awesome Aussie is on a Gallic kick, contributing five *magnifique* French songs along the way. The LP gets off to a swinging start with an eminently grabby Chuck Sagle arrangement of *Steppin' Out with My Baby*. Conductor Sagle's settings for Miss Cantrell's evocative vocalizing are exemplary throughout.

The ubiquitous Rabbit, alto-sax elder statesman Johnny Hodges, is all over the place this go-round. There's *Triple Play* (Victor), wherein Hodges heads up three "all-star bands"—an appellation that isn't too far from the truth. The numbers are Hodges originals in the main: the personnel include Roy Eldridge, Benny Powell, Hank Jones and assorted Ellington sidemen. *Don't Sleep in the Subway* (Verve) has only the title ditty to offer from the current pop scene; the rest are evergreens and originals. Hodges, in front of a fairly large aggregation, applies his liquid tone admirably to both ballad and rocker. Most interesting is *Serenade in Blue* (not the Glenn Miller classic), a lovely oldie that's been sadly neglected. But we've saved the best LP for last. *Hodge Podge* (Epic) is a rechanneling for stereo of those glorious Hodges-led Ellington-unit recordings of 30 years ago. Sixteen numbers are crowded onto this disc, which makes it the biggest bargain in town. The title opus, *Dooji Wooji*, *Jeep's Blues*, et al., are uniformly top drawer; Hodges and the other soloists are merely sensational. Rabbit lives!

If you think that stereo sound is something new, *The Glory of Gabrieli* (Columbia) should prove an ear-opening corrective. Giovanni Gabrieli was a Venetian musician who went overboard some 400 years ago for the stereo potentialities of San Marco's dual choir lofts. Deploying brasses, strings and singers on either side of the basilica's wide apse, Gabrieli had a ball volleying his spectacular music back and forth across 80 feet of reverberant space. In addition to magnificent ping-pong effects, Gabrieli's motets and *canzoni* proclaim a festive splendor that aptly mirrors the might of the Venice

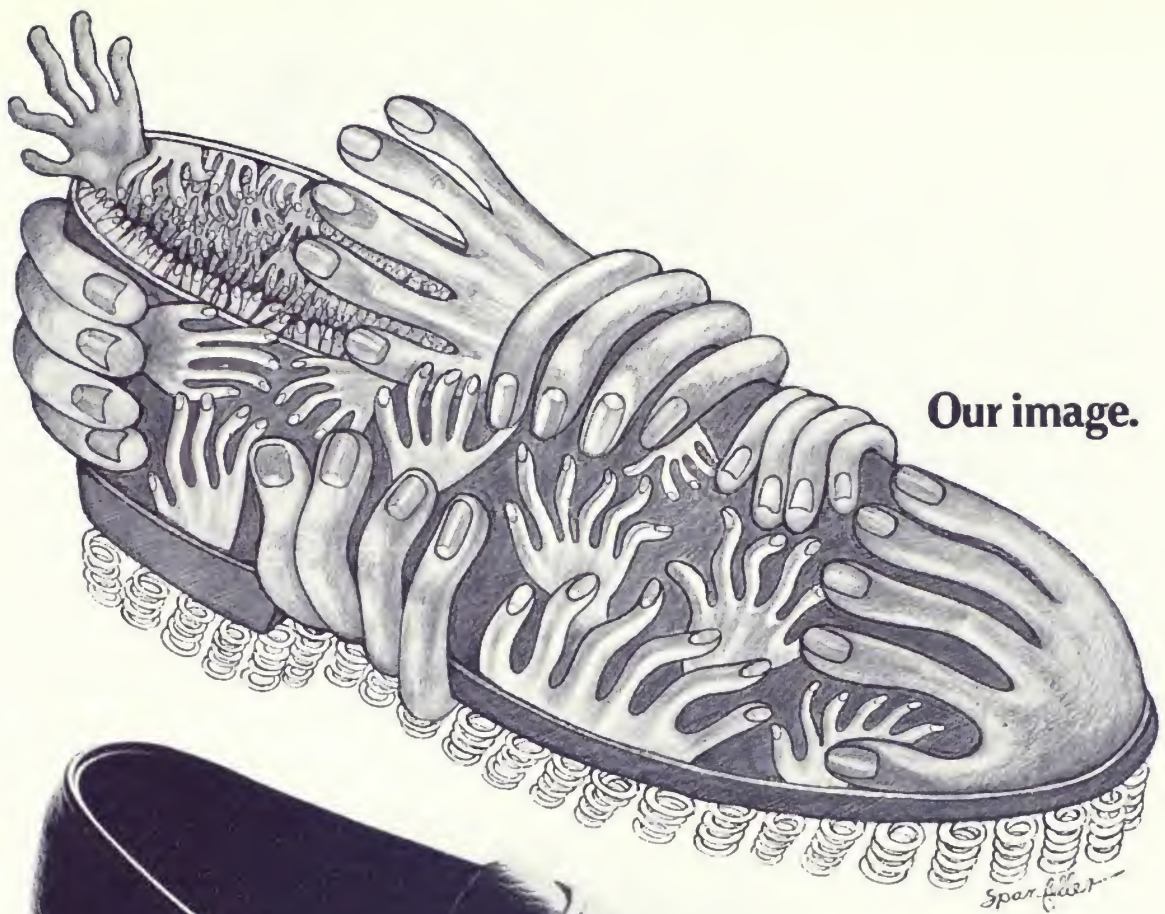
that was. Columbia's new recording—made on location in San Marco—does resounding justice to the basilica's famed acoustics.

The Notorious Byrd Brothers (Columbia) should be a commodity much in demand, as the original folk-rockers prove they are still with it. The addition of horns to the Byrds' guitar-driven style enhances their gutsy drug song *Artificial Energy*; another highlight is *Get to You*, a number that makes good use of 5/4 time.

A pair of jazz patriarchs have combined their Olympian talents on *Blues & Things* (Master Jazz Recordings). Piano panjandrum Earl Hines and vocalist-for-all-seasons Jimmy Rushing, recording together for the first time, obviously enjoy the pleasure of each other's company as they tackle the time-tested *Exactly Like You*, *Am I Blue*, *Save It Pretty Mama* and *St. Louis Blues*. Interspersed throughout are a number of instrumentals featuring the Hines Quartet, a foursome given added luster by velvet-toned tenor and soprano-sax man Budd Johnson. This excellent LP is five dollars and can be obtained only through Master Jazz Recordings, Box 579 Lenox Hill Station, New York, New York 10021.

THEATER

Every Broadway season since 1961 has been enhanced by a Neil Simon hit of one magnitude or another. This year, with his ideas running so thin that most playwrights would have fled to the Bahamas for a well-earned rest, Simon went right ahead and wrote another one. Wrote three, in fact: a trio of feathery skits—booked together as *Plaza Suite*—that just might blow away if it weren't the funniest show in town. The single setting is a seventh-floor suite in the dowager empress of Manhattan's luxury hotels, the Plaza, where several couples check in to demonstrate aspects of the mating game. Viewed from the business end, many of the evening's gags are stage-crafty setups rather than mother wit, but any threat to the party mood is quickly corrected by director Mike Nichols, the fastest gun in the East for pumping physical life into a script. Maureen Stapleton and George C. Scott, the only important members of the cast, face each other in all three rounds. For the low-keyed opener, Maureen wrings wry pathos from the plight of a nation attempting to enjoy her 23rd (or is it the 24th?) wedding anniversary with a bored peacock of a husband whose infidelity disappoints his little woman in more ways than one. There is less substance in the middle segment, where Scott camps as a jaded Hollywood



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producer on the make for his former high school sweetheart—Maureen, as a Tenafly, New Jersey, housewife propelled into bed by vodka stingers, fan-magazine dreams of glory and a wistful suspicion that "you'll go back to Hollywood and have a big laugh with Otto Preminger over this." The climax, a bonanza of slapstick farce, concerns a bride who has locked herself in the bathroom while the band plays on for the guests downstairs and her parents fight a losing battle to retain their sanity. Here, father Scott's manic fury, as he contemplates the tab for what promises to be a once-in-a-lifetime fiasco, recalls images of crazed movie scientists trapped in burning castles. He's a four-alarm fireball. At the Plymouth, 236 West 45th Street.

Don't discount *The Price*. It's good, solid, well-carpentered Arthur Miller. Unlike his last two plays, and like his best work, *The Price* constantly challenges one's sympathies and allegiances. In the most general way, it is sort of a son of *Death of a Salesman*. The father, a millionaire who lost his money and his ambition in the Crash, is long dead and the family brownstone is about to be razed. His two sons, who have not talked to each other for 16 years, meet in the attic to dispose of the family memories and artifacts: their mother's harp, their father's chair and enough antiques to choke a warehouse. (Boris Aronson's marvelously cluttered set would be the envy of any auctioneer.) There is self-defeated Victor (Pat Hingle), who gave up his future to feed his father and became a lowly cop on the beat. And there is golden-boy Walter (Arthur Kennedy), who turned his back on the family's misfortunes and became a high-powered and celebrated surgeon, a sort of healer-dealer. Each is paying a price for his choice; Walter is not as confident nor as fulfilled as he seems, and Victor is not as kindly nor as pitiable as *he* seems. Their emotional duel is furiously dramatic, fairly shaking the dust out of the attic and their past. As a stabilizer, enter Mr. Solomon, a zesty, spirited 89-year-old who is called in to appraise the furniture and lingers to appraise the family. Solomon is Miller's first roundly comic character. As played with fine detail by Harold Gary, he is a complete delight. Too much of the action is slashed in an adjoining bedroom and there are implausibilities in the writing (why, after all, is Victor, once a scholar, now only a cop?), but these are small prices to pay for *The Price*. It's an engrossing, exciting evening of theater. At the Morosco, 217 West 45th Street.

A comedy about a helpless, hopeless vegetable of a child? Peter Nichols' *Joe Egg* treads precisely that tightrope, but never falters. It is neither mawkish nor a sick joke: it is a fine, forceful, compassionate play that honestly evokes



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laughs and tears, sometimes at practically the same moment. The playwright apparently speaks from direct experience, being himself the father of such a spastic as the play's protagonist—a "living parsnip" of a ten-year-old. As Nichols shows it, Joe Egg's parents (Albert Finney and Zena Walker) meet the problem head down. To survive, they joke ("Do you think the story of *Sleeping Beauty* was about a spastic?"); they complain ("Every cloud has a jet-black lining"); and they dream. To the tune of an onstage jazz combo, husband leads wife in a series of vaudeville turns and black-outs reconstructing their life with little Joe. Finney, a superb mimic, impersonates a bumbling physician, a cold-blooded German specialist and, best of all, a falsely hearty, self-consciously slangy minister. So beautifully textured is his performance that one is always aware of the despair beneath the hilarity. In supporting roles, representing alternate attitudes toward *Bringing Up Parsnip*, are John Carson, as a well-meaning meddling friend of the family, and Joan Hickson, as an indulgent mother-in-law; both ring true and clear. *Joe Egg* is, in the best sense, a very special experience. At the Brooks Atkinson, 256 West 47th Street.

While Broadway retreads, overspends and underthinks the musical into oblivion, off-Broadway is making room for the offbeat, creative and even commercial musical. First there was *Hair*, and now there is *Your Own Thing*, which is no less original and considerably more professional. It is the novel notion of the authors (music and lyrics by Hal Hester and Danny Apolinar, book and direction by Donald Driver) that the current confusion of the sexes (in fashion, hair and the rest of it) has a connection with Shakespeare's favorite plot ploy of mistaken identity. With that as their premise and the barest skeleton of *Twelfth Night* as their story, the authors have zapped the Bard and turned the old play completely into their own thing—and a jumping, magical, swinging thing it is. Occasionally, they drop in a clump of dialog from the original to remind us where we are, and it fits fine between the rock and the roll. The cast is young, fresh and talented, particularly Rusty Thacker and Leland Palmer as twins with identity problems. The clownish Miss Palmer, who has the limberness of Plastic Man and a voice as big as Mama Cass, is a formidable find. Between songs and scenes, poster-size slides of famous people are projected contrapuntally on the scenery: John Wayne and Humphrey Bogart, Queen Elizabeth I and Pope Paul and, of course, Shakespeare, who confesses, "I had the same trouble with my ending." At the Orpheum, 126 Second Avenue.





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THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

Can you tell me how the term "hooker" for prostitute originated?—P. B., Chicago, Illinois.

The term comes from the name of Joseph Hooker (1814–1879), a U.S. Army general whose bellicose bravado was matched by his predilection for horizontal female companionship. In New Orleans, during the Civil War, "Fighting Joe" Hooker spent so much time cavorting with the sporting ladies that they came to be called "Hooker's Division." These specialized troops naturally became known as "hookers."

This fall, I'll be spending a few weeks in England and I'd like to pick up several pieces of antique furniture to complement the modern decor of my apartment. Friends have told me that some months ago, the U.S. Bureau of Customs changed the law so that items that previously would have been subject to tax can now be admitted duty-free. Can you give me more information about this?—L. S., Boston, Massachusetts.

The Bureau of Customs now defines an antique as any item more than 100 years old. Prior to this ruling, no object produced after 1830 qualified for the Customs' exemption given to antiques. To avoid problems when clearing Customs, carry receipts that clearly identify where you obtained your purchases and documentation from the dealer certifying the age of the items.

We recently had a hippie love-in here in Minneapolis; and besides the usual sweat shirts bearing the number 69, the symbol for mutual oral intercourse, some people were wearing shirts decorated with the number 60. Would you kindly explain the meaning of this number?—R. C., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

It's a less busy form of 69. The partner represented by the 0 (which should be understood as a graphic rather than a mathematical symbol) is active, while the other partner remains passive.

I purchased a fairly expensive tennis racket and I'd like your advice on how best to keep it in good condition. I'm told that some type of wax or preservative should be used when storing the racket away in winter, but I've also heard that a cover and press will suffice. One other point: How often should a tennis racket be restrung?—G. L. D., Dayton, Ohio.

A cover and press will adequately protect your racket, provided you store it in an area away from extreme heat or

cold; it helps to sprinkle a bit of talcum powder in the cover just before you put the racket away for the winter. Restrunging depends entirely on how often and how hard you play; as long as the racket seems to be in good shape, there's no reason to incur the expense.

Im a 19-year-old British boy attending college in America and I'm dateless and depressed. The reason for my unpopularity seems to be that I find much in everyday American life to criticize, and I tend to be a fairly outspoken person. I like Americans as individuals, but I don't think I should hide my true feelings behind a false front; and the girls I meet always seem to take my remarks personally, though they aren't meant that way. How can I make potential American friends, particularly of the fair sex, understand that the Revolutionary War is over and they needn't spring to arms over a little frank talk from an Englishman?—E. G., Lexington, Massachusetts.

An anthropologist in the field wouldn't survive long if he didn't maintain a friendly and objective attitude toward the people among whom he was living. Rather, he would save all his critical comments for the book he wrote when he returned to his native land. Do likewise.

When ordering champagne in a restaurant, should I taste it as I would a bottle of red or white wine, or is this ritual unnecessary? After the first glass of champagne is poured, who should serve the remainder of the bottle—the host or the waiter?—E. M., Bozeman, Montana.

Good restaurants will always proffer a glass of bubbly to the host for his approval; if additional bottles are ordered, showing of the label is sufficient. Because champagne is served from an ice bucket, an attentive waiter should always do the honors.

I am a divorced mother of two children, aged ten and twelve. This sentence by itself should be enough to make my problem clear; but in case it doesn't hit you right between the eyes, I'll spell it out. If I try to live like a vegetable and pretend I have no sexual needs, I'll almost certainly become the kind of bitchy, neurotic mother who drives her children onto the analysts' couches. On the other hand, if I have as much sex as I'd like to have, the children may eventually discover that their mother violates the moral and legal code of God's own country, which is certainly going to do their mental and emotional health no

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good. In short, I'm damned if I do and damned if I don't. Aside from rushing pell-mell into a second marriage when I'm still rocky from the first, is there any way out of this psychological double bind?—Mrs. T. A., Los Angeles, California.

Yes. What needs to be avoided is a blatant contradiction between your values and society's values—such as the children would be subjected to if they found a succession of different men in your bed in the mornings. But it is a normal, accepted thing in today's society for divorcees to date men, and they are not expected to obey the curfew laws imposed on adolescent girls by nervous parents. Your problem, therefore, is easily handled: all you need is prudence and discretion. Always have your trysts away from home—and be back in bed, alone, before the children wake up.

Can a man who wears corrective lenses race in sports-car and Grand Prix competitions?—K. S., Atlanta, Georgia.

Yes. American Grand Prix driver Masten Gregory, competitive on the European circuits since 1954, and sports-car racer Huschke von Hanstein both wear corrective lenses. Ways to solve the problem include contact lenses, prescription goggles or—most common—a visored helmet over one's regular glasses.

More than a year ago, I began dating the girl of my dreams; but while I was unreachably out of the country on a vacation, she got some bad news and went all to pieces, quitting her job and staying consistently drunk. The night of my scheduled return, she came to my apartment to find me, but I had decided to extend my vacation by one day and was not there. Later that night, I phoned my roommate to explain my nonarrival. He told me that while waiting for me, they'd become intoxicated and gone to bed together. He is the best friend I've ever had and she is the girl I plan to marry; and, under the circumstances, I could feel no anger toward either of them. She has since found new joy and peace of mind. Our love for each other continues to grow and is genuine. I'm overjoyed to see her happy once again, but now I'm afraid it is my turn to suffer. The source of my despair is that she has yet to tell me of that night. I am sure she will tell me eventually, but the pain grows with every passing day. Is there some way I can procure a confession without demanding one?—L. W., Tampa, Florida.

You say you feel no anger, yet you beg for a confession of guilt. You want her to acknowledge a trespass on the one hand that, on the other, you dismiss as meaningless. Apparently you have

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deeply repressed your anger. Our suggestion is that you gently let her know you are aware of what happened during her period of stress and that you feel it must worry her not to talk of it for fear of its importance to you. Thank her for her concern, as a measure of her love for you, and let it end there for both of you.

Please answer two questions on dating etiquette at the junior college level. Is a corsage required for all big dates or only when the dress is to be formal or semiformal? And is it necessary to send the girl a complimentary note a few days after the date?—M. R., Denver, Colorado.

While custom varies by community and school, corsages are required ritual only on formal and semiformal occasions and might be considered ostentatious for a jacket-and-tie affair. If in doubt about local custom, consult your friends and upperclassmen. Unless your community is unusually formal, notes are not commonly sent. The best way to let a girl know you enjoyed the evening with her is to call and ask for another date.

My first two pregnancies ended in stillbirths and I am now pregnant again. Our doctor has told me that our third child may also be born dead or, if it lives, it will probably be defective. I do not fully understand what is wrong, but it appears from what the doctor says that I am incapable of bearing healthy children. As a result, my husband has threatened to leave me—to find, he says, a woman who is able to give him the children he wants. I am in despair at this prospect and don't know what to do. Can you offer any suggestions?—Mrs. W. H. R., New York, New York.

First of all, you should learn as much as you can from at least one medical specialist about your present condition and the possibility of correcting it. If nothing can be done and both you and your husband want children, adopting one or more would seem like your best course. If your husband is determined to abandon you in spite of everything, there is only the small consolation that if his love for you is so limited, you are better off without him.

A friend of mine, stationed in Tripoli, has sent me a one-dollar Military Payment Certificate, series 611, as a souvenir. On the bill is a picture of a very attractive girl who looks disturbingly familiar. But I'll be damned if I can figure out who she is. How does the Government go about picking these girls? Can you give me more information about Military

Payment Certificates? I've never seen one before.—K. M., Newport, Rhode Island.

MPCs, used by U. S. military personnel stationed in South Vietnam, Korea, Japan and Libya, come in seven denominations—nickels, dimes, quarters, halves, one dollar, five dollars and ten dollars. The purpose of this Federal funny-money is to keep American greenbacks from filtering into the native black markets; all of a Serviceman's pay is given in MPCs, which he converts into local currency. A new series is issued periodically. Girls pictured on the certificates are created from the imagination of a Treasury Department engraver; and if they have real-life counterparts, the Government money-makers won't admit it.

Thinking back over the girls I've dated and numerous occasions of sexual intercourse, I observe that my girlfriends have always made the sexual advances. Either that or, both being drunk, we just fell into bed together. I sense that there was no great sexual urge on my part and feel that I don't really enjoy sex. Naturally, I wonder if my indifference toward girls means I am homosexual, though I've never had (and don't really think I could have) any sexual experiences with men. I'm 22, a graduate student and lately given to morbid consideration of my problems.—M. F., Anniston, Alabama.

Your inhibition about making sexual advances indicates that you may be suffering from both fear of failure and a residual sense of guilt about sex. The fear, and consequent feeling of inadequacy, causes you to wonder about your masculinity, while the guilt encourages you to punish yourself when you do participate in sex (under the safest of circumstances—loaded or seduced); as a result, you don't enjoy it. Neither of these characteristics necessarily indicates homosexuality, but either or both could easily cause you to be ambivalent about your ability and your right to enjoy normal sex. We don't think "morbid" consideration is going to help much, but a healthy re-examination of your attitudes—perhaps with psychotherapeutic aid—might, indeed, be in order.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, hi-fi and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



I married a bartender.



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I married a somebody who can reel off sports statistics, settle a political argument, and give sympathy to the love-lorn—all in the same breath.

I married a somebody who can laugh at a stale joke, listen to an endless story, and remember your name even if he's only met you once.



I married a very special somebody everybody seems to like. I married a bartender.

Note from Hiram Walker: Since May is National Tavern Month, won't you join us in a toast to your favorite man-behind-the-bar?

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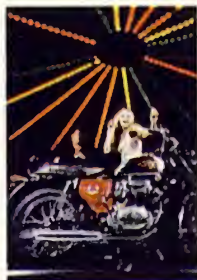
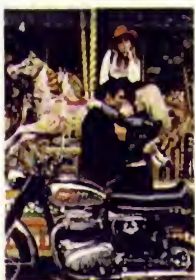
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IF YOU AND A FEW OTHERS ARE NOT AMONG THE 16,232 WHO SENT IN 67,216 SLOGANS TO SWISSAIR, WE'D LIKE TO THANK YOU TOO.

One gentleman in Yugoslavia sent a four-line rhyme using three languages. Sorry, too long for a slogan, but a real accomplishment.

The hardest-working sloganeer lives in a busy city. From Hamburg (on the Elbe, not in New York) he sent us, neatly bound in pamphlets, a hundred and sixty (160) slogans, with a nice note saying he hoped we'd like one of them. (One? We liked nearly half of them very much.)

To many of you Swissair evidently makes a romantic appeal: *First Lady of its land, Queen of the Alps.*

From Africa came a quatrain about our Sylvia Badrutt and Rhaeto-Romanic; from Canada the terse hint, *fly Swissair for Romansch*. And Sylvia Badrutt herself sent a couplet in her native tongue. (In case you thought we were cheating, it starts, *Tar Swissair iin discuorra tuot...*)

If there had been a popularity contest for slogans, *Fly with flair - Swissair* might have won. Several hundred votes in two or three languages.

There were the romantics of present and future: *Stairway to the stars; Touch of heaven; Swissair today the world over, tomorrow perhaps on the moon*, and from a young hopeful simply *Fly me to the moon*.

The philosophers: *Swissair out-wings Time; Switzerland's fourth dimension*. The alpinists: *Swiftest eagle of the Alps; The edelweiss of airlines; Swissair has plenty to yodel about*. (This one several times; but the last person allowed to yodel in a Swissair plane was our first - and Europe's first - hostess, Nelly Diener, in 1934.)

Gourmets thought of the world-famous cheese whose outstanding feature is its absence in recurring small spheres. *Swissair serves you cheese, but no air pockets; What the hole to the cheese is Swiss to the Air; At home in the air like the holes in the cheese*.

Our National Hero (whom the Swiss are alleged to revere because they're sure he never existed, or he may not have been a hero at all) got his due: *Lands as swiftly as Tell's arrow; Swift as the arrow of Mr. Tell*. And what did Friedrich

Otherwise even now, six months later, we wouldn't be ready to give you this situation report.

As you may possibly remember, we ran an advertisement to ask people if by any chance they could think of a few slogans that would be typical for Swissair.

We just asked in passing—no competition or money or stuff like that—, thinking it would be interesting (perhaps even encouraging) to know what our readers felt were our good points. And who could tell, perhaps one slogan would be so compelling and irresistible that we'd have to paint it on the planes.

And now look at us. We've just finished reading and appreciating (as we said above) 67,216 slogans from 16,232 friends of the house all over the world. And two secretaries with nervous breakdowns in our mail room.

Schiller write to outdo *Quality tells Tell's quality?* There were other poets, though mostly beyond our power to translate from French or German or Italian or Spanish or Japanese. Still, *Caesar's spinning in the clay / There was*

no Swissair in his day. (Burma Shave!)

Flower power? *You don't need LSD, just fly with Swissair. Swissair the heavenly trip; Love-in-Swissair; Your conservative, well-groomed hippie*. When we asked for slogans, of course we were asking for it. People were free to say what they *really* thought. And would you believe it, only very few out of all those thousands took occasion to complain. One said, *Swissair - always full of chocolate. Particularly on the seats*. And one quoted a bad experience to back up his slogan. (Take it easy - we are not going to publish this one. After all, this is supposed to be an advertisement.)

We can comfort ourselves a little with *Swissair the flying clockwork* and *Dependable as its chronometers*.

On a mercenary level, *Safe as the Swiss franc*. For miscellaneous: *Icarus might still have been alive; The International White Cross; Takes care of your body and soul*. And *Whenever your camel is sick*.

Meanwhile, back to the mail room...

It was a temptation to go along with 147 flatterers who suggested *Swissair needs no slogan*. But somehow it didn't seem quite right. After all, we did ask for them.

So we'll just have to confess the truth (thereby producing the 67,217th motto): *Swissair can't make up its mind among all the slogans*.

Well, thank you again. And again. Shall we be having a chance to thank you in person? (See coupon.)

Dear Swissair:

I fly so much that I feel entitled to ask for a Swissair timetable of my very own. And since there's not going to be any official Swissair slogan, I don't need to wait for the new edition.

Name: _____

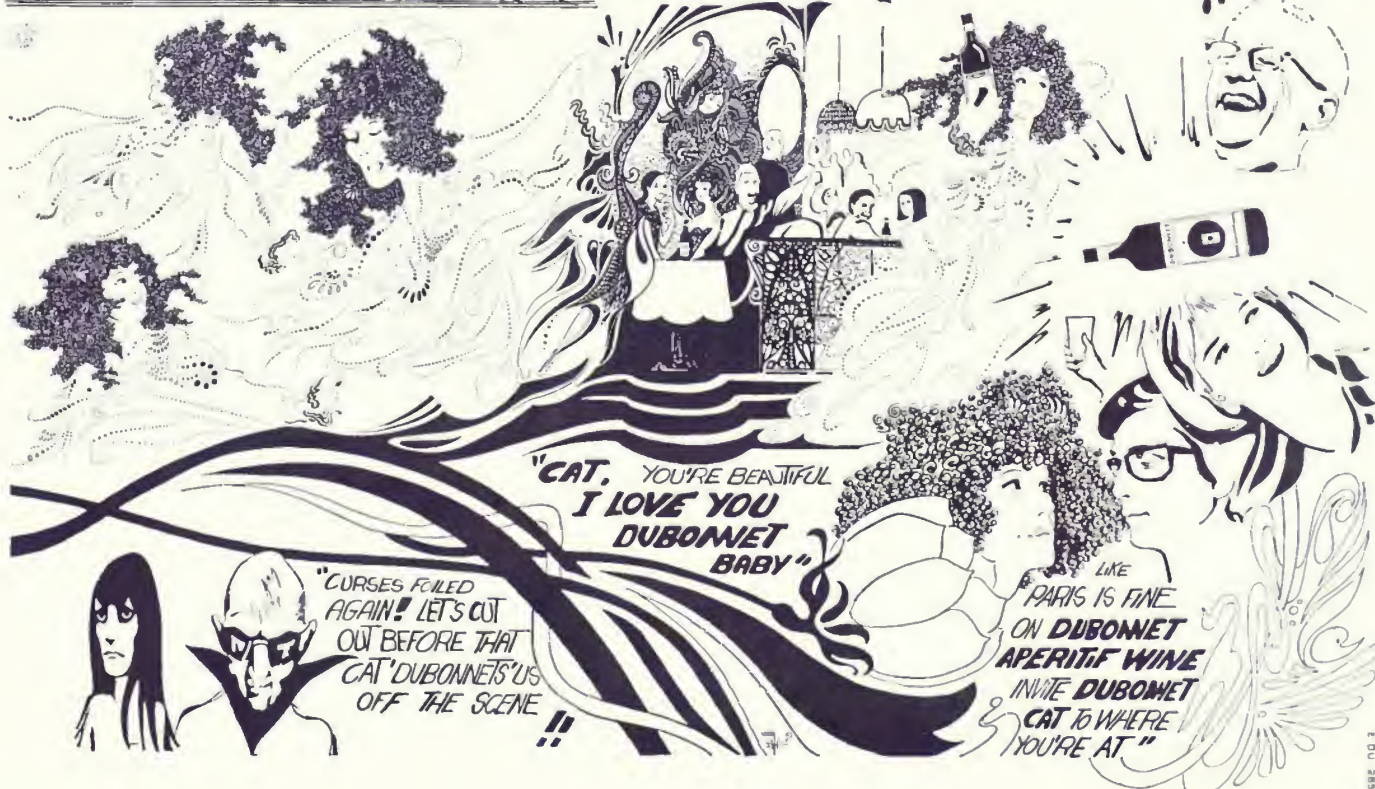
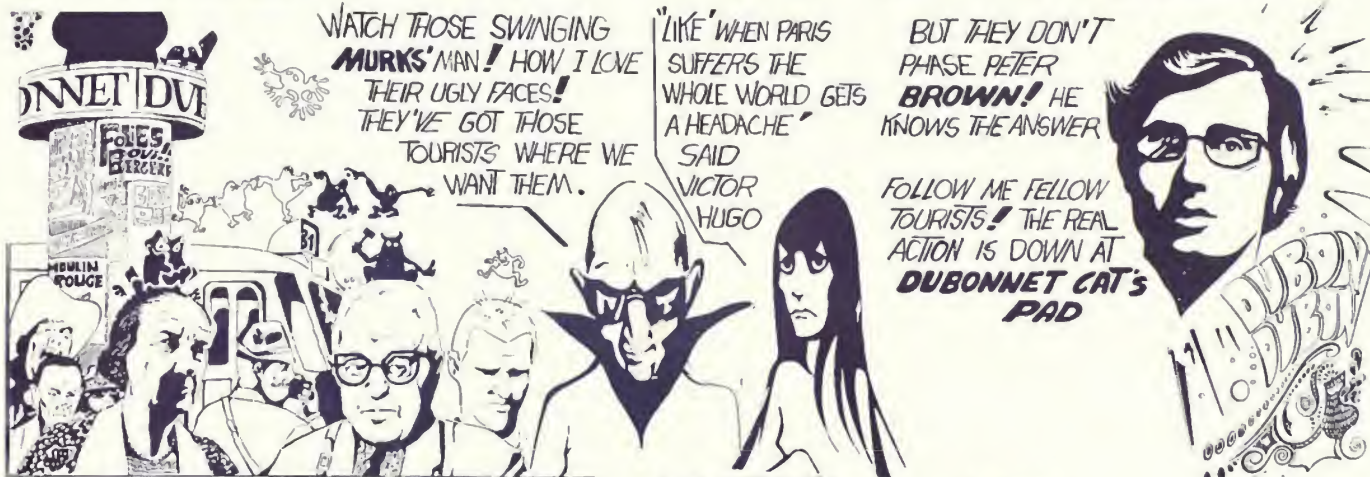
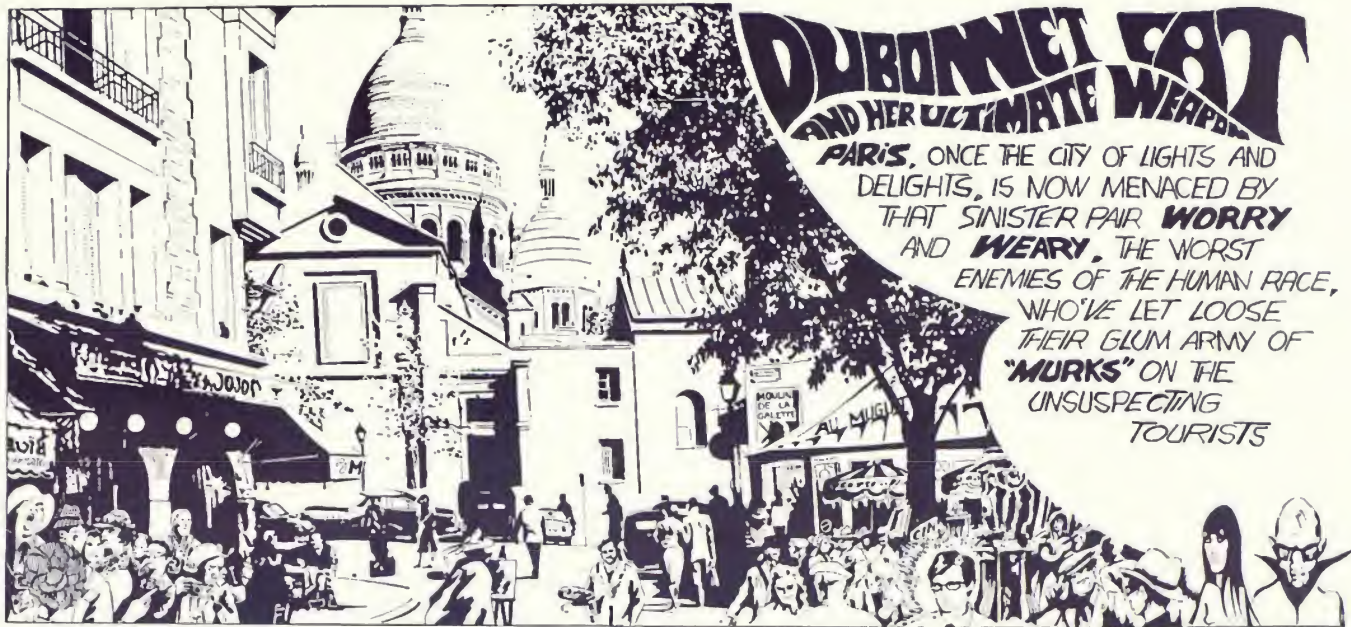
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11





THE PLAYBOY FORUM

*an interchange of ideas between reader and editor
on subjects raised by "the playboy philosophy"*

THE PLAYBOY PHILOSOPHY AS THERAPY

For the past several years, I have been treating sex offenders and have used *The Playboy Philosophy*, particularly Parts IX and X, as part of my therapy program.

Most sex offenders lack a sex education; they have little knowledge of what caused their sexual ideas and actions and almost no knowledge of what normal sex is. To overcome this gap, we have group discussions on love and marriage, the personality, the offender's impulses and the physical, psychological, social and legal aspects of his behavior—all with an emphasis on normal rather than abnormal sex.

The Playboy Philosophy is especially helpful during those sessions devoted to the history of sexual attitudes. When sex offenders are made aware of the brutalities that have resulted from the more perverse historical attitudes toward sex, they then often compare them with their own behavior and, in many cases, are left with a dislike for their past acts. This seems to be a step toward a more healthy sex attitude. The sex offender can help himself greatly when given key facts such as those presented in *The Playboy Philosophy*. Long after the program is over, the men still talk about that particular part of the course as being the turning point at which the therapy program started to help them.

William H. Ross, Director
Division of Correctional Psychiatry
Colorado State Hospital
Pueblo, Colorado

ENDING THE SODOMY FACTORIES

PLAYBOY's exposé of what happens to the men without women in our prisons are in the highest tradition of crusading journalism. In this connection, I am happy to call to your attention the following Associated Press dispatch from London:

Wives should be allowed overnight visits to prisoners serving long sentences, a House of Commons report recommended.

In a massive review of British prisons, an all-party committee said that when the government builds new prisons it should have such visits in mind.

The committee said small apartments in escapeproof jails should

be provided to the prisoners to entertain their wives on weekends.

The fact that this plan has gained acceptance in England, together with PLAYBOY's revelations of what goes on in our "sodomy factories," should begin to stir our own legislators to some constructive action.

Walter Craig
Los Angeles, California

ARKANSAS PRISONS

PLAYBOY readers have undoubtedly heard of the bodies found at Cummins Prison Farm in Arkansas and the associated tales of the unspeakable conditions there and at other Arkansas prisons. In case anybody doubts the validity of these stories, I want to state what I know. My husband spent time at both Cummins and Tucker Prison Farms in Arkansas during 1960 and 1961. He saw men beaten with whips and shotguns. Old-timers told of inmates who got in trouble with the guards and were never seen again. The men were worked 16 hours a day. My husband had meat twice during his entire confinement, never had an egg and often found worms in his food. Unless these conditions are brought to the attention of the public, prison farms like this will continue to flourish.

Linda Bale
Madison Heights, Michigan

REGISTERING THE SEX OFFENDER

The February *Playboy Forum* letter "Lifelong Bondage" raises important civil rights and civil liberties questions: The California law on the registration of sex offenders stems from the same confusion that has produced the sexual-psychopath laws of many states. The main thing wrong with most of these laws is that they don't distinguish between the consensual and the nuisance-type offender on the one hand and the dangerous molester of children and the forcible rapist on the other. As a result, many harmless sex offenders are punished by these laws for long periods of time.

There may be justification for keeping a register of the dangerous sex offenders, who are actually only a small group in any state, but there is no justification for requiring the registration of every homosexual picked up in a public rest room or involved in an act with the consent of

bound to be read



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the other man. These men are not likely to harm the unconsenting. Accordingly, an effort should be made to repeal the California registration statute or at least to change it so that registration requirements would apply only to the small group of dangerous sex offenders. An even more basic change could be made in California's law: the elimination of all sex offenses involving consenting adults.

Morris Ploscowe
Attorney at Law
New York, New York

A former New York City magistrate, Morris Ploscowe is the author of "Sex and the Law" and "Crime and the Criminal Law."

"ABSALOM, MY SON"

Allowing the pages of PLAYBOY, a widely read magazine, to discuss the problems of homosexuals is admirable. To support your crusade for tolerance, I will tell the story of my own education on this subject.

One of my sons was a veteran of both World War Two and the Korean War; he was decorated for bravery. After his term in the Service, he became a skilled worker in a large defense plant. He paid his taxes and bills on time and took an active part in civic affairs. He was also a homosexual; however, our other children, my wife and I were unaware of this—until our son was brutally murdered by another homosexual and the police investigation brought to light the facts of his "double life."

My son might be alive today if society hadn't forced him into an underworld of shadows in order to fulfill his sexual needs. He lived like a criminal in hiding, yet he committed no crime. And I, his own father, was one of the legions of the blind whose bigotry he had feared! I can only say, as did King David in the Old Testament: "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

May the next generation be wiser and more understanding than mine.

(Name withheld by request)
San Francisco, California

DAYTON DOLDRUMS

Like Murray Canton (*The Playboy Forum*, February), I, too, was nauseated that the police should release—and that the newspapers should print—the names, occupations and addresses of the homosexuals who were arrested here in Dayton, Ohio. While the police were staging this combination witch hunt and circus to impress the mob, there were real felonies occurring in the city. According to the police department's own figures, 1967 showed a 66-percent increase in local homicides over the 1966 level, a 54-percent increase in rape, a 45-percent increase in aggravated assault, a 65-percent increase in auto theft and a

FORUM NEWSFRONT

a survey of events related to issues raised by "the playboy philosophy"

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

PHOENIX—The girl had a dog and believed she was old enough to make her own decisions, while her father had a .22-caliber pistol and an inflexible commitment to the old-time morality. The tragedy that these ingredients produced began when 21-year-old college sophomore Linda Marie Ault got home from a Friday-evening dance at 9:30 on Saturday morning. In the course of a heated quarrel with her parents, Linda, a divorcee, admitted that she had spent the night with a married Air Force officer and told her parents that, as a legal adult, she could do as she wanted. On Sunday, the girl's father, Joseph Ault, pronounced that she must be punished for her transgressions. The parents devised a retribution that, they were sure, would "wake Linda up": She was to be forced to shoot her pet dog, which she had owned for about two years. They took Linda into the desert about 100 yards from their house, where they made her dig a shallow grave. The mother held the dog, while the father put the pistol in Linda's hand. The girl pointed the weapon at the dog for a moment, then quickly turned it to her own forehead and pulled the trigger. Joseph Ault said later that Linda must have believed that he was bluffing and hadn't really loaded the gun. If so, she had underestimated the intensity of her parents' moral fervor. The bullet lodged in her brain and she died in a Phoenix hospital the next day.

Maricopa County Attorney Robert Corbin said Ault and his wife would be charged with involuntary manslaughter. "The facts show they were aware of their daughter's emotional state and failed to show due caution or care," he said. According to Corbin's chief deputy, Moise Berger, questioning of the couple revealed that Linda had held a butcher knife against her body and threatened to kill herself earlier during the quarrel. This, he said, should have made the parents aware of the dangerous state of the girl's mind.

SOMETHING HEALTHY IN DENMARK

COPENHAGEN—The Danish experiment in allowing the publication of pornography not only has led to a decrease in sexual crimes (*"The Playboy Forum," April*) but also has received a surprising reception from the public. Instead of a wild rush to purchase every lurid book on the stalls, the Danes have actually decreased their buying of pornographic works. "It's almost as though the fun's gone out of buying them, now that you're allowed to," one bookseller told a reporter from the Long Island Star-Journal. Added

Danish police prosecutor Binger Wilke: "The new law was the best thing that could have happened."

A "LANDMARK" CRUMBLES

CINCINNATI—The conviction of Mrs. Polly King for selling obscene books has been reversed by the First Appellate Court of Ohio. At the time Mrs. King was found guilty in Hamilton County's Court of Common Pleas, the case—which had been instigated by Citizens for Decent Literature—was trumpeted by the Reader's Digest as a "Landmark Decision in the War on Pornography." In reply to a reader who inquired how important the "landmark" really was, we pointed out in the January "Playboy Forum" that the legality of the conviction was dubious and predicted that as soon as the case reached a higher court, it would become "nothing more than another setback for the C.D.L."

HOME OF THE PURE

The morals of Americans were shielded from indecent assault in the following "landmark" actions:

In California, CBS network censors scissored a Smothers Brothers' sketch—a hippie-style parody of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." The line cut to preserve TV-land's mental chastity was "Did you get that girl in trouble?"

In New York, a poster advertising Mike Nichols' award-winning film "The Graduate" was banned from subway, because it showed actress Anne Bancroft in bed with actor Dustin Hoffman.

In Chicago, editor D. H. Maxwell of the Chicago Tribune withdrew more than 1,000,000 copies of the newspaper's literary supplement "Book World." The menace in this case: a single use of the word "penis" in a review of zoologist Desmond Morris' "The Naked Ape." (Responded author Morris, when told of the occurrence: "What other word would they have preferred the reviewer to use?")

NEWSPAPER BANNED IN BOSTON

BOSTON—Attorney Joseph Oteri has brought suit against Cambridge, Massachusetts, officials to stop efforts to suppress the avant-garde newspaper Avatar. Over 60 staff members and vendors of the paper have been arrested in Cambridge and Boston. The paper consists of cultural and social commentary, but its free use of four-letter words has aroused Bostonian hostility. Governor John A. Volpe called it the "dirtiest sheet I've ever seen," and a judge sentencing Avatar's staff artist to six months said, "Who's getting excited about Supreme Court stand-ards? At our humble and low level, this filth just won't go."

CANADIAN SEX

WINNIPEG, MANITOBA—The Manitoba Court of Appeals has upheld a lower court's acquittal of a husband and a wife accused last year of "gross indecency" ("The Playboy Forum," November 1967). They were arrested when a group of policemen who were about to enter the couple's home to search for contraband liquor happened to see the wife performing fellatio upon her husband. Magistrate J. V. Dubiński had dismissed the charges, holding that Parliament had not intended its gross-indecency statute to apply to the consenting behavior of married couples in private. The prosecution then took the case to the higher court, which has now affirmed Magistrate Dubiński's opinion by a two-to-one decision.

PILLS AND BOMBS

EDINBURGH—Malcolm Muggeridge has resigned from his position as rector of the University of Edinburgh in protest against the students' request that the university health center should prescribe birth-control pills. In a sermon announcing his resignation, he declared that he would feel more sympathy for the students if they blew up Edinburgh's cathedral.

BRAINWASHING, AMERICAN STYLE

In a recent article in the *Journal of the American Geriatric Society*, Dr. Joseph Lerner of the Hawaii State Hospital warns his fellow psychiatrists that they are facing a dilemma. Hitherto, Dr. Lerner says, the psychiatrist could put the interest of the patient's health above all else, but he's now entering an era in which he must, more and more often, choose between his loyalty to the patient and his loyalty to the state. The state must come first. With "disloyalty" becoming more widespread, Dr. Lerner adds, psychiatrists must redefine "maturity" in terms of "the capacity for conformity with the broad sanctions of society" and "loyalty to one's country." Psychiatrists must work to adjust their patients to that formula rather than to help "each patient mobilize his full individual potential in order to achieve 'self-realization.'"

GRASS GROWS IN VIETNAM

While Army brass continues to minimize the numbers of American troops in Vietnam who smoke marijuana—and to flatly deny the charge of John Steinbeck IV that 75 percent of the GIs are users—evidence increases that many of our boys over there are, indeed, going to pot.

The Army has warned the troops that it may eliminate Australia as a Rest and Recreation area because of recent arrests of American servicemen arriving fresh from Vietnam with pockets full of grass, in violation of Australian laws.

Senator Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut has stated that top U.S. officials in Saigon, including Ambassador Ellsworth

Bunker, have requested that Federal narcotics agents be sent there to handle the problem.

The New York Times quoted an Army officer as admitting that "you can smell [marijuana] almost anywhere you go in the streets here."

Reports claim that pot parties are going on even in such a high security area as "the L. B. J." (Long Binh Jail)—the Army's own prison in Vietnam. Brigadier General Harley Moore, Jr., formerly the Army's provost marshal in Saigon, says that marijuana has been found on sentries and military policemen, as well as inside the Long Binh stockade.

According to The Washington Post, more GIs—over 700—were arrested in Vietnam on marijuana charges last year than for any other major offense.

EXECUTIONS IN U.S. HALTED

WASHINGTON, D.C.—An attack on the constitutionality of capital punishment has virtually stopped executions in the U.S. The NAACP Legal Defense and Educational Fund, working with the American Civil Liberties Union in California, has obtained an order from the California Supreme Court that will stay the executions of 69 condemned men. The L.D.F. has also won similar stays for all 52 death row inmates in Florida and is directly involved in the cases of over 30 other condemned men in ten other states. The issues being argued are generally applicable to the more than 400 men under death sentence in the 37 states that have capital punishment. All executions in cases being argued by the L.D.F. will be postponed until the constitutional issues raised have been decided in the courts, and the Fund is prepared to stop any other execution anywhere in the country by court action. The resulting constitutional controversy promises to take years; it is doubtful that there will be another execution in the U.S. until it is settled.

The Legal Defense and Educational Fund has raised four arguments against the constitutionality of capital punishment: (1) the state fails to provide counsel for condemned men after state courts have rejected their appeals; (2) opponents of the death penalty are kept off juries; (3) there are no legal standards to guide juries in deciding between life imprisonment and death; (4) the death penalty is "cruel and unusual punishment," forbidden by the Eighth Amendment.

The U.S. Supreme Court has already agreed to hear the claims of two men that they were deprived of a fair trial because of exclusion of foes of capital punishment from their juries: William C. Witherspoon of Illinois, sentenced to death for shooting a policeman, and Wayne D. Bumper of North Carolina, sentenced to death for rape.

184-percent increase in armed robbery. Furthermore, only 39 percent of these crimes were solved. But the homosexuals, who are no more responsible for their condition than are muscular-dystrophy victims, got the full attention of our efficient law enforcers—and the newspapers had a ball.

Vicki Francowitz
Dayton, Ohio

DEFENSELESS MALE

If the laws and mores in America are changed to accept homosexual behavior, who is going to protect me, the average American male, from homosexuals and perverts? When I'm in a public rest room, who is going to keep the homosexual's hands off me? To protect myself against these advances, I will have to use my fist, my knife or my gun, and that seems rather barbaric.

(Name withheld by request)
APO New York, New York

Legalization of homosexual acts in private between consenting adults and public acceptance of such behavior does not automatically mean that sexual assault, in public or in private, will also be accepted. Rape and indecent assault are and should be illegal, whether heterosexual or homosexual. But we believe you exaggerate the threat to the average American male, who should be perfectly capable of discouraging unwelcome propositions without resorting to "barbarism."

EXTRASENSITIVE PERCEPTION: I

The *Playboy Forum* takes a very mature approach to the problems of homosexuality, acknowledging the fact that homosexuals are human and, therefore, deserving of the tolerance that *PLAYBOY* generally advocates on sexual matters. Yet in almost every issue of *PLAYBOY*, at least one cartoon or party joke ridicules homosexuals. This is a very disturbing contradiction.

(Name withheld by request)
Southfield, Michigan

EXTRASENSITIVE PERCEPTION: II

One naturally expects *PLAYBOY* cartoons to be witty, but sometimes you slip up. From time to time, you publish drawings that make snide digs at transvestism: these are without any humor. All minority groups are human beings and they have a right to the liberality advocated by *PLAYBOY*. Does someone on your staff have a hang-up about transvestism? *PLAYBOY* doesn't run cartoons poking fun at homosexuals.

(Name withheld by request)
Montreal, Quebec

PLAYBOY spoofs a wide variety of social and sexual hang-ups, which tends, we think, to decontaminate and humanize them.

PLAYBOY AND WOMEN

I agree with your answer to the Reverend J. Benton White that the Playmate



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of the Month does not represent a dehumanization of women (*The Playboy Forum*, February). I regard her purely as an entertainment feature in a magazine for men. However, I do feel that you tend to put down women in your general format. Important men in all fields appear as authors and are interviewed in your pages. No distinguished women are ever mentioned and no woman is ever presented as being valuable in any way other than as a sex object. Furthermore, many of your cartoons portray nasty stereotypes of middle-aged women. I think that this might give the Reverend White and others the impression that PLAYBOY "puts women down." Otherwise, I find your general philosophy very valuable, indeed.

Myra A. Josephs, Ph. D.
New York, New York

Thanks for the compliment. As for the criticism, we'd like to remind you that, welcome as our distaff readers are, our primary purpose as expressed in PLAYBOY's subtitle "Entertainment for Men" logically leads to an emphasis on male activities, male authors and male personalities. This emphasis also reflects a fact about today's society: that while there are important and distinguished women in nearly every field of endeavor, men have at least a numerical preponderance in most. Even so, PLAYBOY has published interviews with such female luminaries as Helen Gurley Brown, Grace Kelly, Madelyn Murray and Ayn Rand. The subjects of this month's interview are Dr. William Masters and his esteemed and brilliant female associate, Mrs. Virginia Johnson.

Finally, we hasten to correct your misimpression about our cartoons. A figure appearing in a cartoon is intended to be a figure of fun, and we like to think our "stereotypes" are funny, not "nasty." Here, again—true to our purpose—we publish many more caricatures of middle-aged men than of middle-aged women.

NUDITY AND HUMANITY

The Reverend J. Benton White, who said that there is something "almost dehumanizing" about such PLAYBOY features as the Playmate of the Month, evidently thinks that people wearing clothes look more human than people not wearing clothes. This kind of logic needs no refutation.

Obviously, the Reverend had not seen January Playmate Connie Kreski when he wrote his letter. I don't believe I have ever seen a more human-looking girl.

Eric Allaby

Grand Manan Island, New Brunswick

MENACE OF NUDITY

In the December *Playboy Forum*, David F. Feingold wrote: "Young children, up to the age of puberty, are not emotionally equipped to view the nude body

nor to handle the overwhelming sensory flood that results from such a sight."

Whatever emotional sensation a child may experience upon the sight of another human being sans clothing depends on what the child has been taught to think about his own body.

If the mere sight of a nude body had ever filled me with an "overwhelming sensory flood," I'd run (not walk) to the nearest psychiatrist.

Mary Ellen Gwynne
Alamo, California

LITTLE BROTHER MENACE

It was inevitable, given the many disagreements among psychiatrists, that the know-nothings who oppose the sale of the Little Brother doll should find a shrink who supports their view that seeing a penis on a doll will harm children. The *Columbus Citizen-Journal* carried an article titled "Psychiatrist Claims Doll Can Be Harmful." That it should be a Columbus paper and a Columbus psychiatrist was also inevitable, since Ohio seems to be competing with Southern California for leadership on the crank front (it's a Citizens for Decent Literature stronghold and it's where the anti-Little Brother campaign originated).

The name of the psychiatrist quoted by the paper is not given. Knowing that in the past, anti-smut campaigners have invented psychiatric support for their position makes me suspicious now. I also suspect the paper of slanting the story, since the word "harmful" does not appear in any of the quotations attributed to the anonymous psychiatrist.

What he actually says is, "I would be concerned about the overstimulating qualities and the kinds of play encouraged by some highly appendaged boy and girl dolls." This is a beautiful example of gobbledygook. The reference to girl dolls is particularly weird, since there is no Little Sister on the market. As for a "highly appendaged" boy doll, would one with a lesser appendage appeal more to the unnamed psychiatrist? In speaking of "overstimulating qualities," he misses the whole point of the Little Brother doll: The matter-of-fact presence of the genitals tends to allay curiosity about them, while the perpetual prudish emasculation of the penis on dolls is precisely one of the things that tends to overstimulate an unnatural interest in the genitalia.

The remainder of the *Citizen-Journal's* article indicates that the anonymous psychiatrist is concerned that the sight of a penis on a doll will stimulate sexual excitement "too soon" in a child, thereby "fixating" his sexual attitudes at an infantile level. This is absurd. Almost all anthropologists, psychologists, pediatricians and educators agree that children do not become unduly sexually excited by the sight of the nude body; but they will develop a sense of shame, conflict and



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bewilderment about sexuality if excessive efforts are made to hide it from them.

Hank Brunner
New York, New York

LANDMARK EVASION

I congratulate you on your astute comment in the January *Playboy Forum* on the *Reader's Digest* article "Landmark Decision in the War on Pornography."

When the article appeared, I wrote a letter to the *Digest* stating my horror that they would publish such a biased report. Surprisingly, I received a reply signed "The Editors." The letter stated that the *Digest* published the article out of concern for the fact that "hard-core pornography written for its own sake is being made widely available to the youth of the nation." To this reply, I wrote a five-page rebuttal. As an English teacher with a minor degree in psychology, I cited my direct interest in the subject. Among my references was the excellent *Pornography and the Law* of Drs. Phyllis and Eberhard Kronhausen, as well as various psychologists who state flatly that pornography has never been proved harmful and is, in fact, sometimes beneficial. Finally, I stated that no one had the right to forbid me to read something he disliked, any more than I had the right to force someone to read something I liked.

Keep up the fight for the right to be an individual.

Chris Clarke
New York, New York

"A 'Landmark' Crumbles," in this month's "Forum Newsfront" section, tells how the woman who was prosecuted in the case described by the *Reader's Digest* has successfully appealed her conviction.

PLAYBOY AND SEX EDUCATION

With its wide circulation and heavy influence, *PLAYBOY* can provide impetus for more comprehensive sex education in the schools—education designed to keep pace with current social issues and social and personal problems. *PLAYBOY* can discuss sex education—including goals, methods and content appropriate for different age levels—as well as the role the parents, the college and the community can play in sex education. What personal and academic qualifications are necessary to prepare teachers in this area? How do we overcome the fear and ignorance of many parents, teachers and administrators? What role should be taken by teachers of other subjects, such as literature, biology, health and physical education? Should sex education consist of those standards that parents want taught to their children or should it be an objective, rational discussion of the facts, plus comparison of competing philosophies? Should sex education include contraceptive education? *PLAYBOY* can

provide fuel for sorely needed discussion of such key questions.

Roger W. Libby
Williamantic, Connecticut

A discussion of many of these questions can be found in this month's "Playboy Interview" with Dr. William Masters and Mrs. Virginia Johnson, authors of "Human Sexual Response."

BIRTH-CONTROL IGNORANCE

I began to have sexual intercourse at 15. My lover and I relied entirely on withdrawal. It did not work; I became pregnant and we were married. I am now 18 and my husband is 19 and I am saving money so that I can leave him.

This would not have happened if either of us had known about birth control. I know now that there are very reliable contraceptives available in any drugstore, but the knowledge has come too late. As a result of our ignorance, I was unable to complete my high school education and, at the age of 18, I have a broken marriage and no faith in love or men.

In spite of my experience, I still believe in premarital sex. A wedding night must be terrifying for two inexperienced persons.

(Name withheld by request)
Hebron, Connecticut

UNPROFITABLE ADULTERY

Unlike the woman in Los Angeles who wrote that committing adultery "tremendously increased" her "enjoyment of marital love and sex" (*The Playboy Forum*, February), I found adultery to be a bad habit that ate at me like a chronic disease, destroying my morals, my ideals and my pride. I no longer felt that I was a clean, decent person. Those who find marriage unbearable may find happiness in loving someone else, but most adulterers do not love their extramarital partners. They act out of boredom. Adultery did show me one thing: how highly I regarded my husband. This I discovered through the shame I felt at having deceived him, a high price to pay to learn something I should have known all along.

(Name withheld by request)
Detroit, Michigan

CONSENSUAL ADULTERY

The registered nurse who wrote to the February *Playboy Forum* about all the adultery-caused spouse bashings she had seen was altogether off the point. The cases to which she referred involved betrayal and deceit: the adulterers who wrote to the *Forum*—if we can believe them—had the consent of their spouses. The letters clearly stated that each form of adultery worked well for each individual couple. A successful marriage is based on communication, facing

problems openly rather than refusing to talk about them.

I was dismayed by the January *Forum* letter condemning "the spewings of adulterers and whores." It is unfortunate that we still have some Torquemadas around who will castigate people for simply trying, albeit in unique ways, to solve their problems. Before I began reading *PLAYBOY*, I, too, may have issued a blanket condemnation of the sexually unorthodox; however, through reading *The Playboy Forum*, I have ceased being shocked by behavior that differs from my own.

Timothy M. Eaves
University of California
Davis, California

MALER THAN MAILER

The falseness of Norman Mailer's volatile hippishness is obvious when he says that performing cumilingus is a weakness (*Playboy Interview*, January). Surely, the manly Norman Mailer knows it can only be a weakness when used as a cop-out for meeting the particular demands of intercourse. A man who refuses to "give head to his woman" denies her (and himself) an exquisite dimension of her sexuality and he is something less than a man.

Barry G. Parsons
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

RIGHT TO PRIVACY

Justice Douglas has certainly presented *PLAYBOY* readers with a very succinct and concise summary of our right to privacy and its abridgment by our Government (*The Attack on the Right to Privacy*, *PLAYBOY*, December 1967). But perhaps Justice Douglas did not dwell fully enough on what is becoming one of the most flagrant abuses in this area; to wit, the midnight raid of welfare inspectors upon the homes of welfare recipients. A great number of inspectors have used their position and the lack of a clear law prohibiting such raids to invade homes at any hour and subject the occupants to numerous abuses. The California Supreme Court, in *Parrish vs. Civil Service Commissioner of the County of Alameda*, in March 1967 reinstated a social worker who was fired when he refused to participate in such a raid. The court expressly forbade such raids unless they conformed to the constitutional requirements of searches for criminal evidence. It is about time that more courts in our country, especially the Federal courts, clamped down on such practices. It is also about time that more social workers and inspectors followed the example of Benny Parrish, who placed his moral convictions above his job. Thanks for the fine article.

Joel A. Kobert
Howard University School of Law
Washington, D. C.

(continued on page 158)

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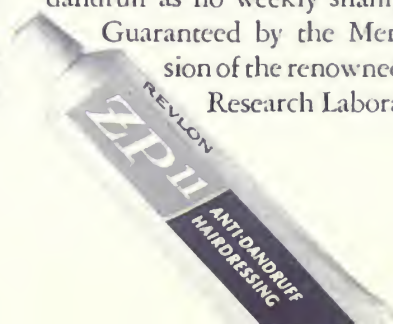
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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: MASTERS AND JOHNSON

a candid conversation with the celebrated sex researchers and best-selling authors of "human sexual response"

It was not by chance that Dr. William H. Masters and Mrs. Virginia E. Johnson chose staid Little, Brown & Co. to publish "Human Sexual Response." Anxious, almost to the point of obsession, that there be not a jot of titillation or a tittle of prurient interest connected with their potentially sensational book, the gynecologist and his psychologist associate sought—and found—a publishing house whose credentials for conservatism and circumspection were utterly beyond reproach. Accordingly, the proper Boston publisher covered the text in a plain brown wrapper, did not spend a penny on trade advertising and released an unprepossessing 15,000 copies to booksellers in April 1966. Little, Brown hoped only to reach a modest percentage of the estimated 250,000 American physicians for whom the book was primarily written as a text on the physiology of human sexual response.

It was with mixed feelings, therefore, that authors and publisher received the news that the initial printing was entirely sold out prior to the official publishing date. The book quickly earned a niche on Publisher's Weekly's best-seller list and remained there for six months; it has sold at this writing over 250,000 copies—at ten dollars per—and continues to move at the rate of 2000 to 3000 volumes a month. Even Kinsey's best seller, "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male," fell far short of this figure in its first year, and the average medical text sells only 10,000 copies in toto.

But "Human Sexual Response" is no average medical text. It contains an analysis of the most unusual experiments

ever conducted in the history of science. In their St. Louis laboratory, financed originally by Washington University Medical School, Masters and Johnson observed and recorded—on color film, with conventional medical recording devices and with a unique invention of their own called an artificial phallus—the sexual response of 382 females and 312 males in the acts of intercourse and automanipulation.

The completed text, even though it contained a glossary of medical terms, may have been a disappointment to many of its nonmedical purchasers. Going out of their way not to appeal to the lay reader, the authors loaded the book with an almost impenetrable thicket of Latinate medicalese, woven into mind-boggling sentences such as: "This maculopapular type of erythematous rash first appears over the epigastrium." Not even the hyperactive imagination of an Anthony Comstock could have found this prose sexually stimulating.

The rewards for those who could pierce the linguistic barrier, however, made it worth the effort. Authoritative information about the very essence of human sexuality, long a subject of emotionally charged guesswork even among scientists, was here definitively recorded for the first time. After classifying the sexual response cycle into four phases—excitement, plateau, orgasm and resolution—and describing in minute detail the physiologic and anatomic reactions accompanying these phases, the authors continued in a clinical manner to shatter long-standing myths associated with sexual response. These included the function of

the clitoris, the relationship between penis size and effective sexual performance, the origin of vaginal lubrication, the nature of multiple orgasm in the female, the advisability of sex during pregnancy and among the aged.

Predictably, Masters and Johnson's research was initially subjected to sharp criticism—much of it related less to their findings than to their methods. The first salvo—fired by psychoanalyst Leslie H. Farber some time before the book was even published—set the tone for many of the subsequent attacks. In an article published in *Commentary*, Dr. Farber charged that Masters and Johnson had mechanized and dehumanized sex, that their research subjects were not typical and that they had neglected the psychological aspects of sex. "Qualities such as modesty, privacy, reticence, abstinence, chastity, fidelity, shame—could now be questioned as rather arbitrary matters that interfered with the health of the sexual parts," Farber wrote. He went on to accuse Masters and Johnson of endowing the female with orgasmic privileges that perhaps she had not earned. "My guess, which is not subject to laboratory proof," wrote Farber, "is that the female orgasm was always an occasional, though not essential, part of a woman's whole sexual experience." Albert Goldman, a sociologist who wrote that the current sexual scene is dominated by "increasing homosexuality, rampant exhibitionism and voyeurism, fun-and-games rationalizations for promiscuity, masturbatory dances, sadism and other enormous proliferations of sexual fantasy," thought the text should be called



"A woman who serves three different men, and enjoys all of them, is more honest than the 'faithful' wife who serves one man and thinks of another."

"The fact that so many people of both sexes feel sexual pleasure only in the sex organs is a manifestation of their rejection of their total sexuality."

"The greatest mistake a male can make is to feel that because he has a certain amount of technical competence, he is an effective sexual entity."

"Permissiveness about early genital expression—specifically masturbation—is not nearly so important as the absence of a negative approach."

"Sexual Body Mechanics" and keyed the greater part of a book review to this theme. Professor Goldman was appalled by the possibility that some of the subjects who participated in the experiments might actually have enjoyed themselves, and he was distressed by Masters and Johnson's efforts to enhance the sexuality of the elderly. "One wishes," Goldman wrote, "that we could return to the wisdom of an earlier time that accepted physical decline and sought compensations in pursuits that transcend the physical." *The Ladies' Home Journal* published an article by staffer Lois Chevalier, who expressed grave concern that Masters and Johnson's work "ignored all the questions that it immediately raised in any ordinary person's mind—questions of morality, decency, human values."

But after the initial shock had worn off, most commentary about "Human Sexual Response" was considerably less concerned with the "decency" of the project than with its immense scientific value—specifically, with the fact that light was being shed in an area that had always been what psychoanalyst George Krupp called "the dark side of the moon." The *Journal of the American Medical Association*—long a bastion of conservatism—editorialized: "To some, sex is the ultimate area of privacy, and hence not appropriate for study and evaluation. No scientific criteria can justify such a conclusion." The editorial went on to ask, "Why was this study so long in coming?" and then answered, "We may look upon Masters' investigation as a natural and inevitable consequence of changing cultural environment." Dr. Colin Hindley of the University of London commented in the *Daily Mail*, "If we are inclined to regard sexual union as something so sacrosanct that it should not be open to investigation, we should remember that a similar view was taken regarding the stars in Galileo's day."

Commenting on the specific nature of the work, *MD* magazine concluded in an editorial, "Very little of the research resembles the assumptions of some critics" and the "best measure of the study's professional acceptance . . . is that 25 medical schools have instituted courses in the physiology of human sexual response, and 14 more are beginning in the coming semester. The text in use is their book; there is no other." Medical biologist Alex Comfort predicted in the *New Statesman* that the critics of "Human Sexual Response" "will be coming round eventually for a consultation and will be glad to find that something is known about their particular problem and its management. . . . When I think of the prohibitive and moralistic kinks which have obsessed the medical men of the last two centuries, I cannot bring myself to be very anxious about Dr. Masters and his institute."

The man primarily responsible for all

this tumult would seem ill-cast for the role. Soft-spoken in manner, prudent in behavior, tweedy in appearance and moderate in almost all his views, William Howell Masters reminds one of the benign family physician rather than the mad scientist envisaged by some of his critics. Born in Cleveland in 1915, he was a better-than-average student with a strong penchant for sports, but no inkling of his medical bent until after he received his B.S. from Hamilton College at Clinton, New York, in 1938. He entered the University of Rochester School of Medicine and Dentistry in 1939 with the idea of becoming a laboratory researcher, but changed his mind under the tutelage of Dr. George Washington Corner, a famous anatomist and an unsung pioneer in the pre-Kinsey era of sex research and education. By the time he married Elisabeth Ellis in 1942, and received his M.D. degree in 1943, Masters had already set his sights on research in the physiology of sex. But he was advised by Corner to wait until he was somewhat more mature in years, until he had achieved a reputation in some research area not related to sex and until he could call upon the resources of a great university medical school to support him. (With the exception of medical-school support, these were the criteria established by Alfred Kinsey before he began his interviewing in the sociology of sex.) Accordingly, Masters trained—from 1943 to 1947—in obstetrics and gynecology, and then taught these subjects at Washington University. His two children, a girl and a boy, were born in 1950 and 1951; and it was during the latter year that he was certified in his specialties. By 1954, he had published 25 papers in the medical literature and had established expertise in hormone-replacement therapy for postmenopausal women. He decided then that he was ready to begin the study of human sexual response.

He met Mary Virginia Eshelman Johnson in a highly undramatic manner—through the employment bureau of Washington University, where she had filed a job application. "I was looking for a mature woman who had a keen interest in people and who knew where babies come from," recalls Masters. "Mrs. Johnson fit all these qualifications." Born in 1925 in Springfield, Missouri, she studied music at Drury College from 1940 to 1942 and sociology at the University of Missouri from 1944 to 1947. Married in 1950, she had two children, a boy and a girl, before being divorced in 1956. Prior to joining Dr. Masters as his research associate the following year, she had had a varied background, including advertising research, administrative work and business writing. She was given a concurrent academic appointment by the Washington University School of Medicine as research assistant in 1960 and elevated to research instructor in 1962; she enrolled as a

doctoral candidate in psychology at the university in 1964.

It was Mrs. Johnson who greeted *PLAYBOY* Senior Editor Nat Lehrman in their headquarters, the offices of the Reproductive Biology Research Foundation, which occupy a large segment of a modern medical center and resemble any doctor's chambers—except that they're more spacious and contain more physiological testing equipment. The interview began here—and ended five sessions later in Mrs. Johnson's suburban ranch home. During the entire interview, both she and Dr. Masters evinced a finely tuned anticipation of each other's thoughts, occasionally finishing each other's sentences and frequently engaging each other in animated discussion of a particular point. Mrs. Johnson, outgoing and eloquent, tended to wrap layers of illuminating qualification around hard nuggets of fact; Dr. Masters, articulate and precise, often pressed his finger tips together thoughtfully beneath his chin and peered out the window before responding to a question. We began the interview by asking them about the controversial book that turned them into unexpected celebrities.

PLAYBOY: Did you anticipate censorship problems when you published *Human Sexual Response*?

MASTERS: No. Nor did we encounter any.

PLAYBOY: Some observers think you wrote the book in dense medical language in order to spike the censors' guns. Did you have that in mind?

MASTERS: It wasn't a question of censorship as such. Medicine had not, up to that time, accepted the concept of research in this area. Kinsey's work was fundamentally sociologic, while ours dealt with the physiology, anatomy and psychology of sexual response. We were well aware that *Human Sexual Response*—which covered the first two approaches—would be evaluated in depth by the medical and behavioral professions and we wanted to avoid even a hint of titillation. **JOHNSON:** After working in this field for many years, we knew the emotional impact—a reaction we call the "visceral clutch"—that this research would produce, and we felt if we could soften the impact, at least until the material could be absorbed and evaluated, it would be ultimately treated more objectively.

MASTERS: Exactly. We know that, in sexual matters, regardless of one's discipline or lack of it, one evaluates the material first emotionally and then intellectually—if the second evaluation ever has an opportunity to develop. If we've made the book pedantic, obtuse and difficult to read, we did it deliberately.

PLAYBOY: Why did you include a glossary of medical terms in the book?

MASTERS: Because we knew that many people in a variety of nonmedical disciplines would be interested—psychologists, theologians, sociologists and social workers

—in fact, people in all the behavior fields.
PLAYBOY: We've been told that there was a voluntary press blackout regarding your experiments while they were being conducted. Is this true?

MASTERS: Yes. We have no idea of its extent, but the St. Louis newspapers and wire services were well aware of our experiments for some years before publication of the book.

PLAYBOY: Did you encourage the blackout?

MASTERS: Yes. We were gravely concerned that we would not be able to get enough work done before premature disclosure prevented an objective evaluation of the entire program.

PLAYBOY: What broke the blackout?

MASTERS: A medical man wrote a highly critical article and released it to a non-medical magazine about 18 months before the book was completed. We would have liked another year before we published the text, since we had a great deal more research to do in cardiorespiratory physiology; the book is quite weak in this section. But by that time we had been working for about ten years, and we can only say that we were extremely fortunate that the voluntary blackout lasted as long as it did.

JOHNSON: It might be pertinent to say that we have no objection now, nor did we then, to valid criticism. Unfortunately, this premature and highly personalized criticism appeared in a factual void. That is, no material relative to our research concept or design was available for comparison. We were concerned that readers of this article would therefore have no opportunity to make an objective judgment.

MASTERS: I think it important at this stage of the interview to state an integral part of our basic philosophy. We absolutely refuse to defend ourselves except in open discussion. If, for instance, a critical review of our work appears, whether it's valid or a total farce, we never write a rebuttal. We think there is only one defense, and that is continued research productivity. In anything as emotionally charged as this area, inevitably there is going to be criticism—some of real value, some useless. But if we were to spend all our time answering the critics, we wouldn't get any work done.

PLAYBOY: Has there been an abundance of such criticism in the press?

MASTERS: Surprisingly little. Of approximately 700 reviews in both the medical and the lay press, some ten percent was critical; by critical, I mean the writers felt the work should not have been done for one reason or another. But 90 percent, if not totally supportive, was at least neutral; in other words, it reflected an attitude of "Let's wait and see what good can come of this research." This was a higher percentage than we dreamed of before the publication of the book. We had hoped that there would be at least half as many supportive as

destructive critics. We knew darn well that if we didn't have 25-percent support, we would be in major difficulty with the medical profession. But the support was such that there has never been any question about continuing the work.
PLAYBOY: What does your mail suggest about the public's attitude toward your research?

MASTERS: We've gotten thousands of letters. About eight percent of them fall into the "down with" category, of which half are vicious, obscene and unsigned. The other half of the negative letters are from fine people who simply feel that sexual behavior should not be investigated. They sign their names, they write well and we respect their opinions. Twenty-two percent of the mail has been supportive in character, and the remaining 70 percent—the part that really matters—comes from people asking for advice about their problems of sexual inadequacy.

PLAYBOY: How does the crackpot mail affect each of you personally?

MASTERS: I don't think it affects me in any way.

JOHNSON: Well, it's reinforcing. You always like to know that there is an applicable purpose for your work; and when you read these anonymous and scurrilous attacks, then you know that someone needs the work you're producing. As far as being personally affected—no, not really, because this mail is so obviously substandard. The only thing that really upsets me is when people like writers, scientists, physicians and other people who are generally knowledgeable blithely misinterpret what we're doing.

PLAYBOY: One of the greatest areas of misinterpretation relates to the purpose of the mechanical devices and equipment used in your experiments. Would you tell us about them?

MASTERS: Besides the artificial phallus, we used the routine cardiograph type of recordings for heart rate, blood pressure, pulse, respiratory rate, and so on. We also used cameras, so that we could study in slow motion what happened.

PLAYBOY: In your book, you described the artificial phallus as plastic, utilizing "cold light illumination" that allows observation and recording without distortion. You wrote: "The equipment can be adjusted for physical variations in size, weight and vaginal development. The rate and depth of penile thrust is initiated and controlled completely by the responding individual." Why did you construct this device?

MASTERS: First, let me point out that the artificial phallus was the only piece of mechanical equipment that would not be considered standard in any physiology laboratory. It was designed for intravaginal observation and photography—to show us what was happening inside the vagina during the various phases of sexual response. It was also used to evaluate

intravaginal contraceptive materials. In the old days—the pre-pill days—the method of evaluating contraceptives was to go to a distressed area, such as Puerto Rico, and disseminate the experimental contraceptive to the population. Then the number of pregnancies was recorded, in terms of theoretical years of exposure, and a graph was plotted. We avoided any unwanted pregnancies by actually observing the action of the contraceptive in the laboratory.

There was another use for the artificial phallus that I should mention. It was used on several occasions for women or girls who were born without vaginas, a condition called "vaginal agenesis." We developed a technique in which a vagina can be created without the necessity of surgery. But the artificial phallus has long since been disassembled and we have no plans for reconstructing it.

JOHNSON: This may be an appropriate time to put to rest a popular misconception created by the mass media—that is, the titillating assumption that the only purpose of the artificial phallus was to stimulate sexual response. This was not the case. During artificial coition, the research subjects never could achieve orgasm by use of the phallus alone—they all had to employ additional self-stimulation derived from their own personal preferences and previously established patterns. The point is, a female responds sexually to that which is endowed *for her* with sexual meaning. Over a period of time, all the women in our sample probably could have oriented themselves to respond to the exclusive use of a phallic device if they had been so motivated; but to them, the laboratory phallus was nothing in or of itself, and neither the situation nor their own personal interest required that they make it so. Consequently, the only reason for creating and using this device was to provide an opportunity for definition and measurement of the intravaginal environment.

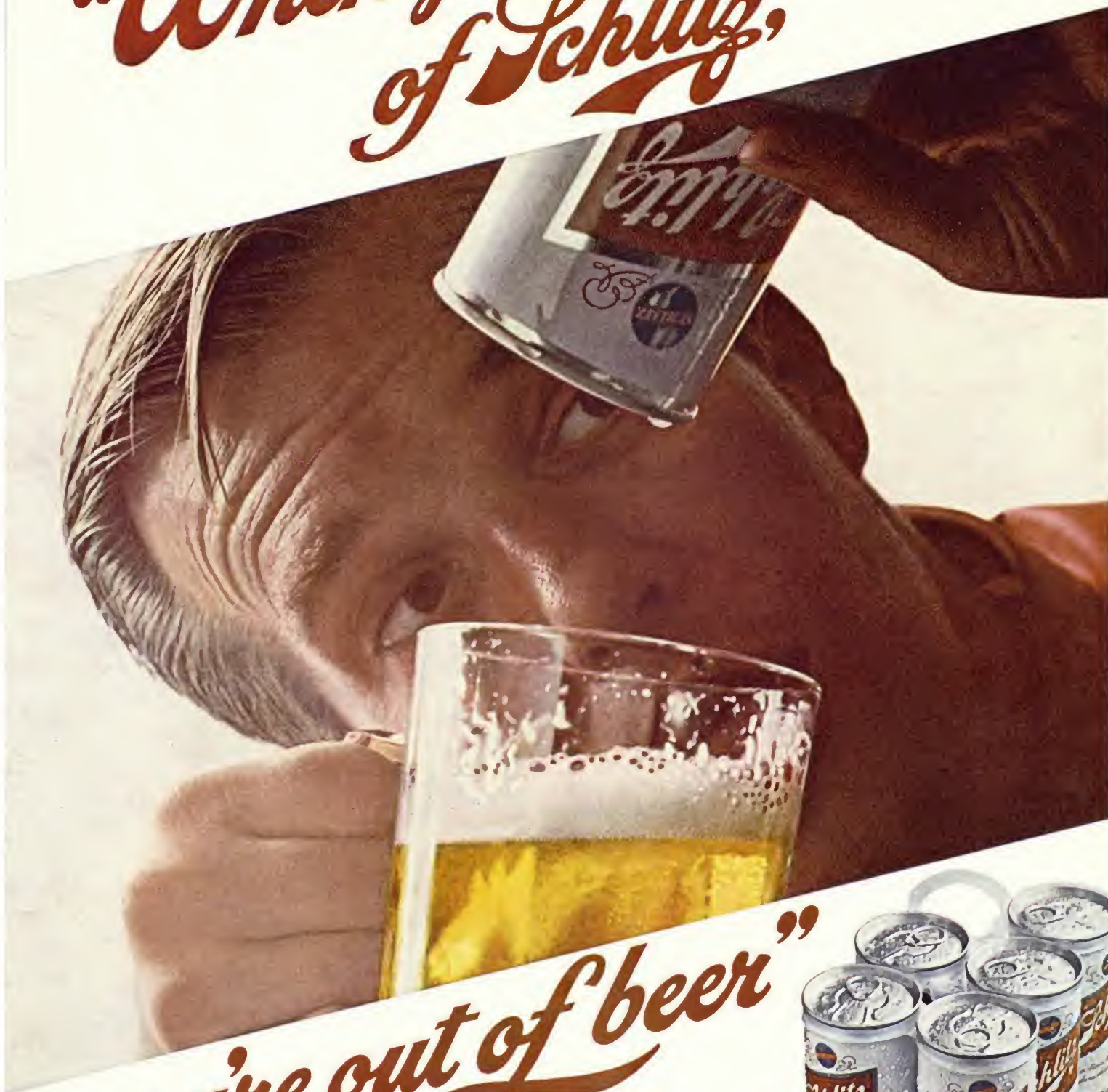
PLAYBOY: In reference to your camera-work, some of your less informed critics have maintained that you were, in effect, producing stag films.

MASTERS: That's totally untrue. The camera was used solely to record specific physiologic reactions—skin changes, vaginal lubrication, and so on—and was directed only to one portion of the body at any time. Neither the face nor the total body was ever photographed.

PLAYBOY: Perhaps because of the abundance of mechanical equipment used in your experiments, you've frequently been criticized for "mechanizing" and "dehumanizing" sex. What's your reply?

MASTERS: I'm not sure the equipment really has anything to do with the criticism. The heart has been measured with mechanical equipment for years, but no one accuses cardiologists of mechanization. Perhaps this concern has been raised because of an error on our part, in not

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GOODYEAR

clarifying the fact that we were separating two areas of focus, the physiological and the psychological. The latter will appear in a subsequent text. This was done for the purpose of clear and accurate reporting. You can't define physiologic reaction unless something happens, and this is what we were measuring. If this type of measurement is going to be called mechanization and dehumanization, then we will just have to accept it. Actually, nothing could be farther from the truth.

JOHNSON: Related to this accusation of mechanization, the point has been raised that in the entire text of *Human Sexual Response*, the word "love" isn't mentioned once.

MASTERS: That's right, it isn't. But that doesn't mean we haven't been aware throughout our work that the *why* of sexual response is far more important than the *what*. We started to define the physiological facts of sexual response fundamentally because there has been such an incredible amount of misconception, fantasy and fallacy about it. Rather than present an opinion—or psychologic interpretation—we felt it was long past time in this field to find out a few basic facts. That's what we tried to do.

PLAYBOY: Traditionalists also complain that investigations such as yours destroy the mystery of sex. Do you think that's true?

JOHNSON: We happen to think that the realistic, honest aspects of sexuality are a lot more exciting than the so-called mystery. The mystery to which the traditionalists usually refer has to do with superstition and myth. A knowledge of sex doesn't impair, but *enhances* it.

PLAYBOY: In *Human Sexual Response*, you discussed the investigative team that conducted the experiments. Of whom did it consist?

MASTERS: The basic research team consisted of Mrs. Johnson and myself. There were others at times, but both sexes were always represented. It was obvious from the beginning that factors of comfort and security provided by the presence of both sexes made it possible for the study subjects to adapt to the research environment.

PLAYBOY: Were the team members able to maintain their scientific objectivity in such an emotion-laden situation?

MASTERS: Perhaps if an individual had viewed the sex act only once in his life, he or she would have a problem; but, good heavens, we're talking about thousands and thousands of exposures!

JOHNSON: In the days when the work was new, there might conceivably have been some question of getting one's own emotions under control. But we were so incredibly busy, we were so short-staffed, we were working such long hours, we were so deeply involved in trying to produce results that I don't think the problem ever occurred. I can tell you, I had no personal reaction myself.

PLAYBOY: Isn't it possible that the nature

of the work could cause the investigators to become sexually jaded in their private lives?

JOHNSON: No more than physicians, who constantly examine people, become jaded.

PLAYBOY: Is the personal relationship of the team members—or lack of it—significant in terms of their investigative effectiveness?

MASTERS: I don't think so—with this exception: Obviously, if they were bitter enemies, they would not make a very effective team. Each has to have confidence in the other's ability to handle people and to communicate effectively, because this is one of the most delicate of all social situations. The longer you work together, the more you think alike and feel alike. You start or finish each other's sentences and concepts. It's like any other endeavor involving teamwork—athletics, for instance—the best teams are the ones with the most experience at working together. But let's talk about the experimental subjects themselves, because it's they who made this thing work. I think it's terribly important to emphasize that there are a lot of courageous people who cooperated with us.

PLAYBOY: How many?

MASTERS: Almost 700 by the time the book was published. Work in this field is possible only when the individual's personal value system is preserved under all circumstances. This created a situation of tremendous responsibility to protect the anonymity of all participants, which we did at all times. Secondly, we had to be sure, as much as was humanly possible, that there was no residual distress of a physiological or a psychological nature in any of our subjects, insofar as we could control it.

PLAYBOY: How did you find your subjects?

MASTERS: In the early stages, we talked to people who we thought might be interested in this research. After knowledge of the work started spreading in the local area, we began getting a large number of volunteers.

PLAYBOY: You did some work with prostitutes, too, didn't you?

MASTERS: Yes. But, with one exception, none of this work is reported in the book. We started with a prostitute population because we didn't know where else to start. They had a great deal to teach us and they helped in the development of recording techniques. But because we knew it would be relatively rare to find a normal pelvis in a prostitute—due to chronic pelvic blood congestion—we stopped working with them after the first 18 or 20 months and began working with the population I've described.

PLAYBOY: Did you reject many prospective subjects?

MASTERS: About 40 percent of those who wished to join us were eliminated, either for their own protection or, in a few instances, for ours. This left us with a highly selective population, of course—a

group chosen for their intelligence and for their ability to report subjectively what we were recording objectively.

PLAYBOY: Because of the selective nature of your study population, some of your critics claim that your conclusions cannot be applied to the population in general. Is this true?

MASTERS: As it pertains to physiology, this criticism doesn't hold up, because the identical reactions were observed under all laboratory conditions. Psychologically, the criticism might be true, but we didn't make any psychological generalizations in *Human Sexual Response*. I might add, we were also selective in that we accepted only subjects who had a history of successful sexual response. If you are going to find out what happens, obviously, you must work with those to whom it happens.

JOHNSON: When it came to making a choice among volunteers, we moved in the direction of those whose histories indicated stability in their past and present sexual relationships.

PLAYBOY: Have you been able to assess the motivations of your volunteers?

JOHNSON: When you're in a major medical center, where the use of donors and volunteers for research purposes is relatively common, the first thought concerns the money involved. We insisted on a small payment, because we wanted to be able to make and keep schedules; it might seem to have been an imposition if there were no tangible return. So, especially for the younger members of the academic community, money had to be thought of as a motivation.

MASTERS: But not the only one, of course. We provided the volunteers with little more than enough money to pay for baby sitters and transportation.

JOHNSON: Yes, there were other motivations as well. Almost all the subjects—even the very young ones—revealed in their interviews real concern for the state of affairs and attitudes in society today relating to sexual problems. In older people, the prevalent motivation was a reflection of some encounter with a sexually oriented distress; it could have been as commonplace as, "My son and his wife are getting a divorce and we know it's because of sex." Or it could have been as dramatic as the rape of a neighbor's child, or trying to cope within the family or the community with an illegitimate pregnancy. I could give you more examples; but, to generalize, it almost always related to the thought that too little was known in the area and nobody had been doing anything about it.

PLAYBOY: Don't you think any of your subjects volunteered simply to achieve socially acceptable satisfaction of sexual desire?

JOHNSON: In some cases, yes. There were young women—divorcees with children, and so on—who had grave concern for their social image. They may not have had a relationship going at the time, and

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so the experiments served as a legitimate release for them.

PLAYBOY: Were you criticized for mating unmarried subjects in the laboratory?

JOHNSON: Only by the same sources who would criticize it outside the laboratory.

MASTERS: What we're really talking about is: Do we approve or not approve of sexual intercourse outside of marriage? All I can say is that this is an individual decision. The only unmarried subjects who were placed together in our experiments were those who had a history of similar experience in nonexperimental situations.

PLAYBOY: Why did you think it necessary to study unmarried subjects?

MASTERS: As a matter of fact, we didn't think of it. The suggestion was made by a group of psychiatrists. They felt that a physical response pattern established within marriage might not be the same as for two individuals unaccustomed to each other. When we found that there was no difference in physical response, however, we returned to marital units.

PLAYBOY: In your book, you state that the subjects were recorded and observed performing "manual and mechanical manipulation, natural coition with the female partner in supine, superior or knee-chest position and, for many female study subjects, artificial coition in supine and knee-chest positions." We've discussed the reaction of the investigative team members to their role as observers. What was the reaction of the subjects to being observed?

JOHNSON: The subjects were taken through several steps of orientation before being placed in a research situation. It was a gradual process and included explanations of our motives for doing the work, of our techniques and of the laboratory environment. The individual was allowed to adapt at his own speed; some people indicated readiness faster than others. You see, it is our premise that the subjects bring their own patterns of response with them, and all we seek to do is to help preserve these patterns in a changed environment. The reassurance comes from knowing that the investigators are busy doing their particular work. There was never a situation where everyone was lined up looking. I might add, there is interrogation before each session; there is some communication during it and there is a great deal of interrogation afterward. This provides an abundance of knowledge of what the subjects think, the mood they express, the immediate past pattern of their own life outside the laboratory. In short, we sought to eliminate any outside intrusion into the experimental situation. The subjects' own statements indicated that many times they absolutely lost a sense of the environment.

MASTERS: I think even when they didn't completely lose awareness of the investigators' presence, they learned to pay no

attention to them or at least to ascribe no importance to them.

PLAYBOY: In other words, the desire for privacy during the sex act was quite easily shed. Wouldn't this indicate that it's a result of cultural conditioning rather than an inherent factor?

JOHNSON: Yes, there's no question that it's culturally induced. Let me mention some interesting examples related to the first part of your statement. Shy people, those who are accustomed to dressing and undressing behind closed doors, would develop enough assurance to place themselves in this environment, but they would still unconsciously preserve and observe those rituals that were important to them, even if only symbolically. They were in a situation where they had to be observed partially or totally unclothed; yet when they were leaving a room after a sexual session, they would always reach for a robe or place a sheet around themselves. It was a token invocation of privacy, but always present and usually spontaneous. On the other hand, technicians who were only occasionally present would do their work in an unself-conscious manner; but as soon as they were finished, they would almost reflexively turn away, so that the subjects would have some private time to leave the laboratory. So we found both the investigators and the research subjects complying with this unwritten, unexpressed requirement for modesty; and even if they were only symbolic or token gestures, they were nevertheless present.

PLAYBOY: Weren't you concerned that people who can perform under observation might have a response pattern different from those who require privacy?

MASTERS: If there were major variations between performing under observation and performing in private, then we would have observed them when we recorded the individual in the laboratory four or five years after his first recording. There were also multiple exposures in between, and the purported differences just did not show up. Now, we cannot state *empirically* that laboratory reaction and private reaction are identical—or, for that matter, markedly different—simply because there is no way to record a person's reactions in private. We could put an electrode in the uterus and record at a distance, but the complaint of artificiality would still be valid, because the person would know she's being recorded. We were faced with the fact that we had to move in the direction of laboratory recording or not move at all. I will say that, after thousands and thousands of recordings, we're convinced that we can translate physiological findings that we have acquired in the laboratory to the privacy of the bedroom. But I want to stress that this is just an opinion; perhaps we can never know for sure.

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publicized findings concerns the four phases of sexual response—excitement, plateau, orgasm and resolution. Quoting from your book: “The first or excitement phase of the human cycle of sexual response develops from any source of somatogenic or psychogenic stimulation. The stimulative factor is of major import in establishing sufficient increment of sexual tension to extend the cycle. . . .”

“From excitement phase the human male or female enters the second or plateau phase of the sexual cycle, if effective sexual stimulation is continued. In this phase sexual tensions are intensified and subsequently reach the extreme level from which the individual ultimately may move to orgasm. . . .”

“The orgasmic phase is limited to those few seconds during which the vasoconcentration [concentration of blood] and myotonia [muscle tension] developed from sexual stimuli are released. This involuntary climax is reached at any level that represents maximum sexual tension increment for the particular occasion. Subjective (sensual) awareness of orgasm is pelvic in focus, specifically concentrated in the clitoral body, vagina and uterus of the female and in the penis, prostate and seminal vesicles of the male. The human male and female resolve from the height of their orgasmic expressions into the last or resolution phase of the sexual cycle. This involuntary period of tension loss develops as a reverse reaction pattern that returns the individual through plateau and excitement levels to an unstimulated state. . . .”

You were, of course, discussing the cycle in a sexually responsive individual. But what happens to those individuals, particularly females, who don't go through the full cycle to orgasm?

MASTERS: There are periods of irritability, emotional instability, restlessness, pelvic discomfort, lack of sleep. Combinations of these symptoms may develop in the human female. You see, orgasm is a release point for the congestion of blood in the pelvis. This vasocongestion—which is the medical term for it—is relieved very rapidly if there is orgasm. If not, the release of vasocongestion is slowed, particularly if the woman has had babies and has enlarged blood vessels in the pelvis. Her period of frustration, irritation and pelvic discomfort may last for hours; sometimes—though rarely—a day or two.

PLAYBOY: How about the male? There is a well-known malady among young men, variously referred to in slang as “blueballs” or “lover's nuts,” in which the male complains of severe pain in the testicles if he is stimulated without reaching orgasm. Is there a similar explanation for this affliction?

MASTERS: Yes. We've discovered in our experiments that when the male is sexually excited and approaching ejaculation, the testicles increase in size; the average

size increase may be as much as 50 percent over the unstimulated norm. A young male who is forced to maintain this degree of local vasocongestion for a period of time—without release—may well develop some pain and tenderness. If he ultimately ejaculates, he never notices the local congestion, but long-standing vasocongestion can certainly be painful. Those males who suffer from long-continued “plateau phase” frustration usually either masturbate or have a nocturnal emission and the ejaculation relieves the congestion that way.

PLAYBOY: You used the term ejaculation, not orgasm. In the male, is there a distinction between the two?

MASTERS: Male orgasm is actually a two-stage affair. The first stage is identifiable by a sensation of “ejaculatory inevitability.” This is when he no longer can control the ejaculation but before he actually has any seminal-fluid emission. This stage of ejaculatory inevitability lasts two to four seconds and is occasioned by contractions of the prostate gland and possibly the seminal vesicles. This reaction pools the seminal fluid in that portion of the urethra that runs through the prostate, just outside the bladder. The remaining part of the male orgasm—that of actual ejaculation—is the expulsion of the seminal fluid throughout the length of the penile urethra by contractions of the penile and urethral musculature. The female orgasm, by contrast, is but a one-stage affair.

PLAYBOY: Did you discover any evidence that women ejaculate?

MASTERS: We have heard from four women who claimed that, with orgasm, they have an overwhelming release of fluid. But we've never had the opportunity to evaluate these women in the laboratory.

JOHNSON: There are large numbers of women who have physical manifestations that fit their belief that they ejaculate. The fact that many women urinate under the intensity of an emotional experience may very well be a factor here. But we don't know.

PLAYBOY: You have compiled data bearing on the belief that the size of a man's penis can influence a woman's sexual responsiveness. Would you tell us about it?

MASTERS: There has long been a myth that penile size relates to male stimulative prowess. We found this not to be true. In the first place, the size of the penis usually has been judged in its flaccid state. In this situation, the penis varies greatly in size. But as it becomes erect, the smaller penis goes through much more of an erective process than does the larger penis. So, at the moment of mounting with full erection, the major differences in flaccid penile size have been remarkably reduced. In addition, the female has the great facility of accommodating the penis, regardless of size, and not expanding the vagina beyond the size sufficient for containment.

Vaginal expansion, of course, is purely involuntary and is directed toward accommodation of the particular penis in its erect state.

JOHNSON: It helps to realize that the vagina is a potential rather than an actual space in its unstimulated state. Actually, the vagina is virtually an infinitely expandable organ. After all, it goes from a collapsed state to a size large enough to accommodate a baby's head.

MASTERS: Of course, we have been talking about physiological response. Psychologically, if the woman really believes that the larger penis in its flaccid state is going to make a difference when it becomes erect, then for her it might. But the really experienced woman would agree that size doesn't make a crucial difference. There are physical exceptions concerning obstetrical trauma that should be mentioned. Vaginal tears or alterations can result in a chronically distended organ that might have difficulty adjusting to the erect penis, *regardless* of its size.

PLAYBOY: Another penile myth concerns the sexual responsiveness of the circumcised versus the uncircumcised penis. What can you tell us about this?

MASTERS: The uncircumcised male—and, in some versions of the folklore, the *circumcised* male—is presumed to have a greater tendency toward premature ejaculation, because he can be more easily stimulated. We have no evidence that either presumption is true. Fundamentally, we can't find any differences in reaction time, or sensate focus, between the circumcised and the uncircumcised male.

PLAYBOY: Yet another misconception discussed in your book relates to the controversial Freudian theory about the clitoral versus the vaginal orgasm. Would you elaborate?

MASTERS: It was Freud's concept that if a woman's response was restricted to the masturbatory, or clitoral, orgasm, then it reflected psychic immaturity. She could be considered a fully responsive, hence mature, woman only if she had orgasm during intercourse—by definition, the vaginal orgasm. In order to delineate between these two types of orgasm, Freud presumed they were entirely separate physiological entities. Our research indicates that this is not the case. Certain clitoral changes occur with stimulation of either the clitoral area or the vaginal area, or from manipulation of the breasts or, for that matter, from simple fantasy. These changes are anatomically and physiologically *identical*, regardless of the source of stimulation. Secondarily, it is physically impossible *not* to stimulate the clitoris during intercourse. And I'm not referring to direct penile-clitoral contact.

PLAYBOY: Didn't Freud speculate that the sexually mature woman has transferred sexual sensation from the clitoris to the vagina?

MASTERS: Yes, but there is no longer any need to speculate about this, because, as



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I started to say, the clitoris is stimulated during intercourse every time the female responds to a male thrust. This reaction occurs regardless of what position she may be in. You see, with each thrust, the minor labia are pulled down toward the rectum and, in the process, stimulate the shaft of the clitoris. So there is no physiological difference among clitoral orgasm, vaginal orgasm, breast orgasm or, for that matter, orgasm through fantasy. Incidentally, since the publication of the text, we've had the opportunity to evaluate three women who can fantasize to orgasm.

PLAYBOY: Manual stimulation of the clitoris by the male—as a form of foreplay—is strongly recommended in most marriage manuals. Does your research confirm the wisdom of this advice?

MASTERS: Not entirely. Many marriage manuals err in suggesting that the glans of the clitoris be manipulated; this is an extremely tender area, which the female rarely manipulates herself. She more or less stimulates herself along the shaft or just in the general clitoral area, which is called the *mons*.

PLAYBOY: What about "riding high"—another favored marriage-manual concept—in which the male maneuvers his body so that the shaft of the penis comes into direct contact with the clitoris?

MASTERS: This is a misconception. Our findings show that the clitoris elevates and withdraws from its overhang position during intercourse, making it extremely difficult to attain direct penile shaft-clitoral contact. It can be done, but it's an acrobatic maneuver in most cases and not really worth the effort.

PLAYBOY: Did your research shed any light on the folkloric connection between female orgasm and conception?

MASTERS: We have no sure knowledge of this. We certainly have some notion that an occasional and probably very rare female may ovulate more than once in a menstrual cycle, notably as the result of very effective sexual response. But this material has never been released, because we don't have enough information to support it scientifically. All we can say is that we are strongly suspicious. On the other side of the coin, there is reasonable evidence to suggest that, in some instances, a sexual inadequacy—a lack of effective response pattern for the female—may be part and parcel of a psychogenically induced infertility.

PLAYBOY: Some of your critics think that your work contributes to a general overemphasis of the subject of female orgasm. What's your reply?

MASTERS: We don't think you can overemphasize the importance of this subject. But it certainly has been belabored out of its proper context. The Sixties could be labeled the decade of orgasmic preoccupation. It's been only in the past seven or eight years that this focus on female orgasm has emerged. Some women are developing a fear of nonperformance

as a result of all the public discussion about its importance—particularly discussion not necessarily based on scientific objectivity. You can't read any women's magazine today without finding an article about some form of reproductive biology. It may sell magazines, but it also creates a scare type of philosophy that, in turn, may increase either male or female fears of inadequacy.

JOHNSON: Orgasmic preoccupation could occur only in a society in which sexuality has been so negated that many women have been unable to move confidently through all this discussion with a foundation of self-knowledge. A woman who has or has had a satisfactory relationship—and is secure in its effectiveness—can skim through the magazine article stressing orgasm or listen to the neighbor lady at the coffee klatch brag, "Oh, we have intercourse eight times a week and I'm orgasmic one hundred percent of the time," and still not feel threatened by this kind of discussion. But someone who lacks personal knowledge can be thrown into pure panic.

PLAYBOY: In your book, you also discussed female multiple orgasm. You wrote, "Women have the response potential of returning to another orgasmic experience from any point in the resolution phase if they submit to the reapplication of effective stimulation." Since multiple orgasm was discussed by Kinsey and earlier by L. M. Terman, what particular significance did you attach to it?

MASTERS: Apart from several physiologic observations of a technical nature, one of the important things we established—to our own satisfaction, at least—is that the female is *naturally* multiorgasmic. This had not been emphasized before.

JOHNSON: In spite of Terman and Kinsey, scientifically oriented people still imply that this is a freakish thing.

PLAYBOY: Picking up on the phrase "*naturally* multiorgasmic," do you believe that, all other things being equal, the female should achieve orgasm as easily as the male?

MASTERS: Yes, indeed. We have nothing to suggest otherwise. It would seem that puritan and Victorian social restraints have destroyed or altered significantly the female's natural responsivity.

PLAYBOY: Another aspect of female sexuality discussed in your text is the notion that the female's sexual response is more diffuse than the male's—that is, that women respond sexually with more of their bodies than do men, whose pleasure seems to be centered in the penis. Would you comment on that?

JOHNSON: This, too, is probably culturally conditioned. We find that those men who value total expression undergo all the thrill and sensate experience of a total body phenomenon commonly attributed only to the female.

MASTERS: I think what should be stressed here is that physiologically, the male and

the female are incredibly *alike* in sexual response—not different. This is really what we tried to emphasize in the text. **JOHNSON:** If I may be permitted to comment on the larger issue implicit in your question—the fact that so many people of *both* sexes feel sexual pleasure only in the sex organs themselves—this is a manifestation of their rejection of their total sexuality. For example, a lot of women do not respond to breast stimulation because of its implied impropriety. A young person exposed to this type of negation will frequently reject the concept of breast stimulation and/or response. An anesthesia comparable with self-hypnosis is induced. I mention the breasts particularly because this type of negation comes out so dramatically when women reject nursing.

MASTERS: Yes, and this negation may extend even to the genitals—as with the unresponsive woman who claims she never feels a thing during intercourse, no stimulation whatsoever. She has a certain amount of vaginal anesthesia that we're convinced—as are many others—is psychogenically induced and relates to attitude, circumstance and environment. I do want to stress, however, that we lack definitive data concerning the psychological deterrents to sexual response and sexual tension.

PLAYBOY: You use the phrase "sexual tension" frequently in your book. Would you define it?

MASTERS: Sexual tension is the physiological concomitant to, and reflection of, elevation in an individual's psychic sex interest, expressed in increased blood concentration and muscle tension.

JOHNSON: If that seems formidable, try to think of it as what the body does in response to sexual interest.

PLAYBOY: Does this tension differ in any way from what is usually referred to as the sex drive?

JOHNSON: Sex drive has become such a general term that it doesn't have a precise scientific meaning. It's often used to mean the basic drive to reproduce.

PLAYBOY: Can sexual tension be suppressed or denied?

JOHNSON: It can be denied and it can be displaced—that is, expressed in a nonsexual way. Most likely, if suppressed, it will be expressed involuntarily, through nocturnal emissions and erections or pelvic vasocongestion and vaginal lubrication. These cannot be put aside.

PLAYBOY: Do women experience anything analogous to the male nocturnal emission?

MASTERS: We have done no dream research, but we're certain that the female can be orgasmic in dreams.

JOHNSON: And there have been frequent reports of an increase in the volume of erotic dreaming by women who have been abstaining from sex.

MASTERS: Returning to your question about sexual denial, I'd like to add that



The only cigarette with the
taste of extra coolness.



sexual demand seems to be a unique physiological entity. Unlike other demands, it can be withdrawn from; it can be delayed or postponed indefinitely. You can't do this with bowel function or cardiac or respiratory function. Perhaps because it can be influenced in this unique manner, sex has been pulled out of context. Lawyers and legislators have taken a hand in telling us how to regulate sexual activity. They don't, of course, presume to regulate heart rate; but, as I say, sexual demand can be denied, even on a lifetime basis.

PLAYBOY: With no ill effects?

MASTERS: That depends. We've already talked about irritability and pelvic discomfort that can result from not fulfilling sexual demand, but these effects are only temporary. On a long-term basis, many different types of neurosis can develop from continued suppression of sexual tension. But not always; there must be countless lifetime celibates who have not become neurotic.

PLAYBOY: It is common for women to abstain from sex during menstruation. Are their sex-tension levels lower then?

MASTERS: Not necessarily. A woman can certainly be responsive during her menstrual period—particularly the terminal part—if she is effectively stimulated. Only a small percentage of women, however, report their *greatest* level of sexual tension during menstruation.

JOHNSON: Physiologically, the explanation lies in the vasocongestive factor we discussed earlier. Obviously, the blood concentration in the pelvis increases during menstruation, especially in women who have had babies. This is translatable as sexual sensation. If a woman psychologically rejects the concept of sex during menstruation, she may successfully put her sexual feelings aside. Then, too, there are women who feel great discomfort during their periods, which can blunt sexual desire. On the other hand, if the psychosocial circumstance is overwhelming—such as being reunited with a partner—then this can be an overriding influence in favor of sexual desire.

PLAYBOY: Many sexologists have speculated that women have a recurring cycle of sexual desire, most commonly believed to occur the week before menstruation. Did your research confirm this?

MASTERS: If you're speaking of a physiological constant that's true for all women, the answer is no. Many women can identify a higher level of sexual tension the week or so before they menstruate. Fewer identify their highest level as the week after menstruation. An even smaller percentage are those who feel their highest tension during the ovulatory period. The smallest percentage, as I've said, are those whose desire is highest during menstruation. Probably the greatest number of women report *no* constantly identifiable pattern of response.

JOHNSON: There are so many factors

that make this difficult to pin down. For some women, sexual deprivation sends their need and interest up. On the other hand, we find that frequency of exposure with a high frequency of orgasmic return helps maintain a high level of sexual stimulation—in other words, success breeds success.

PLAYBOY: What role do such psychological factors as fantasy and imagination play in enhancing sexual response for either sex?

JOHNSON: It depends on how you define those terms. What some people call imagination could be described as recall. The only psychological constant in sexual response is the memory of, or the conditioned response to, the pleasure of sensation—in other words, to those things that have become sexually endowed for that person. These may be deliberately invoked during masturbation or during intercourse to help overcome a particular environment or occasion—a time or a place that doesn't turn the individual on.

MASTERS: Imagination, as we define it, plays a very real part in sexual response, but it varies tremendously with individuals. Usually, it is employed during the excitement or early-plateau phases; but at the moment of orgasmic expression, the individual usually is immersed in his own sensate focus.

JOHNSON: I do want to emphasize that imagination, as we understand it, relates not to fantasy but to reality, to a recall or use of the realities of a person's life. True fantasy—in other words, the invention of thought patterns related to sex or sexuality—is generally employed by those individuals who have had little or no previous successful experience.

PLAYBOY: Obviously, imagination would have great value with a sex partner who was not physically attractive. Have you found that physical attractiveness is important to successful sex response?

JOHNSON: Again, all these things are terribly individual. In this society, there are certain stereotypes of attractiveness, but even these have variations. If an individual reminds you of someone else who has brought pleasure, or connotes warmth or other valued attributes, that person is perceived as attractive and thereby sexually stimulating apart from the stereotype. We can't make a general statement—except to repeat the perceptive cliché that beauty is in the eye of the beholder.

PLAYBOY: In your experience as investigators, however, aren't there certain aspects of appearance that seem more stimulating than others for many American men—characteristics such as breast size, for example?

MASTERS: If you talk about breast size, you have to mention Madison Avenue and **PLAYBOY**, because they have created connotations of sexuality in connection with it. As a matter of fact, the larger-breasted female may not be more responsive.

JOHNSON: Worse yet, a woman's preoccupation with her symbolic sex quality might cancel out her attention to, or her involvement with, her real sexuality. I think that would be the most common pitfall. On the other hand, her symbolic sexual qualities might make her conceive of herself as more of a sexual person; consequently, she might involve herself with more enthusiasm. I'm not an anthropologist, but I think there is evidence that the attraction of the female breast relates to the mother-figure concept.

MASTERS: And yet, in the male population, there are hip watchers, leg watchers. It varies.

PLAYBOY: Do you have any idea how these individual predilections develop?

MASTERS: Personal conditioning, I would guess. Maybe the first exposure to sexuality was a woman with particularly attractive legs or breasts.

PLAYBOY: In your experience, are women aroused by the sight of male nudity?

MASTERS: Kinsey felt that the female was essentially unaroused by the unclothed male, but this has not been the case in our experience.

JOHNSON: We have come through an era in which the male body was considered quite unbeautiful. Men wore tops at the beaches, and so on. Many women built in a rejection. They weren't supposed to look, but sometimes they did and liked what they saw; so their private and public behavior were quite different. Given equal opportunity, women will react to sexual anatomy just as men do—just as much or just as little, if society permits them to and if they begin to think of themselves as sexual beings.

PLAYBOY: Would you make the same generalization about pornography—that it has equal erotic potential for women and for men?

MASTERS: According to our experience, yes. The greatest variations relate to an individual's background and personal preference, rather than to his or her sex.

PLAYBOY: Do you think pornography would continue to have its arousing effects if it were made more easily available and lost its taboo quality?

JOHNSON: Our attitude, like everyone else's, is purely speculative. But we think pornography certainly gains in its excitement by being forbidden.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it advisable to control its availability?

JOHNSON: I think the only control necessary is in the formation of attitudes by the individual throughout his or her life. As far as censorship is concerned, I don't think there's any real contribution to the goodness of an individual's life in telling him what he can or cannot read or see.

MASTERS: What is a matter of indifference to one individual may be repugnant to a second and incredibly erotic to a third. This is one of the reasons the legal

(continued on page 194)




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*a force he could not resist drew him through the huge,
crumbling husk of a hotel, down its echoing corridors to
the threshold of a room that held within it a terrible augury*

fiction By JOHN D. MACDONALD

DURING THE LAST HOUR of the night, the charge nurse looked in at the critical in room 11, intensive-care section, coronary. She scowled and made an ugly, displeased mouth and hastened to replace the dislodged I.V. needle in the vein inside the elbow of the right arm, immobilized by the straps, the board and the side rail of the bed. She checked the glucose drip, made a small adjustment of the flow valve, checked oxygen supply, listened to the ragged labor of the pulse and went off and found the pretty little special drinking coffee in the treatment room and joking with the red-headed intern.

After chewing her out with a cold expertise that welled tears into the blue eyes, she herded her back to her night watch over the patient.

"I wasn't gone three minutes, honest," she said.

"An hour before dawn they get restless," the charge nurse said. "As if they had someplace to go, some appointment to keep."

. . .

When the first gray light of the morning made the shape of the window visible, he dressed quickly and went out. He guessed that they would not be expecting him to leave that room so soon after arriving.

There were shadows of night still remaining in the empty streets, so that even though he knew his way and walked swiftly, the city seemed strange to him. They were changing it so quickly these past few years. The eye becomes accustomed to the shape and bulk of structures, giving them only a marginal attention; yet when, so abruptly, they were gone, one had the feeling of having made a wrong turn somewhere. Then even the unchanged things began to look half strange.

He turned a dark corner and saw the hotel lights in the distance. A taxi came swiftly to the cross-town corner, made a wrenching, shuddering turn and sped up the empty avenue, and he caught a silhouette glimpse of the sailboat hats of nuns in the dark interior, two or three of them.

He had not been in the hotel for years. He saw at once that it was quite changed. That certain quaintness of the lobby that once set off the high style of the monied people and the women of the theater was now merely a shabbiness. He realized that he could have guessed it, because were it not changed, they would not be mixed up in this sort of thing. And his shabby assignment in an unknown room would have occurred in some other place, perhaps even in another city at another time.

There was no one behind the desk. He felt in his pocket for the identification he would have to present and felt fear and irritation when he did not find it at once. Then, among coins, he fingered the shape of it and took it out and held it in his clasped hand. As he wondered whether to tap the desk bell, he saw movement out of the side of his eye and turned and saw a man walking toward him out of the lobby shadows.

"Mr. Davis?" the small man said; and as he came into the light, his face was elusively familiar. He searched memory and finally recalled the image of the same face, a bellhop uniform in dull red and gray, big brass circle of the master key ring looped around the scrawny neck. And the name came back.

"Do you remember me, Leo? From before?"

"Sure," the man said. He leaned against the desk and yawned. Davis knew the man did not remember him at all.

"You're the manager now?"

"So they keep telling me."

"Come up in the world, eh?"

"I guess so." He yawned again. "You got that thing?"

He felt unaccountably shy about revealing what they had given him. He said, "I keep telling them that they should use ordinary things. But they get fanciful. It just makes everything harder to explain when things go wrong. What kind of a sentimental nut would have a gold miniature of his own dog tag made? A grown man is supposed to get over being in a war."

"Look, I have to see it." Leo's tone was patient and bored, and Davis knew the man had no interest in what he thought and very little interest in why he had come here.

He held his hand out and the little wafer gleamed on his open palm. Leo

THE ANNEX

took it, glanced at it and put it in his own pocket.

"They didn't tell me you'd keep it."

"The room you want is four-two-four-two."

"Are you supposed to keep it? Did they make that clear?"

"Forty-two forty-two. Four thousand, two hundred and forty-two, Mr. Davis. OK?"

"All right. I'll assume you're supposed to keep it, Leo. It's their problem, not mine. But you're supposed to turn over the key. I know *that*."

"I can't, buddy, because the only keys here are the keys to the main house here. You should know that and they should know that. Right? What we're talking about is the annex. Which is being torn down."

"Then there isn't anybody in it?"

"Did I say that, mister? Did anybody say that?"

"There's no reason to get ugly about it, Leo."

"Who's ugly? Listen, they got old loops in there living there since the year one, and lease agreements and all that stuff, so about the only thing they can do is work around them until they get sick of all the noise and mess and get out. There aren't many left now. I think maybe your party is the only one left on that floor, but I don't keep close track. I've got enough to do here without worrying about over there."

"So what do I do about a key? Am I supposed to go knock on the door, for God's sake?"

"Mrs. Dorn is over there. She's got a master key to the whole annex."

"Does she know about me?"

"Why should she? Just con her a little, Mr. Davis. Play it by ear. OK?"

"I don't have much choice, I guess."

"Has anybody lately? Come this way."

Leo led the way back through the lobby and through a huge empty kitchen, where night lights picked up the gleam and shape of stainless-steel racks and tables. He pulled a door open and turned on a weak bulb at the head of a narrow flight of stairs.

"The regular way over there has been boarded up, so what you do is just follow the way a red pipe runs along the ceiling there, and when you come to stairs finally, go on up and you'll find her around someplace."

Three steps down, he turned to say his thanks in some massively sarcastic way; but as he turned, the door was slammed. There were distant lights in the vast reaches of the basement, just enough for him to make out the red pipe suspended by straps from the low ceiling overhead. There was a sweaty dampness in the basement. In some far corner, a laboring machine was making a slow and heavy chuffing sound. It made a vibration he could feel through the soles of his shoes as he walked. He noticed that the red

pipe overhead was of some kind of plastic material, sufficiently flexible so that there was a perceptible expansion and contraction as the machine made its thick and rhythmic sound.

He estimated that he had walked more than a city block before he came to the stairs, where the red pipe disappeared into a wall. These were unexpectedly wide and elegant stairs, marble streaked with gray and green, ascending in a gentle curve. At the top of the stairs, he pushed a dark door open and found himself in an enormous lobby. It had the silence of a museum. Dropcloths covered the shapes of furniture. Plaster dust was gritty on the floor. Some huge beams had fallen and were propped at an angle, as in pictures of bombings.

"Mrs. Dorn!" he called. "Mrs. Dorn!" The sound did not seem to carry. It died at once into the silence.

Then he heard a click-tock of high heels and he could not tell where the sound was coming from. "Yes?" she said. "You, there! Up here!" Her voice was musical; the tone, impatient. He looked up and saw her standing at the broad ornate railing of a mezzanine floor, looking down at him, in silhouette against a window beyond her. "Yes? What do you want?"

"Can I speak to you a minute?"

"I'm very busy. Well . . . come on up."

She turned away. He looked around and saw the stairs and went up. There was a library and writing room at the top of the stairs. Several doors opened from the room. He tried them, one by one, and found they opened onto corridors. Then, close behind him, she chuckled and, as he turned, startled, she said, "It's really very confusing. I used to get hopelessly lost when I first came here."

She looked like someone he had known, somewhere, perhaps a long time ago. She had a soft and pretty face, dark wings of careless hair, and she looked at him in a familiar and mocking way of old secrets shared. She wore a shift of some tweedy gray substance over a young, sturdy body with a vital heft of hip and weight of breast.

"I wonder, Mrs. Dorn, if you could, . . ."

"Just a moment, please. I missed this room somehow, and the crews will be arriving any minute, and it would be just my rotten luck if they started here, wouldn't it?" She began to walk slowly around the room, pausing from time to time, pausing to hold at arm's length a piece of soft yellow chalk in the measuring gesture of the artist. She nodded to herself from time to time and then would mark with the chalk a piece of paneling, or a chair, or the frame of an old painting.

At last she sighed and turned toward him with a smile of enduring patience.

"Done, I guess. As well as I can do it,

anyway. They don't really give a damn about saving anything. You have to watch them like hawks. They'll pretend they didn't see the mark and they'll smash stuff to powder and then look so *terribly* innocent. They hate old things, I guess. And hate the loveliest old things worst of all. They just want to come in and bill, bang, crunch and truck it away and get it over with and go on to the next job. My, how they resent me, and resent having to save things and handle them so gently and take them to our warehouse. You wouldn't believe it."

The mark she made each time was a D with a cross drawn through it, like a cancellation.

"What did you want?" she asked.

"They told me that you're the one to see. You can lend me the master key."

"Really? And exactly what room do you want to get into? And why?"

"Four-two-four . . . oh. Forty-two forty. It will take only a . . . very few minutes."

"On the forty-second floor. Now isn't that quaint! Isn't that the living end!"

"What's so funny, Mrs. Dorn? I don't think anything is particularly funny."

"I couldn't possibly explain it to you. I'll have to show you."

"You could let me take the key, couldn't you?"

"My dear man, so much has been torn down and thrown away and smashed, you could wander around up there for weeks trying to find a way to the right floor and the right wing. Even if I believed you, I'd have to go with you in any case."

She led the way back down and through the silence of the lobby and to a back corridor, and into a bird-cage elevator no more than five feet square. She reached and clanged the door shut, turned a worn brass handle and they began to creak slowly upward. He stared up through the ceiling of woven metal strips and saw the sway of the moving cables and, far overhead, a pale square of gray sky.

The animation and mocking amusement had gone out of her. She leaned, sagging, looking downward, finger tips on the brass lever, and he sensed that he had no part in what she was thinking. He could look at her with that feeling of invasion one has in watching someone sleep. There was a small mole below the corner of her mouth, on the pale concavity below the soft weight of her underlip. Her lashes were long and dark. He saw the lift and fall of her slow breathing and was aware of a warmth and scent of her breath. There were two deep pockets in the gray shift. The master key would have to be in one or the other. So it could be done. There was always a way.

Suddenly he had the feeling he was being trapped in some curious way, was being led from his assignment into a plan devised for some other reason, a plan wherein his role was minor; and looking at the panel above her resting



"Miss Bascombe and I intend to try for a new altitude record."

hand, he saw what had probably given him subtle warning. There were brass buttons for the floors, pressed so many hundred thousand times the incised digits were almost worn away; yet when the gray light struck them properly, he could make out the topmost numeral of the vertical row—21.

"So that's it," he said. "That's what's funny." He made his mouth stretch wide in the knowing grin. The girl looked at him, startled and puzzled. "There's no forty-second floor," he said.

Frowning, she turned and looked at the row of buttons and then back at him. "You're serious? Don't you know about the annex at all? You know how the transients are. Top floor. Top floor. It's all they can think about. But the people who stay have to have private lives, don't they? Not all cluttered up with salesmen and people coming to town for the theater and all that. You've never been in the business, have you? All the city hotels are just the same, you know. The elevators for the transients go only so high, just to such and such a number, and the quiet floors, where people live, are above that, always, and they have their private ways to get up to them."

She was so very patient that he felt ashamed of accusing her and felt irritated with himself for not having guessed, long ago, what she told him. There had always been enough clues. There were always people going through the hotel lobbies, looking neither to the right nor to the left, walking by the regular elevators to some special place and service awaiting them.

But when the elevator stopped and they got out, she reached back into it, pressed the lowest button, yanked her arm out quickly and slammed the latticework door. It began to creak downward, with a clicking of pulleys and rasp of cables. She looked up at him and wrinkled her nose in mischief and mockery, saying, "Don't look so worried. There'll be other ways down." He remembered that she had not told him the joke, and he was once again annoyed at her.

These were broad corridors, pale gray, with composition floors, lighted by misted glass panels set into the ceiling. He tried to walk beside her, but she kept quickening her pace, and he realized she wanted him to walk behind her, a person guided rather than a companion. Many times they reached an intersection where the corridors stretched for vast distances, and sometimes she would pause to orient herself and then turn confidently right or left.

He noticed that all the numbers had been taken off the doors. He could see the raw holes where they had been screwed through gray paint into the plywood.

She was 15 feet ahead of him, the dark hair bouncing at the nape of her neck to her swift, buoyant stride. The

coarse gray fabric pulled in alternating diagonal tensions against her rear, and somehow he knew that were she quite still and quite bare, were he to place his hands so that his finger tips were hooked around the shelf of hip socket, feeling the warm, smooth slide of membrane over bone, holding her from the rear, his hands placed as a player holds a basketball for the long set shot, then through some delicious coincidence of design, the pads of his thumbs would fit precisely into the two deep dimples spaced below her spine. He shook himself out of the erotic musing, remembering how often they had told him that assignments were mishandled too often for exactly this reason.

At the end of a corridor, she pulled a heavy fire door open and turned to give him a bawdy wink, to run her tongue tip across her lips, as though she had read his mind and his weakness; and he determined not to look at her as she climbed the stairs ahead of him, and looked instead at the steel treads set into the concrete. He lost track of the number of flights they climbed. It winded him; and when he helped her push another fire door open, he tried to conceal his laboring lungs and to seem as fresh as she.

These corridors were a pale yellow, like weak winter sunlight, and at last they came to a small elevator standing open. The fluorescence inside was harsh and there was a sharp minty odor, as though it had recently been scrubbed with some cheap, strong antiseptic. It accelerated upward with a silent velocity that hollowed his belly and made his knees bend slightly. It opened automatically on a narrower, dingy, old-fashioned corridor. She reached into the elevator as before; and when the door hissed shut and she turned to speak, he said, "I know. There'll be other ways down."

"That isn't what I was going to say."

"I'm sorry. What were you going to say?"

"I can't say it now. You spoiled it."

Again he followed her. These corridors were set at odd angles. The room doors were shiny dark with old coats of varnish. The room numbers were not removed and they were of tarnished brass, fluted and curly and ornate. All the rooms were in the 4000 series, but they were not in any reasonable order. 4100 and something across from or next door to 4800 and something.

She stopped very abruptly; and as he came up upon her, he heard what she had heard—the gritty sound of latch and bolt—and then, 20 feet ahead of them, an old couple, dressed for winter, came out of one of the rooms, complaining at each other, fussing, asking if he or she had forgotten this or that, dropping small packages and picking them up.

Just before the old couple turned and noticed them, Mrs. Doru hooked her arm

around his waist and forced him into a slow walk. He put his arm, interlocked, around her, and she reached up with her free hand, placed it against his cheek, chuckled in a furry way, turned her mouth up to the awkward kiss while walking, so that as they passed the couple, he heard tsks and clucks of their disapproval. "Darling, darling," she murmured. "Dave, darling."

Behind them he heard the old man's voice, without making out the words. There was a harsh resonance to it and then it cracked into a high quaver and then went deep again.

He smiled inside himself, thinking it sounded exactly like Ricky trying to manage his 14-year-old voice as it alternately squeaked and rumbled. The finger tips of the arm that was around her waist touched the top of the pocket on the left side of the gray shift, and with sneaky and daring inspiration, he slid his hand down into the pocket, bending his knees inconspicuously to lower himself just enough, the palm of his hand against round, warm thigh under fabric, and with his finger tips he touched the cylinder of yellow chalk and then the thin edge of metal. With the metal held against the nail of his index finger by the pad of his middle finger, he drew it out of the deep pocket and worked it into the palm of his hand.

She stopped and turned and leaned against the corridor wall and, with her hands resting lightly on his shoulders, looked up at him, still mocking him, saying, "You're just not very bright, Dave, darling."

The old people were gone, around a distant corner of the old hallway. Suddenly, he realized that she had cleverly kept them from seeing his face, so that they would be unable to identify him later. And with a sense of disbelief, he realized she had called him by his name.

"You could have told me how much you knew about this," he said.

"It's better for you to guess, dear. Look at what you took."

He opened his palm and saw the miniature gold tag. Name, rank, serial number, blood type O, meaning zero, meaning blood type nothing. The shock was enormous. He was suddenly afraid he might cry like a child and shame himself in front of her. "How did you. . . How could Leo have. . ."


"Leo? Don't be silly. I had it all along. There were always two, you know. Don't you remember that, even? No, keep it, dear. If I have to have it back, you can always give it to me. Without any fuss. Promise?"

"Sure, but if you could just tell me. . ."

"I can show you, Dave. Come along."

She paused at the next turning and bit her lip and, standing beside her, he saw

(continued on page 220)



THERE ONCE WAS AN INDIAN MAID

*julie newmar's
unclad aquatics in the epic
oater "mackenna's gold"
make the wild west wilder yet*

IN THE COURSE of her eventful acting career, Julie Newmar has enlivened such comic roles as Stupefying Jones in the film version of *L'il Abner*, Katrin in *The Marriage-Go-Round* (for which she won a Tony as Broadway's best supporting actress) and Catwoman in the *Batman* television series. Miss Newmar has been anxious to break out of her comedic mold for some time now and recently, Julie—all 5 feet, 10¾ inches of her—jumped at the chance to play an enticing Apache in the upcoming sagebrush saga *Mackenna's Gold*. In addition to Miss Newmar (who was a prima ballerina with the Los Angeles Opera Company when she was 15), the Columbia film's all-star cast includes, among others, Gregory Peck as Mackenna and Omar Sharif and Keenan Wynn as bandits who try to extract from Mackenna the route that will lead them to the legendary Valley of Gold. Julie's part calls for not one line of dialog, but nevertheless—as this *PLAYBOY* pictorial amply demonstrates—she has no trouble making her cinematic presence felt.

Junoesque Julie is cast as Gregory Peck's jilted lover, Hesh-ke—an Apache maid who proves murderously unwilling to be listed as a strike-out on marshal Peck's squaw card.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY STERLING SMITH



The high point of Julie Newmar's Apache antics in Mackenna's Gold is a nude swimming scene that takes place in a specially constructed pool (it was blasted out of solid rock) near Kanab, Utah. Above, Miss Newmar dives into the drink topless . . .



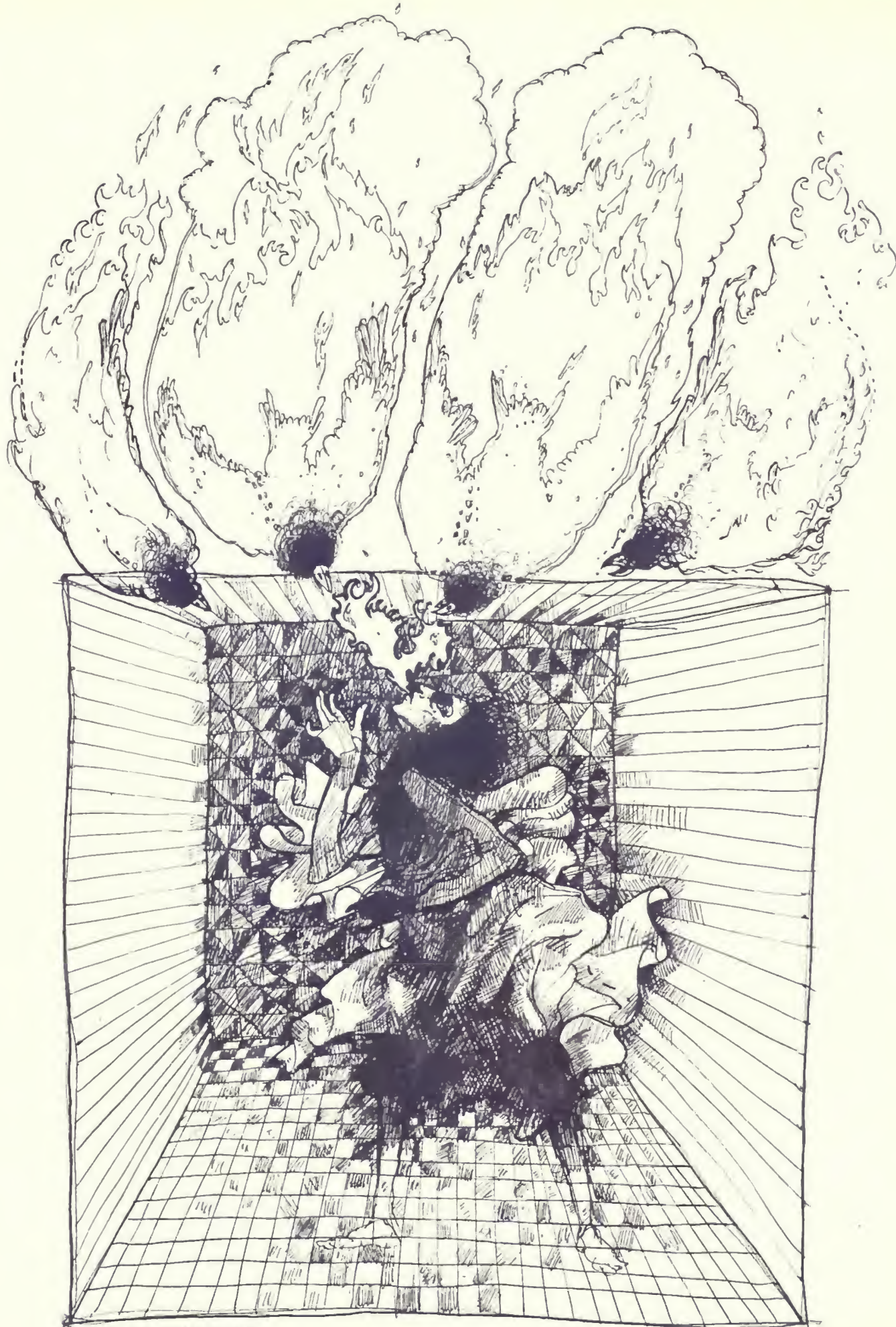
Hesh-ke hoppily goes along for the ride when Mackenna is kidnaped by a gang of sadistic cutthroats and avaricious frontier townies. The outlaw band forces Mackenna (the only one who knows its location) to lead them to the glittering Valley of Gold; once there, the gang plans to scoop up all the nuggets it can carry before murdering him. In the meantime, Hesh-ke (left) mokes ready to once again become Peck's bad girl. She reasons that the only way to win Mackenna back is to eliminate her competition; namely, Europe's lot-est cinema sex star, Comilla Sparv. As it turns out, though, just about everyone's plans misfire: What with the gong's treacherous greed, attacking Apaches and Mackenna's own shrewd scheme for escape, the film's furious finale comes as a shocking surprise—especially to Hesh-ke, whose 14-carat passion for Peck finally assays out as fool's gold.





. . . And emerges bottomless as well (below). Julie, whose 37-22-37 figure probably makes her the most eye-catching Indian maid in movie history, won her role by auditioning in dark make-up and wig for Mackenna's Gold producer Carl Foreman, who signed her up on the spot.





YES, THERE ARE PEOPLE who are demons. God preserve us! Mothers see things when they give birth, but they never tell what they see!

Henne Fire, as she was called, was not a human being but a fire from Gehenna. I know one should not speak evil of the dead and she suffered enough for her sins. Was it her fault that there was always a blaze within her? One could see it in her eyes: two coals. It was frightening to look at them. She was black as a gypsy, with a narrow face, sunken cheeks, emaciated—skin and bone. Once I saw her bathing in the river. Her ribs protruded like hoops. How could someone like Henne put on fat? Whatever one said to her, no matter how innocently, she immediately took offense. She would begin to scream, shake her fists and spin around like a crazy person. Her face would turn white with anger. If you tried to defend yourself, she was ready to swallow you alive. She'd start smashing dishes. Every few weeks her husband, Tevia Chazkeles, had to buy a new set.

She suspected everybody. The whole town was out to get her. When she flew into a rage, she said things that would not even occur to an insane person. Swearwords poured from her mouth like worm-eaten peas. She knew every curse in the holy book by heart. She was not beyond throwing a stone. Once in the middle of winter, she broke a neighbor's windowpane. The neighbor never learned why.

Henne had children, four girls; but as soon as they grew up, they ran away from home. One became a servant in Lublin; one left for America; the most beautiful, Malkeleh, died of scarlet fever; and the fourth married an old man. Anything was better than living with Henne.

HENNE FIRE

*the flames of the devil
burning within that tortured
soul would burst forth
and bring destruction to
the village*

fiction by

ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

him: "Come back feet first!" I can't imagine what he could have done. He gave her his last groschen and he loved her, too. How could one love such a fiend? Only God knows. In any case, who can understand what goes on in the heart of a man?

My dear people, even he finally ran away from her. One summer morning, a Friday, he left to go to the ritual bath and disappeared like a stone in the water. When Henne heard he was seen leaving the village, she fell down in an epileptic fit right in the gutter. She knocked her head on a stone, hissed like a snake and foamed at the mouth. Someone pushed a key into her left hand, but it didn't help. Her kerchief fell off and revealed the fact that she did not shave her head. She was carried home. I've never seen such a face, as green as grass, her eyes rolled up. The moment she came to, she began to curse and I think from then on never stopped. It was said that she even swore in her sleep. Yom Kippur she stood in the women's section of the synagogue and as the rabbi's wife recited the prayers for those who could not read, Henne berated the rabbi, the cantor, the elders. On her husband she called forth a black judgment, wished him smallpox and gangrene. She also blasphemed against God.

After Tevia forsook her, she went completely wild. As a rule, an abandoned woman made a living by kneading dough in other people's houses or by becoming a servant. But who would let a malicious creature like Henne into the house? She tried to

sell fish on Thursdays; but when a woman asked the price, Henne would reply, "You are not going to buy anyhow, so why do you come here just to tease me? You'll poke around and buy elsewhere."

One housewife picked up a fish and lifted its gills to see if it was fresh. Henne tore it from her hands and screamed, "Why do you smell it? Is it beneath your dignity to eat rotten fish?" And she sang out a list of sins allegedly committed by the woman's parents, grandparents and great-grandparents, back to the tenth generation. The other fishmongers sold their wares and Henne remained with a tubful. Every few weeks, Henne washed her clothes. Don't ask me how she carried on. She quarreled about everything: the washtubs, the clotheslines, the water pump. If she found a speck of dust on a shirt hanging up to dry, she blamed it on her neighbors. She herself tore down the lines of others. One heard her yelling over half the town. People were afraid of her and gave in, but that was no good, either. If you answered her, she raised a rumpus and if you kept silent, she would scream, "Is it a disgrace to talk to me?" There was no dealing with her without being insulted.

At first, her daughters would come home from the big towns for the holidays. They were good girls; they all took after Tevia. One moment mother and daughter would kiss and embrace and before you knew it, there would be a cat fight in Butcher Alley, where we lived. Plates crashed, windows were broken. The girl would run out of the house as though she had been poisoned and Henne after her with a stick, screaming, "Bastard, dreg, whore, you should have dissolved in your mother's belly!" After Tevia deserted her, Henne suspected that her daughters knew his whereabouts. Although they swore holy oaths that they didn't, Henne would rave, "Your mouths will grow out the back of your heads for swearing falsely."

What could the poor girls do? They avoided her like the plague. And Henne went to the village teacher and made him write letters for her saying that she disowned them. She was no longer their mother and they were no longer her daughters.

Still, in a small town, one is not allowed to starve. Good people took pity on Henne. They took her soup, garlic borscht, a loaf of bread, potatoes, or whatever they had to offer, and left it on the threshold. To enter her house was like walking into a lion's den. Henne seldom tasted these gifts. She threw them into the garbage ditch. Such people thrive on fighting.

Since the grownups ignored her, Henne began to quarrel with the children. A boy passed by and Henne snatched his cap because she imagined he had stolen pears from her tree. The pears were as hard as wood and tasted the same; a pig wouldn't eat them. She just needed an excuse. She was always lying and she called everybody else a liar. She went to the chief of police and denounced half the town, accusing this one of being a forger and that one of smuggling contraband from Galicia. She reported that the Hasidim were disrespectful of the czar. In the fall, when the recruits were being drafted, Henne announced in the market place that the rich boys were being deferred and the poor ones taken. It was true, too. But if they had all been taken, would it have been better? Somebody had to serve. But Henne, good sort that she was, could not suffer injustice. The Russian officials were afraid that she would cause trouble and had her sent to the insane asylum.

I was there when a soldier and a policeman came to get her. She turned on them with a hatchet. She made such a commotion that the whole town came running. But how strong is a female? As she was bound and loaded into a cart, she cursed in Russian, Polish and Yiddish. She sounded like a pig being slaughtered. She was taken to Lublin and put in a strait jacket.

I don't know how it happened, but she must have been on her good behavior, because in less than half a year, she was back in town. A family had moved into her hut, but she drove the whole lot out in the middle of a cold night. The next day, Henne announced that she had been robbed. She went to all the neighbors to look for her belongings and humiliated everybody. She was no longer allowed into the synagogue and was even refused when she wanted to buy a seat for the

Days of Awe. Things came to such a pass that when she went to the well to get water, everyone ran away. It was simply dangerous to go near her.

She did not even respect the dead. A hearse passed by and Henne spat at it, calling out that the dead man's soul should wander in the wastelands forever. The better type of people turned a deaf ear to her; but when the mourners were of the common kind, she got beaten up. She liked to be beaten; that is the truth. She would run around showing off a bump given her by this one, a black eye by that one. She ran to the leech and the druggist for salves. She kept summoning everybody to the rabbi, but the beadle would no longer listen to her and the rabbi had issued an order forbidding her to enter his study. She also tried her luck with the gentiles, but they only laughed at her. Nothing remained to her but God. And according to Henne, she and the Almighty were on the best of terms.

Now, listen to what happened. There was a coachman called Kopel Klotz who lived near Henne. Once in the middle of the night, he was awakened by screams for help. He looked out of the window and saw that the house of the shoemaker across the street was on fire. He grabbed a pail of water and went to help put it out. But the fire was not at the shoemaker's, it was at Henne's. It was only the reflection that he had seen in the shoemaker's window. Kopel ran to her house and found everything burning—the table, the bench, the cupboard. It wasn't a usual fire. Little flames flew around like birds. Henne's nightshirt was burning. Kopel tore it off her and she stood there as naked as the day she was born.

A fire in Butcher Alley is no small thing. The wood of the houses is dry even in winter. From one spark, the whole alley could turn into ashes. People came to the rescue, but the flames danced and turned somersaults. Every moment, something else became ignited. Henne covered her naked body with a shawl and the fringes began to burn like so many candles. The men fought the fire until dawn. Some of them were overcome by the smoke. These were not flames butimps from hell.

In the morning, there was another outburst. Henne's bed linen began to burn of itself. That day, I visited Henne's hut. Her sheet was full of holes, the quilt and feather bed, too. The dough in the trough had been baked into a flat loaf of bread. A fiery broom had swept the floor, igniting the garbage. Tongues of flame licked everything. God save us, these were tricks of the Evil Host. Henne sent everybody to the Devil; and now the Devil had turned on her.

Somehow the fire was put out. The people of Butcher Alley warned the rabbi that if Henne could not be induced to leave, they would take matters into their

own hands. Everyone was afraid for his kin and possessions. No one wanted to pay for the sins of another. Henne went to the rabbi's house and wailed, "Where am I to go? Murderers, robbers, beasts!"

She became as hoarse as a crow. As she ranted, her kerchief took fire. Those who weren't there will never know what the demons can do.

As Henne stood in the rabbi's study, pleading with him to let her stay, her house went up in flames. A flame burst from the roof and it had the shape of a man with long hair. It danced and whistled. The church bells rang an alarm. The firemen tried their best, but in a few minutes, nothing was left but a chimney and a heap of burning embers.

Later, Henne spread the rumor that her neighbors had set her house on fire. But it was not so. Who would try a thing like that, especially with the wind blowing? There were scores of witnesses to the contrary. The fiery image had waved its arms and laughed madly. Then it had risen into the air and disappeared among the clouds.

It was then that Henne began to be called Henne Fire. Until then, she was known as Black Henne.

. . .

When Henne found herself without a roof over her head, she tried to move into the poorhouse, but the poor and sick would not let her in. Nobody wants to be burned alive. For the first time, she became silent. A gentile wood chopper took her into his house. The moment she crossed the threshold, the handle of his ax caught fire and out she went. She would have frozen to death in the cold if the rabbi hadn't taken her in.

The rabbi had a booth not far from his house that was used during the Sukkoth holidays. It had a roof that could be opened and closed by a series of pulleys. The rabbi's son installed a tin stove so that Henne would not freeze. The rabbi's wife supplied a bed with a straw mattress and linen. What else could they do? Jews don't let a person perish. They hoped the demons would respect a Sukkoth booth and that it would not catch fire. True, it had no mezuzah, but the rabbi hung a talisman on the wall instead. Some of the townspeople offered to take food to Henne, but the rabbi's wife said, "The little she eats I can provide."

The winter cold began immediately after the Sukkoth holidays and it lasted until Purim. Houses were snowed under. In the morning, one had to dig oneself out with a shovel. Henne lay in bed all day. She was not the same Henne: She was docile as a sheep. Yet evil looked out of her eyes. The rabbi's son fed her stove every morning. He reported in the study house that Henne lay all day tucked into her feather bed and never uttered a word. The rabbi's wife suggested that she come

into the kitchen and perhaps help a little with the housework. Henne refused. "I don't want anything to happen to the rabbi's books," she said. It was whispered in the town that perhaps the Evil One had left her.

Around Purim, it suddenly became warm. The ice thawed and the river overflowed. Bridge Street was flooded. The poor are miserable anyway, but when there is a flood at night and the household goods begin to swim around, life becomes unbearable. A raft was used to cross Bridge Street. The bakery had begun preparing matzoh for Passover, but water seeped into the sacks and made the flour unusable.

Suddenly, a scream was heard from the rabbi's house. The Sukkoth booth had burst into flames like a paper lantern. It happened in the middle of the night. Later, Henne related how a fiery hand had reached down from the roof and in a second everything was consumed. She had grabbed a blanket to cover herself and had run into the muddy courtyard, without clothes on. Did the rabbi have a choice? He had to take her in. His wife stopped sleeping at night. Henne said to the rabbi, "I shouldn't be allowed to do this to you." Even before the booth had burned down, the rabbi's married daughter, Taube, had packed her trousseau into a sheet to be ready to save it at a moment's notice, in case of fire.

The next day, the community elders called a meeting. There was much talk and haggling, but they couldn't come to a decision. Someone proposed that Henne be sent to another town. Henne burst into the rabbi's study, her dress in tatters, a living scarecrow. "Rabbi, I've lived here all my life, and here I want to die. Let them dig me a grave and bury me. The cemetery will not catch fire." She had found her tongue again and everybody was surprised.

Present at the meeting was Reb Zelig, the plumber, a decent man, and he finally made a suggestion: "Rabbi, I will build her a little house out of brick. Bricks don't burn."

He asked no pay for his work, just his costs. Then a roofer promised to make the roof. Henne owned the lot in Butcher Alley and the chimney had remained standing.

To put up a house takes months, but this little building was erected between Purim and Passover, everyone lending a hand. Boys from the study house dumped the ashes. School children carried bricks. Yeshivah students mixed mortar. Feival, the glazier, contributed windowpanes. As the proverb goes: A community is never poor. A rich man, Reb Felik, donated tin for the roof. One day there was a ruin and the next day there was the house. Actually, it was a shack without a floor, but how much

(continued on page 201)

INDY— THE GOLDEN BRICKYARD

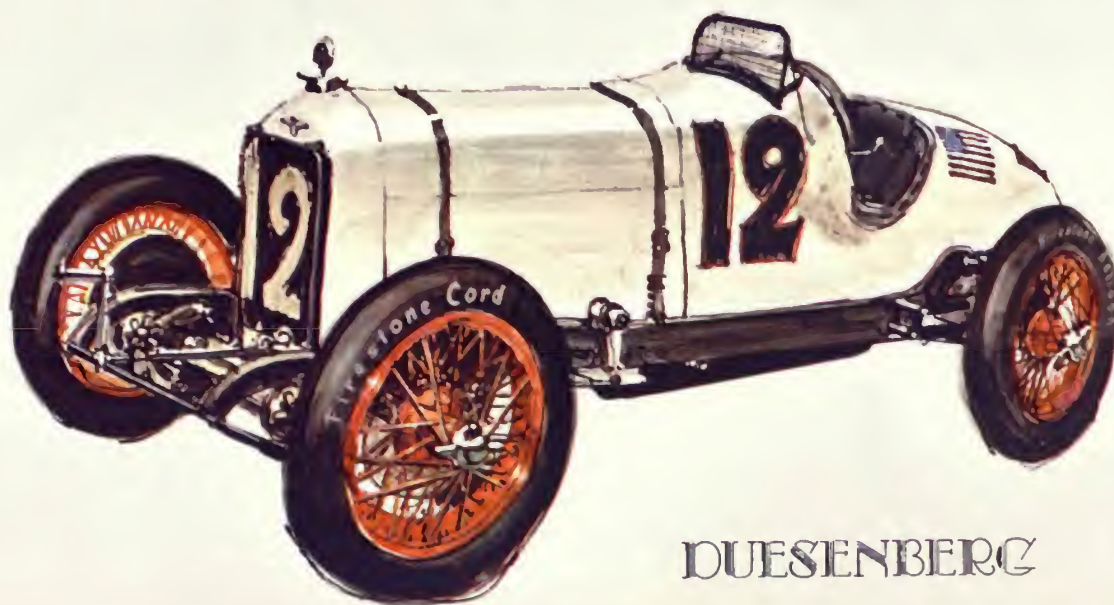
*with over half a century of storied history behind it,
the memorial day classic is still
a pulse-pounding test of man and machine*



Winner of the first 500, held in 1911, was this six-cylinder Marmon. The only single-seat car in the race, it had a rearview mirror, a startling innovation of the time. Ray Harroun, who drove it, was a Marmon engineer and he figured importantly in its design. It was called "The Yellow-Jacket" at the factory, but headline writers shortened it to "Wasp." Harroun planned to average 75 mph and actually ran at 74.6.

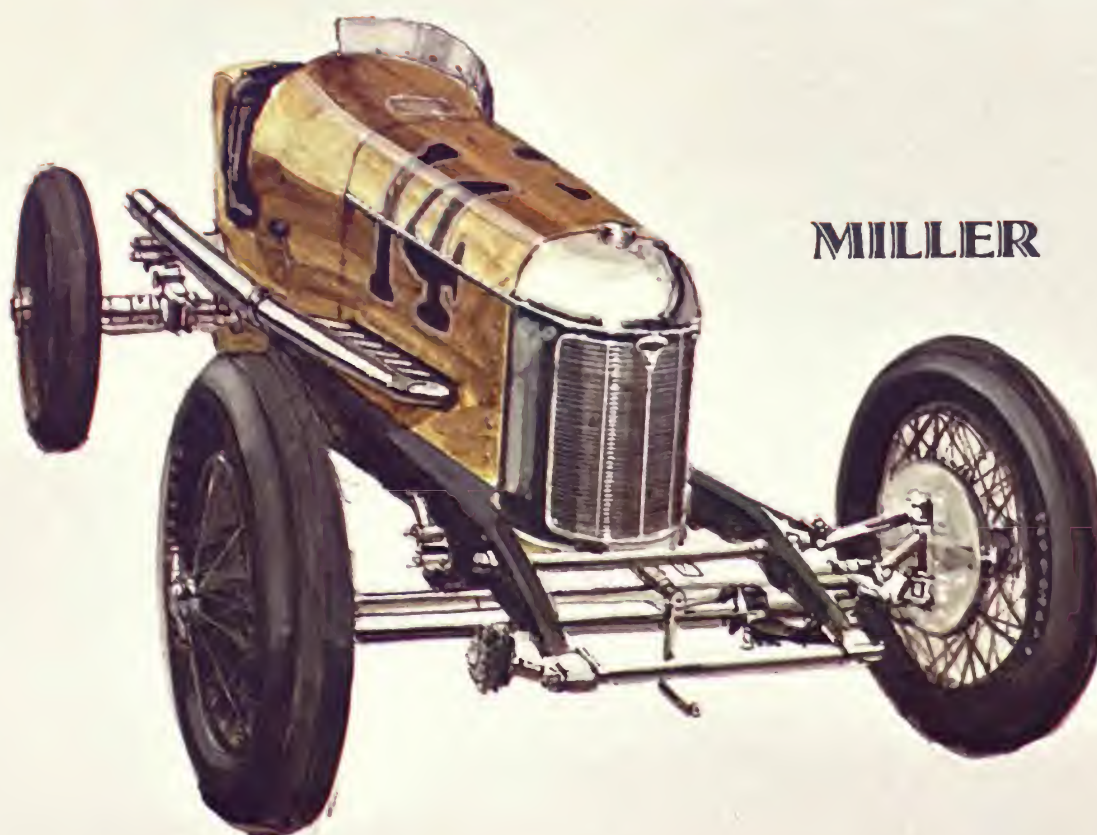
sports By KEN W. PURDY WHEN THE FIRST Indianapolis 500-mile race was run in 1911, the Speedway management thoughtfully provided 3000 hitching posts for horses and the house was priced 50 cents, \$1 and \$1.50. No provision is made for horse-borne trade today and the price spread is \$5 to \$35. What else is new? The track is still the same flattened oval laid out in 1909, two and a half miles around, the long straights five eighths of a mile, the short ones one eighth, the turns one quarter, banked at 9 degrees, 12 minutes, to be safe at 90 miles an hour—but if you don't go through them at 140 now, you're obstructing traffic. They still proudly call it the greatest race in the world, which it isn't, and never call it the oldest closed-circuit race in the world, which they proudly could; a big brass band still plays *Back Home Again in Indiana* before the start and a bugler sounds taps in memory of the 46 lives the race has taken down the years. Quiet in their cars, 33 of the toughest professional athlete-performers alive, from lumpy-knuckled, short-fused veterans of the dirt tracks, happy at the pinnacle of their profession, to ice-cold Scots and Sassenachs jetted in from the Grand Prix other world, more at ease in the cream-and-gold, blood-and-fire *ambiance* of Monaco, here out of pride and for the loot, all wait to hear the courtly anachronistic command, "Gentlemen, start your engines!" The hundreds of balloons float up from the infield, the cars circle the track once under restraint, a noise like no other noise the world knows is turned on and they go, hoping, each, to get through the crowded first five miles without signing on for a ten-car lash-up, with the biggest crowd that annually comes together for any purpose anywhere watching. Indianapolis seems to be indestructible. Here the chariots will always run. A. J. Foyt, a three-time winner, says, "I think of it in the same way I think of the Kentucky Derby: It's the only one. There are other tracks running, sure, and in the next few years there'll be more, and bigger, and better. But this one, this one is Indy." The place has survived wars, depression, neglect and, lately, such assaults as the Foreign Invasion, the Ford Revolution and the Terrible People-Eating Turbine Car, and still it flourishes. Long live the great round-and-around and the sacred ten-pound bricks!

A bicycle racer started it all, Carl Fisher, a destiny's tot who quit school at 12 to sell papers and candy on the steamcars. He was one of those who, if dropped into Iceland carrying two dollars and a box of matches, would come (text continued on page 100)



DUESENBERG

The first American car American-driven to win a Grand Prix was this straight-8 Duesenberg, Jimmy Murphy up, winner of the 1921 G.P. of France. (Don Gurney, 46 years later, became the second, taking the Belgian G.P. in his Eagle-Weslake.) Murphy finished with two flat tires and a dry radiator, still came in 15 minutes ahead of the next car. Murphy's Duesenberg, housing a Miller engine, won at Indy the next year.



MILLER

Harry Miller was a fabulous name in the golden years following World War One, and this 91-cubic-inch Miller represented the peak of the make's evolution. Louis Meyer qualified it for the 1928 500 at 111.352 and won at 99.482. He won again with other Millers in 1933 and 1936. Meyer became an engine builder in the Meyer-Drake firm, successor to Miller and Offenhauser, and is still at it: He assembles Ford's race engines.



MASERATI

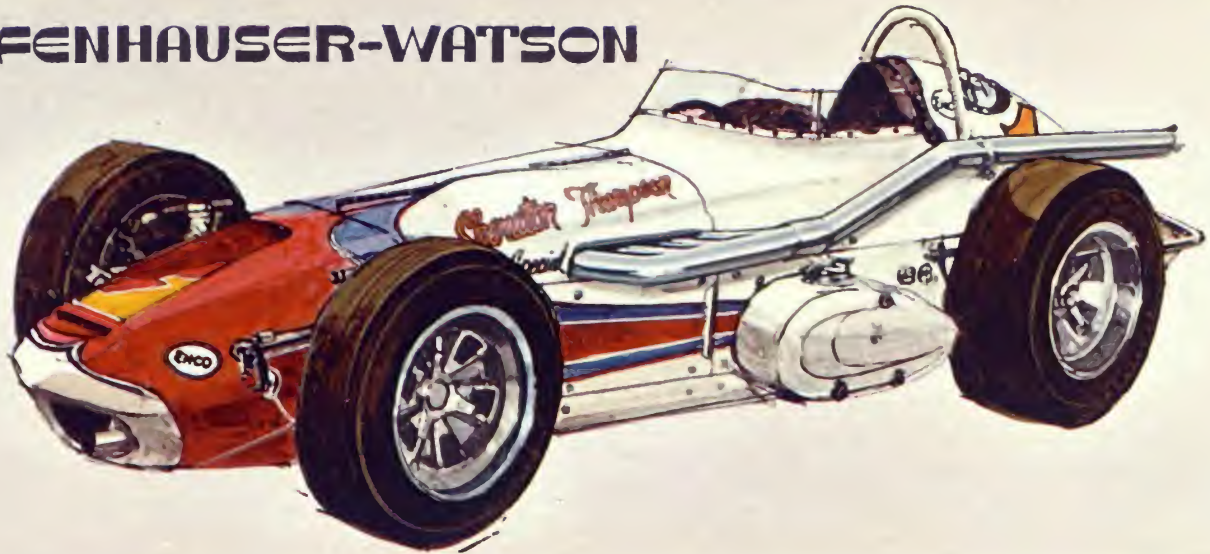
Wilbur Shaw won Indianapolis in 1939 and 1940 in this Maserati 8CTF. Between the two World Wars, few foreign cars ran at Indy, and those were unsuccessful as a rule. Shaw had been impressed by their handling qualities in the Vanderbilt Cup race of 1937, and this Maserati justified his judgment. It was greatly modified, however, by Shaw's redoubtable mechanic, "Cotton" Henning. Shaw later became Indy's president.



NOVI

A Novi never won at Indy, but thousands hoped it would. No cars on the track had more friends and rooters—or needed more. First on the track in 1941 as a supercharged VB (finishing fourth), the big Novis kept coming back to try again—as hopes rose with each new effort. Duke Nalon's Novi led the 1949 race until a broken rear axle wrecked it. Novis broke one-lap and four-lap qualifying records in 1951.

OFFENHAUSER-WATSON



Last of the breed, this Offenhauser-Watson "roadster" was the 1964 Indianapolis race with A. J. Foyt driving. Designed to run only counter-clockwise on oval circuits, the Indy car evolved independently of what the rest of the world was doing. Suspension, braking and handling were primitive, but the Offenhauser engine, 50 years of development behind it, was superb—an indefatigable, virtually indestructible wonder.



LOTUS-FORD

Colin Chapman built this giant-killer Lotus, Ford made the engine and Jimmy Clark drove it 151.388 mph to an easy win in 1965. Bad luck and pit-management mistakes kept Clark from taking the checkered flag in 1963 and 1964, but nothing could stop him the following Memorial Day. After that, the light, rear-engine Grand Prix car, for some years the world standard elsewhere, became the only way to go in the Indy 500, too.

STP TURBINE



A six-dollar ball-bearing failure three laps from the finish kept the STP gas-turbine car from winning in 1967. Not the first turbine to go to Indy, the Wallis-Gronatelli car was by far the best. Driver Parnelli Jones passed other cars where he pleased. Despite a bitter battle waged by Gronatelli, turbine-car rules were changed shortly after the race, outlawing this car but allowing others that were less powerfully engined.

out a millionaire. He saved his pennies, started a bicycle-repair shop, then a store, sweet-talked a big manufacturer into giving him 120 bikes on the never-never, made money and, in the way of the gifted, smelled the horseless-carriage revolution from afar. He owned the first one in town, went to New York for the 1900 auto show, went back and started an agency. You raced to sell, in those days, and Fisher bought a big Winton and played the country fairs. His proposition was a flat \$500 fee and his big stunt was a match race with a horse. Bring on the fastest horse in the county, he'd say, and we'll go for any distance you like, so long as it's over 200 yards. The horse always outgunned him on early acceleration, always got a good lead, always lost in the last few jumps.

Fisher came to be a pretty good chauffeur, he ran with the likes of Barney Oldfield and Louis Chevrolet, but he knew the money game, as they did not, dying broke for it, both of them.

Mike Todd and P. T. Barnum would have admired Carl Fisher. He knew his time for the way it was. When he wanted to introduce a new-model Stoddard-Dayton, in 1908, he had the car hooked to a big free balloon (he qualified for one of the first U.S. balloon-pilot tickets), put himself behind the wheel, the balloon captain in back, and for three hours drifted over Indianapolis at 1000 feet.

Fisher had been to Europe, he'd seen the fast French and German and Italian cars running; he knew racing was the way to go, but he'd watched Vanderbilt Cup races here, too, and he knew that road racing wasn't for America. For one thing, the embattled farmers wouldn't stand still for it; worse, you couldn't sell tickets for a race over 15 miles of public highway. A track was the thing, and in Indianapolis, which then looked like the center of the industry: Marmon, National, American, Marion, Premier cars were all built there. Fisher pulled in Allison, they sold A. C. Newby and Frank H. Wheeler, and for \$72,000 the four of them bought 320 acres of land northwest of town. They called in a New York engineer, P. T. Andrews, and told him to have the plant ready by June of 1909. Andrews signed on 450 men, 300 mules, 150 road scrapers, assorted six-ton and ten-ton rollers and went to work. The idea was to lay down two inches of gravel, two of crushed limestone, stone dust and thousands of gallons of liquefied tar.

On the fifth of June, the Speedway ran a balloon race or, rather, the start of one: 3500 people paid to see it and 40,000 watched for free. Fisher flew in the race and got as far as Tennessee.

In August, automobiles ran at the Speedway. Under the pounding of hard tires on 90-mph machines, the track surface crumbled like chalk. The back wheels threw stones at slingshot velocities into the plain-glass goggles of

following drivers. Work-staggered mule teams were still pouring tar on the track three hours before the first event. Every race worsened the track: cracks, potholes, blinding dust. Charles Merz, driving a National, lost everything, left the course, spun into a crowd, killed two spectators and his mechanic, Claude Kellum—the first Indianapolis fatalities. The race was stopped and the four owners decided to pave. Bricks were best, Andrews told them. So they laid 3,200,000 ten-pound paving bricks in a bed of sand, level to within three eighths of an inch in 12 feet. The hardheaded Indianapolis bricklayers worked fast: A shift was nine hours then; and in that time, 140,000 bricks would go down. The ace of the crews was timed at 250 an hour. His name, alas, has been lost. He is The Unknown Bricklayer. Finally it was done. A ceremonial "gold" brick (bronze and brass, carburetor-body alloy) was laid at two in the afternoon, Friday, December 17, 1909. James J. Jeffries, the former heavyweight champion of the world, had the first ride. They tried racing right away, although, in nine-degree weather, and drew 500 paying customers. When it got warmer, Fisher ran a race between an airplane and a propeller-driven car. The plane won. He put on another balloon race. He put on a Memorial Day program of 42 short races. Then he decided that too much was too much, that there should be only one race a year and that one the longest the public would sit still for: 500 miles, he decided. Every Memorial Day. That was the law as Fisher laid it down, and his writ still runs.

The first real race was 1911's. Ray Harroun won it, an engineer for Marmon who had retired as a driver after he'd won the national A. A. A. championship in 1910. He was a thoughtful, calculating man, Harroun. He designed the engine, modified the stock chassis into a single-seater (everybody carried a riding mechanic in those days to pump oil, change tires, watch for overtaking cars) and stipulated he'd drive the first 200 miles and the last, letting a relief driver handle the middle hundred. He slip-sticked a decision that a 75-mph average was the fastest he could run with reasonable tire wear. When he heard that other drivers were going to protest his lack of a mechanic, he got an eight-inch by three-inch mirror, welded it to the car with half-inch iron bars. It wasn't the first rear-view mirror ever, but it may have been the first on an automobile. The morning of the race, the fuzz cleaned out 200 overnight gate crashers, let in a claimed 80,000 fans (Indy has never released a precise head count) and turned the cars loose. Harroun ran at 75, and when the chargers went by him, he let them go and passed them later in the pits, changing tires. He won by a full lap, at 74.6, and retired for good. He took

\$14,000. (First was worth \$171,227 to A. J. Foyt last year.) The Marmon "Wasp" (it was first called "The Yellow-Jacket," but that was too much for the headline writers) was retired with him.

It was once fashionable among road-racing enthusiasts to knock Indianapolis as an endeavor requiring little skill, a libel in part built up by Indy people themselves. Bill Vukovich, winner in 1953 and 1954, killed in 1955, a man who lived in a steady slow burn, said, "All you have to do to win is stand on the gas and turn left." There is vastly more to it than that, although it's probably true that it's easier for a Grand Prix driver to do well at Indy, cars equal, than for an Indy driver to do well at, say, the Nurburgring, 14 miles around, 3000 feet uphill and down, or Monaco, where even a minor mistake, like Bandini's last year, can kill you. But the Brickyard seen from the watcher's point of view, not the driver's, has one great advantage over almost every other big-league course in the world: Here you can see what's happening. How many saw Mike Hawthorn outbrake Fangio on the last corner of the G. P. of France in 1953? Who saw Stirling Moss, losing all his brakes at 130 miles an hour just before a bend in the 1957 Mille Miglia, make the corner and stop the car with wheel and gears? At Indianapolis, almost everyone can see almost everything. In 1912, Ralph DePalma had the race won in the 195th lap, 12½ miles to go, when a connecting rod let go in his Mercedes, tore a hole in the crankcase and dumped his oil. He kept on, the car running slower and slower as the engine tightened up, down to 40 miles an hour; he toured around, waiting for it to seize solid—three and a half miles out. He and his mechanic pushed it all the way in, while Joe Dawson, who had been five laps behind when the con rod broke, went by them time after time, flat out, to get there first. DePalma got \$380.42 for that.

When Fisher founded Indianapolis, one of his major selling lines was that the track should be a proving ground, a laboratory for "the industry," and it's still said, there, and most other places where cars run, sometimes in a different way: "The race car of today is the passenger car of tomorrow." It isn't true and it's too easy to refute to bother, but it is true that when a breakthrough has been made in some quiet room somewhere, it is often so flamboyantly demonstrated on the track that it seems to have been born there. Four-wheel brakes, hydraulic brakes, disk brakes are examples. The year 1913 saw such a breakthrough at Indianapolis. Jules Goux and Georges Boillot, drivers for the French Peugeot factory, and an Italian driver, Paolo Zucarelli, worked out some ideas for a better racing engine. They took them to a Swiss draftsman, Ernest Henry, got the

(continued on page 207)

STATELY, SLIM JOSEPH STRICK, director of the film *Ulysses*, climbed onto the stage of the Salle Cocteau. He sat down at the press-conference table on which someone had placed a statuette no bigger than a Hollywood Oscar: James Joyce in brass, seated with his backside turned to the director.

Some minutes before, in the Grande Salle of the Palais des Festivals, 20 or 30 members of the press—or at least members of the audience at the press showing of *Ulysses*—had walked out of the theater shouting insults (in French) at the screen. Now, at the first press conference following the first look at *Ulysses* at the Cannes Film Festival, Joseph Strick sat girding his eyebrows for battle, the fiercest scowl in the room.

Questions?

"I couldn't help wondering," wondered one woman journalist, "sitting through scene after scene of your film, watching with a kind of horrible fascination—why you would make such an abomination."

For a moment, Mr. Strick watched her with a kind of horrible fascination, then said, "And I can't help wondering why you don't leave now."

Applause from those who liked *Ulysses*, rumblings from those who didn't.

"And please break a leg on the way out."

Laughter, rumblings, lights, cameras.

Raised hands, like a schoolroom scene or a Nazi rally, while a mediator chose from among the questioners and a perspiring translator translated.

Mr. Strick then confessed that he had two principal reactions to people: He hated those who hated his films and loved those who loved them.

"I loved your film," said one young man. (Laughter.) "I've seen *Ulysses* four times." (Astonishment.) "But I notice the same thing at every showing: The people who walk out always walk out during the Nighttown sequence. . . . Do you think—"

"As a matter of fact," said Mr. Strick, "I usually consider my films only fifty percent successful. With *Ulysses*, I feel I was fifty-five percent successful. And the Nighttown sequence, in my opinion, was the most successful scene of all."

Meanwhile, as the Salle Cocteau buzzed with opinions and reflections on Nighttown, some of us, non-French, wondered how Dublin's red-light district in black and white could so outrage the French, whose Nighttowns have always been Technicolored and operate even closer to curbside; or wondered about French sense and sensibility concerning flesh, which is filmed free-form in France with countless breasts and buttocks bare—but the flesh in *Ulysses* (though much talked about) is seldom shown: Boylan, for example, with his pants off, leaping about in long shirttails; Molly's nightdress in blooming disarray, but hardly what Hollywood calls cleavage; a colleen on the banks of the Liffey lifting her skirts and rearranging kneecaps to arouse Bloom with an exposed stretch of thigh as far as Irish lace will allow—but could this be revelation enough to revolt the French and send them howling into the aisles, oaths abundant, flags and fists flying, banded together now in a legion of decency with the motto *Culture Oui, Sexe Non!*, marching to the barricades on the Rue de la Pureté? No—but what? and why? and before word of Those Words got around, Monsieur Favre Le Bret, director of the *XXème Festival International du Film*, was, meanwhile. . . .

Back at the projection room, did you, Monsieur Le Bret, with all due deliberation, lack of consideration and intention to censor, enter said projection room during Mr. Strick's press conference, grease pencil in hand, mischief in mind, and with said pencil strike out Those Words that, to the best of your (continued on page 222)

ULYSSES AT CANNES

*"stop," shouted the stricken mr. strick
on that bloomsday turned doomsday
after some tut-tut-tutting moralsminder
had croosyfried the juice of life
from a cinematic rejoycing*

article By WILLIAM WISER



ILLUSTRATION BY BOB POST

Forward-thinking get-out-of-townsmen plan for a quick weekend take-off by smartly dressing for business in threads that easily convert to country-club casualwear. Below: Two executive decision makers establish their own Thank-God-It's-Friday fashion policy. The enterprising entrepreneur at center takes stock in his wool one-button blazer that features notched wide lapels, \$120, worn over wool slacks with an extension waistband, \$35, a cotton chambray shirt, \$12.50, a silk tie, \$7.50, and an Italian silk pocket square, \$4, all by John Weitz. His colleague favors a silk and wool two-button suit in a houndstooth check with overlaid pattern, \$145, a cotton shirt with spread collar, \$18.50, and a paisley-patterned wide tie, \$8.50, all by Bill Blass for PBM. Later that day, the same men get further fashion mileage from their clothes—far from the madding crowd—after converting the Italian silk pocket square into a neck square and exchanging the shirt and tie for a long-sleeved wool turtleneck with side slits, by Bill Blass for PBM, \$37.50.



casual convertibles

*double-duty garb for the
weekending executive planning a
fast friday getaway*

attire **BY ROBERT L. GREEN**





PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA



"Harold! What is the meaning of this?"

THERE'S ONE BORN EVERY SECOND

put three walnut shells and a pea into the hands of an old-time con man and the suckers will flock to part with their long green

nostalgia **By DANIEL MANNIX** EVER HEAR of a little game consisting of three walnut shells and a pea? People are still trying to guess under which shell the pea is hidden. I see by the papers that a man pulled into a gas station in Blackwood, New Jersey, and made \$40 teaching the service attendant the mysteries of the sport. Then there were the two grifters on the race train to Havre de Grace who made \$1000 convincing the passengers that they couldn't find the little joker. Good thing, too, or the passengers might have lost the money foolishly at the race track. I've a notion my old friend Neversweat must still be around, although I haven't seen him for years.

The first time I saw Neversweat, I was working as a sword swallower in a little rag show of a carnival playing the grits-and-fat-back route in southern Virginia. I was heading for the cook tent after the "all out and over" when I saw Neversweat standing by the side wall of the side-show top behind a small collapsible table with a crowd around him. Instead of the walnut shells, he was using three bottle caps, but I recognized the game instantly. I couldn't believe anyone was still sucker enough to bet on this old grift.

Neversweat was a Mexican and it was obvious to the uninitiated that he didn't know too much about the game. He handled the bottle caps clumsily, grinding out a spiel in broken English: "Come close, for she don't cost you to look. Now I got the sheep turd here; now I got her there. You see it now, but then you see nothing. My hand is quick, your eye not so quick. If you pay money, you pick any one."

When he stopped, I could see that the pea was caught under the edge of a cap. A man beside me swore to himself and threw down a \$20 bill. He turned the bottle cap and collected. Neversweat shuffled the caps again, but this time the pea was hidden. The man bet only five dollars and I could see he'd made a mistake and picked the wrong cap. He hadn't been watching closely enough. When the man turned the cap over and found no pea, he cursed and threw the cap on the ground.

Neversweat said, "So you win once and lose once. What you want to get sore about?"

"Don't you like it, greaser?" the man asked him. "Well, that's just too damn bad."

Neversweat bent over to pick up the cap. As he did so, the man lifted the two other caps, revealing the pea under one of them. Neversweat straightened up and asked, without touching the caps, "Anyone want to bet on these two?"

The man pulled out a roll of bills, but Neversweat told him, "You too lucky. I don't bet with you."

I said, "I'll bet ten dollars if you don't touch the caps," sure that he'd refuse.

Instead, he told me, "Go ahead." I knew the pea must still be under the cap I'd seen it under, for he hadn't gone near it; so I put down my ten dollars and turned it over. The pea was gone. Neversweat produced it from under the other cap and went on with the grind.

All I could think of was that it must be a trick table. Several men in the crowd began betting, some winning and some losing. The man beside me, who'd already won \$15 from Neversweat, stood watching the game, never taking his eyes off the table. He said to me in a low voice, "He always does the same thing. I've got it figured now, if he doesn't slip the pea out." He suddenly reached out and put a finger on one of the caps so Neversweat couldn't move it. "It's here," he said and threw down a ten-dollar bill. At the



chas b slackman

same time, he flipped the cap over, showed the pea and collected.

I knew that the shell man is supposed to slip the pea out and hold it between two fingers, so that when it comes time for the sucker to bet, the pea isn't under any of the caps. But after shuffling the caps, Neversweat would raise his hands with his fingers spread and turn them back and forth, so it was impossible for him to be concealing the pea. It had to be under one of the caps; and following the game, I could always tell where the pea was, although some of the bettors weren't so smart and made mistakes. Even so, I wasn't going to bet again unless I could actually see the pea protruding from under one of the caps. After a while, Neversweat slipped up and didn't cover the pea completely. This was my chance.

I reached into my pocket for some money, but before I could get it out, the man beside me started to bet. I tried to shove him aside and we bumped the table, so the cap slipped over the pea; but Neversweat was juggling the two other caps and paid no attention to it. I threw down a ten-spot and put a finger on the cap to hold it down.

Neversweat said, "I don't take no bet unless she's fifty dollars or bigger." I knew I had him now. He was afraid to let me bet.

The man beside me said, "Don't let him bluff you, kid. How much you got?" I had another ten and I fished that out, still holding down the cap. Neversweat started to protest, but my friend said, "OK, greaser, I'll make up the fifty," and put down 30 bucks of his own.

Neversweat shrugged and stood back. I turned over the cap. There was nothing under it.

Right away, my friend started explaining how I'd been fooled, and several young boys crowded around me with their explanations. None of them made much sense; meanwhile, Neversweat had folded the table and gone. I had a job getting rid of my sympathizers, but I finally managed to shake them and went back to the side-show top. I still couldn't figure what had happened.

The next day, old man Krinko, who ran our show, handed me my \$30. "The grifter didn't know you're with it," he told me, meaning with the carny. "What are you, crazy to bet on a joint?" I didn't like to take the money, because I felt that anyone stupid enough to get hooked by the old shell game deserved to lose; but 30 bucks meant a lot to me in those days, so I accepted the money.

Later, I met Neversweat. He was a little, skinny guy who drank the way I breathed and claimed to be irresistible to women—especially North American women. He spoke good enough English when he wanted to and got a big kick putting on gringos who thought they

were better than Mexicans. He especially hated and despised the police. He was always boasting how he'd swindled sheriffs and detectives with the game. Once he'd been fined by a "town clown" (sheriff) and then gone to a picnic where the sheriff was out of uniform. Neversweat claimed he'd gotten out the bottle caps and cleaned the man, even taking his watch and rings.

Neversweat usually operated with two other men, who worked together as a team. Neversweat was the operator who actually handled the bottle caps. Because walnut shells are so well known, they are seldom, if ever, used today. Instead, the operator uses bottle caps, small cups or hollow wooden cubes. All are known as blocks. The operator, however, does not and cannot work alone. There is a stick handler who picks up half a dozen young local boys to act as boosters, or sticks. Their job is to bet when he signals them, in order to encourage others. The stick handler promises the boys money, passes to the concessions or dates with the showgirls. Using local boys is important, for when the marks (suckers) see a kid they know bet and win, they're convinced the game is on the level.

The stick handler's job requires as much skill as, if not more than, the operator's. He spreads his sticks out in front of the tip (crowd) and instructs them when to bet, as directed by the operator. He hands them the money and immediately collects their winnings, so they can't run off with them.

There is also the outside man, who is supposedly a member of the tip. His job is to get a certain mark to bet. He does this by pointing out to the mark where the pea is, offering to lend him money or any other device. As the operator has to handle the blocks, he can't possibly do this hoisting himself.

The actual moves of the game are simple enough. As the block is pushed forward, the back is lifted slightly and the pea rolls out, so the operator can catch it between his first and second fingers. As his hand covers the rear of the block, the steal is undetectable. The operator instantly places the pea under another block, so he can show his hands empty. He can do this safely, because a mark never selects a block at random. He always picks a certain block because he's been given a peek (the block has been lifted by the outside man or left propped up on the pea) or because he has seen the pea put under the block and the operator has not moved it since then—or so the mark thinks.

I'd been caught by two standard moves. The first is called the countdown. The mark is positive he knows how the game works, because he's watched the sticks bet and, no matter whether they won or lost, he was always able to follow the pea. The outside man then lifts a block, giving him a peek; but as he does

so, he steals the pea. Meanwhile, the operator has gotten another pea from his pocket; and after the mark turns the block and blows (loses), the operator lifts another block, revealing the duplicate pea.

The second routine is called "over the top." In placing the center block over the pea, the operator does it clumsily, so the block doesn't completely cover the pea. Then, by slightly jarring the table, the block is made to slip down. The operator shuffles the two other blocks; but as he does so, he strikes the center block on the side with one of the blocks in his hand. The jar causes the pea to fly out from under the center block and roll under the one he is holding. As he covers the motion with the block in his other hand, it is undetectable. All the mark sees is that the operator never touched the center block with his hand.

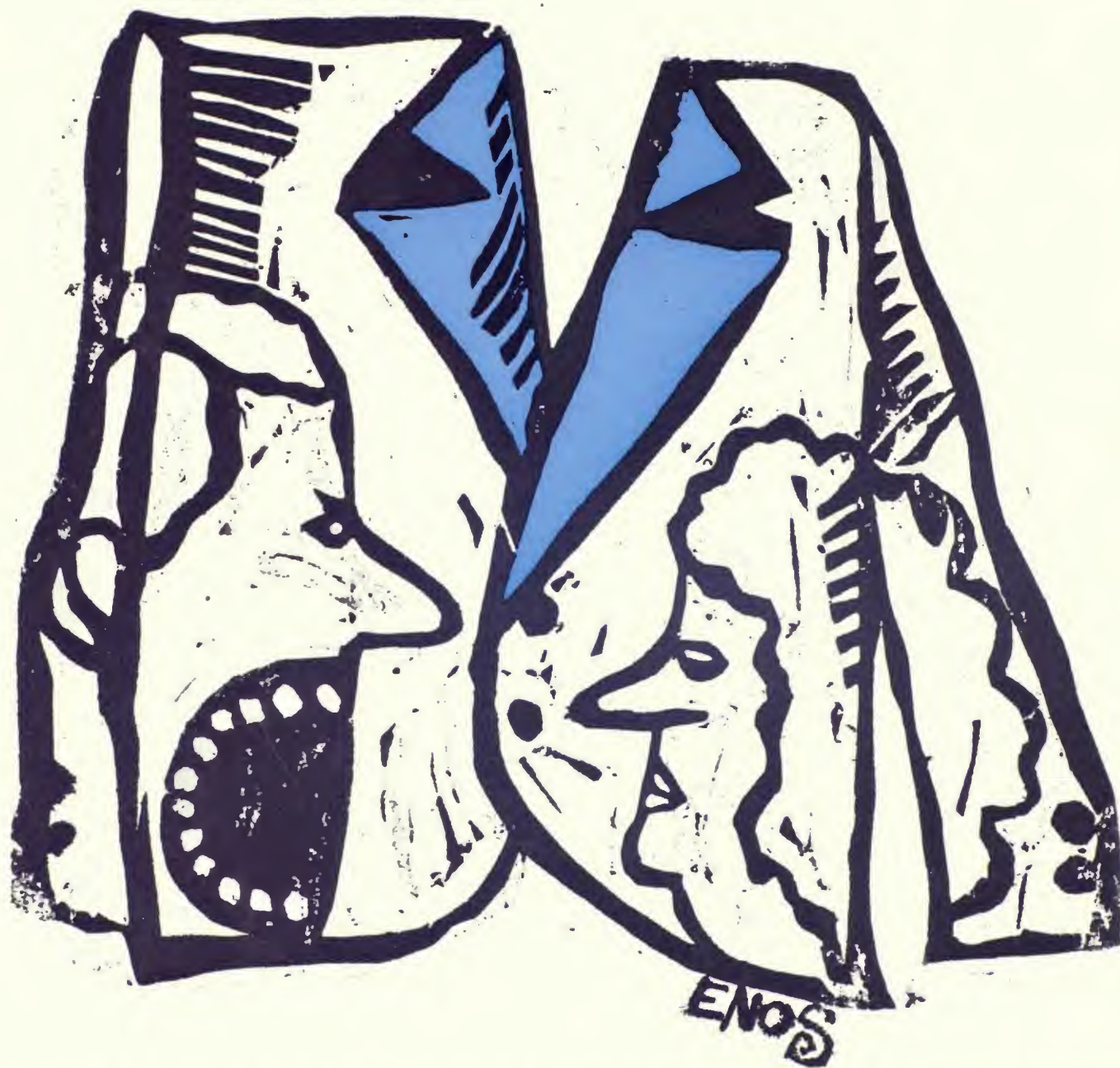
As the operator is manipulating the blocks, he keeps up a steady flow of conversation, known as the grind. The grind is a standard patter interspersed with instructions to the stick handler and occasionally to the outside man. As Neversweat affected a highly accented gibberish, it was impossible for the tip to make much sense out of what he was saying, unless Neversweat wanted to make his meaning clear. Without the dialect, his grind would go something like this:

"Step up, boys, and make some easy spending money. Yes, sir, Mr. Bates is here from Springfield." (Meaning, "Outside man, that mark is ready to spring a bet, so start working on him.") "It costs you nothing to watch, so Duke high-pockets a fin." ("Stick handler, give that tall stick a five-dollar bill.") "And remember that the hand is quicker than the eye. Cop it, boys, cop it." ("Stick handler, have the stick bet to win.") "Pay your money and take your choice. He wins! Once again. Now here, now there. Weed that stick." ("Stick handler, get the money he just won away from that stick, in case he tries to run off.") "For now you see it and now you don't. Let him go natural." ("Outside man, don't press him, for he's going to bet anyhow.") "Now, sir, you didn't keep your eye on the right cap, but leave your money there and I'll give you another chance. Double your bet and take either of the two other caps. Sir, I see you have a keen eye and it's shade the store."

At this last mysterious injunction, the stick handler moves his sticks forward to surround the mark and hide him from the tip. If the mark chills (hesitates), the outside man bets on one of the two remaining blocks and wins. The mark is infuriated that someone else should have grabbed his chance and he decides to work faster next time. The operator covers the pea with the center block and instantly shows his hands empty, which he can do, for the pea is really under the

(continued on page 216)

NEVER PRESS THE LAPELS



extremism in defense of his jackets was no vice in his never-ending battle with the lurking sartorial philistines

fiction **By GERALD CLEAVER**

HANGING WRONG all winter had creased his summer sports coat so badly that one lapel flopped over all the way down to the middle button and looked like hell. He slipped into another coat, lifted the disabled garment onto his shoulder and started for the new cleaners/laundromat place on the corner. Distance alone differentiated one of these places from another—none was worth a damn—so he used the closest one. The new place was hot and steamy inside, machines slushing and spinning along the walls; it was like any other. The girl came over.

"I'd like to have this cleaned," he said, holding up the coat. She bent down, hunching over the order pad, before he could get the rest out.

"Name?"

"Larson."

"Address?"

"Three-forty-three East Blake."

She wrote it out, tore off the tickets, stuck one on the spindle and reached for the coat.

"See how this lapel is," he said, taking it in his hand as if it were a broken wing. "It folds all the way down to the middle button." She looked on. "It's supposed to

come straight, like this." He held the collar and the lapel straight. "And roll, not fold, above the top button. See what I mean?" She nodded. "If they don't understand, it'll come back just like it is."

"I'll tell them."

"Yeah, all they have to do is press out the wrong crease, then shape the collar. But, whatever they do, don't let them press the lapels."


"I'll tell them. That's all I can do." She took the coat and he went out. If she understood him, she deserved first prize for hiding it. She was either very bright or very dumb. (continued on page 162)

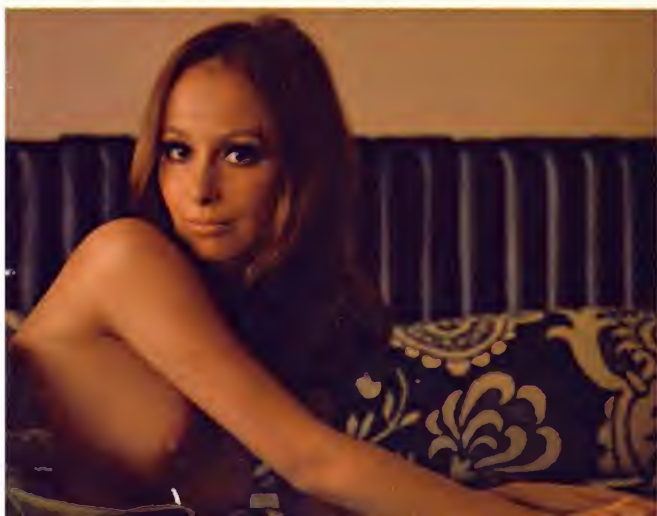
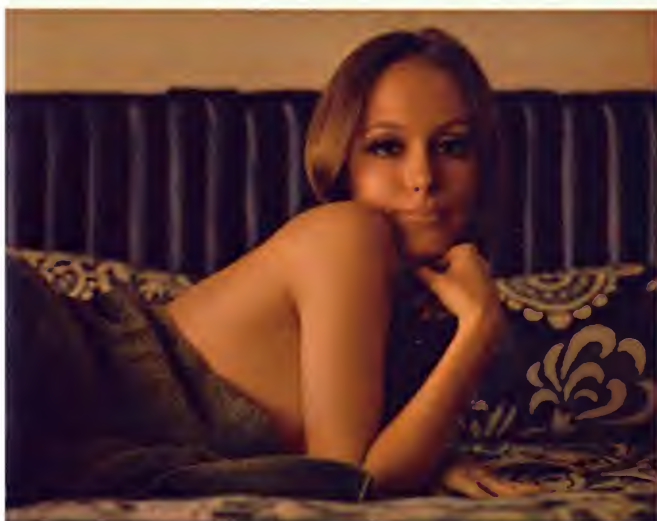
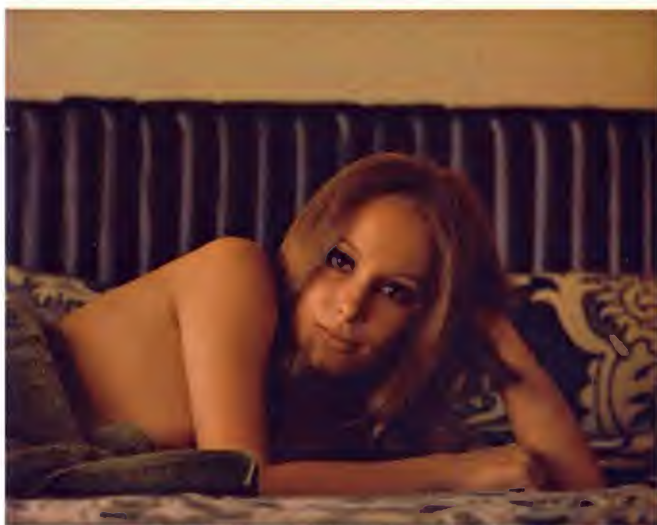


Here Comes Miss Jordan

this picture-pretty playmate is an accomplished model and aspiring artist

"Being a model is fun," says Playmate Elizabeth Jordan, "but it's also hard work. Most people don't realize how difficult and exhausting it is to hold a single pose for the better part of an hour, but every model does." When Liz, 23, returns from a photo session—she's been featured on the covers of national magazines, has posed for fashion spreads and millinery ads and has modeled her hands—she relaxes by painting. "I'm an old-school art lover—I like realism," she notes. "The two painters who have most influenced my own work are Picasso in his Blue Period—when he was sane—and Van Gogh." Miss Jordan will shortly move from Los Angeles to Arizona, where she plans to do little but paint for "at least several months." Elizabeth's other avocation is teaching Indian youngsters how to draw. Part Cherokee herself, Liz is outspoken on the subject of Indian affairs. "Our Government has consistently maltreated, and then ignored, the Indians. More Federal aid to Indian education and housing would rapidly change their status as second-class citizens." Miss Jordan's been doing volunteer work at the Los Angeles Indian Center and intends to do more of the same in Phoenix. In addition to her artistic and charitable endeavors, Elizabeth, an avid equestrienne, plans to purchase a horse while in Arizona—her favorites are Appaloosas and Tennessee Walking Horses. Concludes Miss Jordan: "I'm really looking forward to long rides into the Arizona desert. I'm not a city girl at heart; I like the wide-open spaces."





Before embarking on a long fashion shooting, Elizabeth, left, relaxes at home. Later, with photographer Glenn Embree, top, she's filled in on the many wardrobe changes she'll make during the morning. The modeling session behind her, our girl on the go, above, telephones the Los Angeles Indian Center to find out if some needed art supplies have arrived, makes plans to stop by in the afternoon to lend a hand. Says Liz: "A friend of mine who works for the board of education introduced me to Ernie Stevens, director of the Indian Center. I told him I'd like to help, and all of a sudden I was teaching Indian kids how to draw and really having a ball. Ernie's also interested in becoming a fashion designer. He needed an artist to illustrate his creations—they're very original, incidentally—and I've been able to help him out that way as well."



One of Playmate Elizabeth Jordan's pet predilections is a fondness for wild hats. She often indulges her passion at the Hole in the Wall, one of her favorite Los Angeles boutiques. Above, Miss Moy mugs it up while trying on a Mod version of a poor-boy cap. Top right, Jerome David, owner of the Hole in the Wall, helps her on with crocheted headgear that gives Liz a medieval look. After trying on everything from derbies to tom-o'-shanters, she chose the poor boy. "Any kind of hat, if it's tasteful and tuned in to the rest of what you're wearing," says Miss Jordan, "acts as the final complementary touch to an outfit. Men ought to wear hats, too."



The Jordan chapeau collection runs to a couple of dozen. The two she likes best are a battered Lincolnesque stove-pipe and an Australian bush hat, which she models above and left. Although she considers herself anything but a femme fatale, Liz, above left, stylishly does the Garbo gambit. Her striking good looks have not escaped Hollywood's attention: Although she has never tried acting, she was asked by producer-director Arthur Penn to test for a role in the film "Mickey One," but turned down the offer. Her explanation: "I was a little surprised to discover I had absolutely no desire to become an actress. I suppose that I just want to do my thing—and that's paint."





Several months ago, Playmate Liz did a small modeling assignment for Bill Dana's advertising agency; and since then, she's become one of the firm's most called-upon mannequins. Above, she discusses an upcoming job with the enterprising comedian (who also runs a talent agency) in his agency's Sunset Boulevard offices, located in the West Coast Playboy Building. After setting up her bookings for the Dana organization, Elizabeth changes into casual clothes and adjourns to the Old World Restaurant, top right, for a waffle-and-coffee break. Lunch out of the way, she then puts in an appearance at the Los Angeles Indian Center, where she discusses a mural she's roughed out with Center director Ernie Stevens. A community project, the mural is a panorama of Indian life; most of it was painted by our Playmate, seen busily engaged in adding appropriate touches at right.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

My, what an attractive baby," said the handsome astrologer to the sweet young thing pushing the perambulator. "Do you happen to know what sign he was conceived under?"

"Yes," blushed the young mother. "It was KEEP OFF THE GRASS."

Doctor," the worried exec told the psychiatrist, "I'm afraid I'm schizophrenic."

"Well," replied the doctor, "that makes four of us."



I've got an idea," said the attractive wife to her husband. "Let's go out tonight and have some real fun."

"Suits me," he answered. "If you get home first, leave the light on in the hallway."

A young man sat next to a beautiful blonde in a bar and offered to buy her a drink. After some casual conversation, he asked her if she would care to go to his apartment for a nightcap and she agreed. Up in his apartment, she resisted his advances for over an hour until, in desperation, he exclaimed, "If you don't want to have sex with me, why did you agree to come with me in the first place?"

"I don't enjoy sex in the usual way," she explained. "But I'll let you make love to me if you promise to do it my way."

He was too aroused to argue.

"Then remove your shoe and stocking," she said passionately, "and take me with your big toe."

A few days later, his toe began to throb and he decided to have it examined by a doctor. The doctor looked at the toe and shook his head.

"I'm sorry to have to tell you this," the doctor said, "but you have gonorrhea of the big toe."

"I've never heard of such a thing," the young man said.

"It's a medical rarity," the doctor agreed, "but no rarer than the case I had this morning."

"Oh," said his patient, "what was that?"

"I treated a young woman with a case of athlete's vagina."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *spice* as the plural of spouse.

While lecturing the Sunday schoolers on the nature of sin and damnation, the rural minister asked one lad: "Do you know where little boys and girls go when they do bad things?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy. "Back of Fogarty's barn."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *pot holder* as what you don't want to be when the fuzz arrives.

The cooperative Chicago callgirl coupled with the charming gent and when they were done, he handed her \$200. The girl was flabbergasted, for she'd never before been given more than \$20 for her favors.

"Think nothing of it," said the man. "You come back here tomorrow night at the same time and there'll be another two hundred dollars for you where that came from."

The following evening she returned, and when they were finished making love, true to his word, the fellow handed her another \$200. Again she thanked him profusely, and again he replied, "Think nothing of it. Come back here tomorrow night and there'll be another two hundred dollars for you where that came from."

She returned the third night, and after she had satisfied him once again, he gave her another \$200.

"You're the most generous man I've ever met," she said. "Tell me, where are you from?"

"Atlanta."

"Atlanta!" she exclaimed. "Isn't that a coincidence. My mother lives in Atlanta."

"I know," said the man. "When she learned I was coming to Chicago, she gave me six hundred dollars to give to you."

Then there were the two gay judges who tried each other.



My wife's an angel," observed the little man to the chap sitting next to him at the bar.

"You're lucky," answered the other. "Mine's still alive."

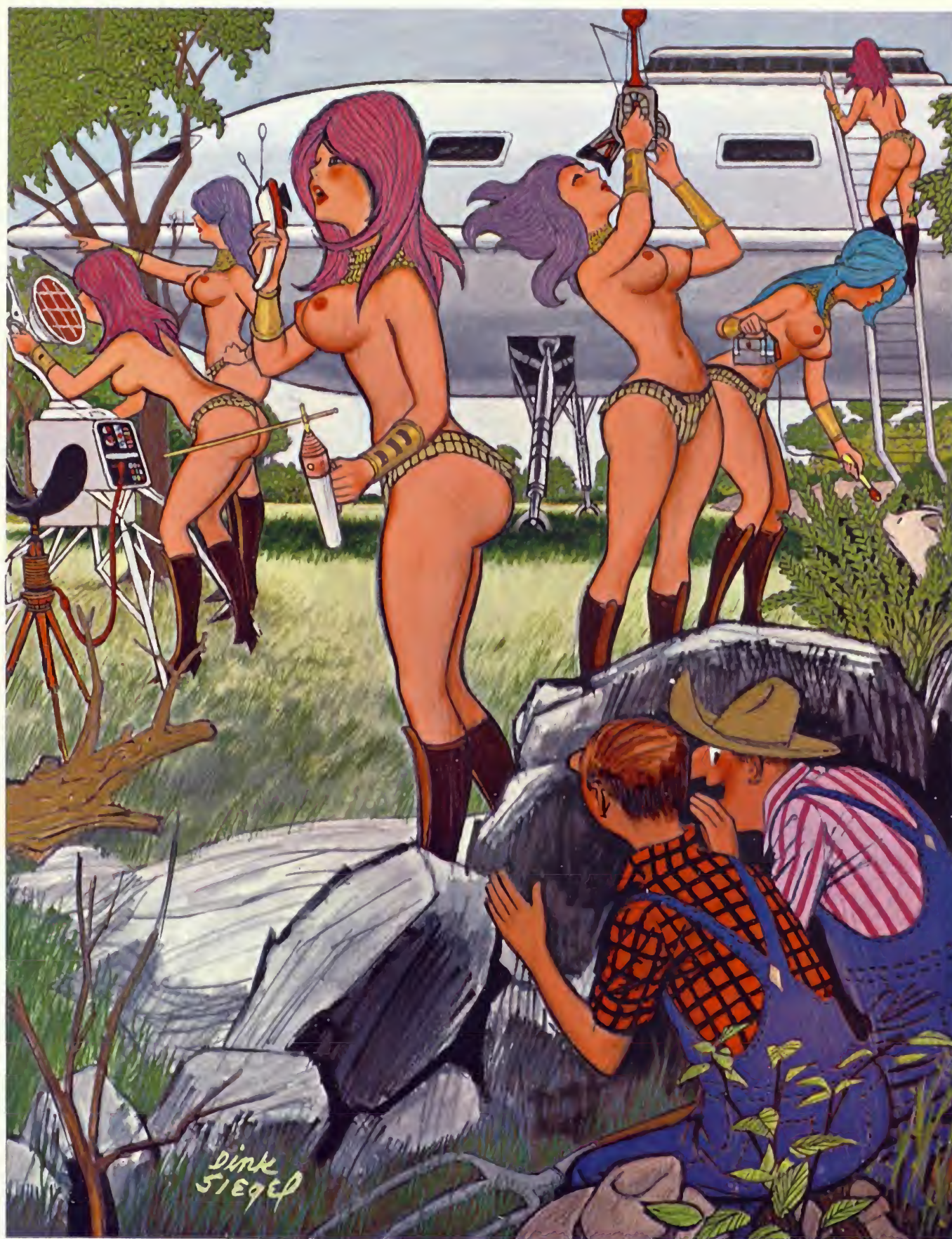
I won't say I'm getting old," the aging duffer told his golfing partner, "but lately my sex drive's turned into a putt."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *whipper-snapper* as the photographer at a flagellation party.

Isn't the moon lovely?" she sighed.

"If you say so," answered her date. "Personally, I'm in no position to say."

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"This is nothing—wait till you see the women!"

fiction By J. G. BALLARD CAPE KENNEDY has gone now, its gantries rising from the deserted dunes. Sand has come in across the Banana River, filling the creeks and turning the old space complex into a wilderness of swamps and broken concrete. In the summer, hunters build their blinds in the wrecked staff cars; but by early November, when Judith and I arrived, the entire area was abandoned. Beyond Cocoa Beach, where I stopped the car, the ruined motels were half hidden in the saw grass. The launching towers rose into the evening air like the rusting ciphers of some forgotten algebra of the sky.

"The perimeter fence is half a mile ahead," I said. "We'll wait here until it's dark. Do you feel better now?"

Judith was staring at an immense funnel of cerise cloud that seemed to draw the day with it below the horizon, taking the light from her faded blonde hair. The previous afternoon, in the hotel in Tampa, she had fallen ill briefly with some unspecified complaint.

"What about the money?" she asked. "They may want more, now that we're here."

"Five thousand dollars? Ample, Judith. These relic hunters are a dying breed—few people are interested in Cape Kennedy any longer. What's the matter?"

Her thin fingers were fretting at the collar of her suede jacket. "I . . . it's just that perhaps I should have worn black."

"Why? Judith, this isn't a funeral. For heaven's sake, Robert died twenty years ago. I know all he meant to us, but. . . ."

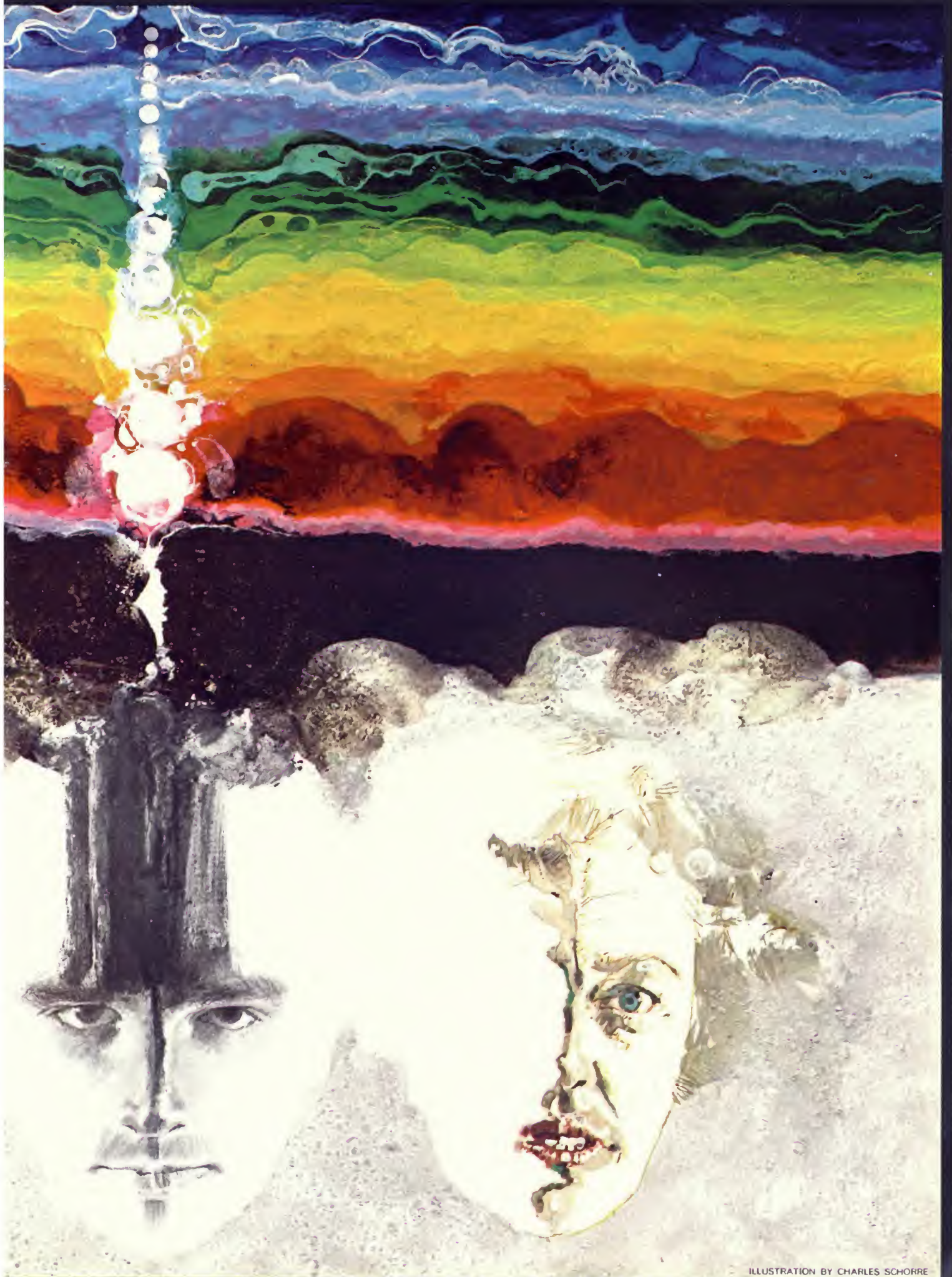
Judith was staring at the debris of tires and abandoned cars, her pale eyes becalmed in her drawn face. "Philip, don't you understand, he's coming back now. Someone's got to be here. The memorial service over the radio was a horrible travesty—my God, that priest would have had a shock if Robert had talked back to him. There ought to be a full-scale committee, not just you and I and these empty night clubs."

In a firmer voice, I said: "Judith, there would be a committee—if we told the

THE DEAD ASTRONAUT

*the space age was over,
the silent capsules drifted back to
earth—and two people waited
mid the ruins of cape kennedy for
the body of their friend*





NASA Foundation what we know. The remains would be interred in the NASA vault at Arlington, there'd be a band—even the President might be there. There's still time."

I waited for her to reply, but she was watching the gantries fade into the night sky. Fifteen years ago, when the dead astronaut orbiting the earth in his burned-out capsule had been forgotten, Judith had constituted herself a memorial committee of one. Perhaps, in a few days, when she finally held the last relics of Robert Hamilton's body in her own hands, she would come to terms with her obsession.

"Philip, over there! Is that—"

High in the western sky, between the constellations Cepheus and Cassiopeia, a point of white light moved toward us, like a lost star searching for its zodiac. Within a few minutes, it passed overhead, its faint beacon setting behind the cirrus over the sea.

"It's all right, Judith." I showed her the trajectory timetables penciled into my diary. "The relic hunters read these orbits off the sky better than any computer. They must have been watching the pathways for years."

"Who was it?"

"A Russian woman pilot—Valentina Prokrovna. She was sent up from a site near the Urals twenty-five years ago to work on a television relay system."

"Television? I hope they enjoyed the program."

This callous remark, uttered by Judith as she stepped from the car, made me realize once again her special motives for coming to Cape Kennedy. I watched the capsule of the dead woman disappear over the dark Atlantic stream, as always moved by the tragic but serene spectacle of one of these ghostly voyagers coming back after so many years from the tide-ways of space. All I knew of this dead Russian was her code name: Seagull. Yet, for some reason, I was glad to be there as she came down. Judith, on the other hand, felt nothing of this. During all the years she had sat in the garden in the cold evenings, too tired to bring herself to bed, she had been sustained by her concern for one only of the 12 dead astronauts orbiting the night sky.

As she waited, her back to the sea, I drove the car into the garage of an abandoned night club 50 yards from the road. From the trunk I took out two suitcases. One, a light travel case, contained clothes for Judith and myself. The other, fitted with a foil inlay, reinforcing straps and a second handle, was empty.

We set off north toward the perimeter fence, like two late visitors arriving at a resort abandoned years earlier.

• • •

It was 20 years now since the last rockets had left their launching platforms at Cape Kennedy. At the time,

NASA had already moved Judith and me—I was a senior flight programmer—to the great new Planetary Space Complex in New Mexico. Shortly after our arrival, we had met one of the trainee astronauts, Robert Hamilton. After two decades, all I could remember of this overpolite but sharp-eyed young man was his albino skin, so like Judith's pale eyes and opal hair, the same cold gene that crossed them both with its arctic pallor. We had been close friends for barely six weeks. Judith's infatuation was one of those confused sexual impulses that well-brought-up young women express in their own naïve way; and as I watched them swim and play tennis together, I felt not so much resentful as concerned to sustain the whole passing illusion for her.

A year later, Robert Hamilton was dead. He had returned to Cape Kennedy for the last military flights before the launching grounds were closed. Three hours after lift-off, a freak meteorite collision ruptured his oxygen support system. He had lived on in his suit for another five hours. Although calm at first, his last radio transmissions were an incoherent babble Judith and I had never been allowed to hear.

A dozen astronauts had died in orbital accidents, their capsules left to revolve through the night sky like the stars of a new constellation; and at first, Judith had shown little response. Later, after her miscarriage, the figure of this dead astronaut circling the sky above us re-emerged in her mind as an obsession with time. For hours, she would stare at the bedroom clock, as if waiting for something to happen.

Five years later, after I resigned from NASA, we made our first trip to Cape Kennedy. A few military units still guarded the derelict gantries, but already the former launching site was being used as a satellite graveyard. As the dead capsules lost orbital velocity, they homed onto the master radio beacon. As well as the American vehicles, Russian and French satellites in the joint Euro-American space projects were brought down here, the burned-out hulks of the capsules exploding across the cracked concrete.

Already, too, the relic hunters were at Cape Kennedy, scouring the burning saw grass for instrument panels and flying suits and—most valuable of all—the mummified corpses of the dead astronauts.

These blackened fragments of collarbone and shin, kneecap and rib, were the unique relics of the space age, as treasured as the saintly bones of medieval shrines. After the first fatal accidents in space, public outcry demanded that these orbiting biers be brought down to earth. Unfortunately, when a returning moon

rocket crashed into the Kalahari Desert, aboriginal tribesmen broke into the vehicle. Believing the crew to be dead gods, they cut off the eight hands and vanished into the bush. It had taken two years to track them down. From then on, the capsules were left in orbit to burn out on re-entry.

Whatever remains survived the crash landings in the satellite graveyard were scavenged by the relic hunters of Cape Kennedy. This band of nomads had lived for years in the wrecked cars and motels, stealing their icons under the feet of the wardens who patrolled the concrete decks. In early October, when a former NASA colleague told me that Robert Hamilton's satellite was becoming unstable, I drove down to Tampa and began to inquire about the purchase price of Robert's mortal remains. Five thousand dollars was a small price to pay for laying his ghost to rest in Judith's mind.

• • •

Eight hundred yards from the road, we crossed the perimeter fence. Crushed by the dunes, long sections of the 20-foot-high palisade had collapsed, the saw grass growing through the steel mesh. Below us, the boundary road passed a derelict guardhouse and divided into two paved tracks. As we waited at this rendezvous, the head lamps of the wardens' half-tracks flared across the gantries near the beach.

Five minutes later, a small dark-faced man climbed from the rear seat of a car buried in the sand 50 yards away. Head down, he scuttled over to us.

"Mr. and Mrs. Groves?" After a pause to peer into our faces, he introduced himself tersely: "Quinton. Sam Quinton."

As he shook hands, his clawlike fingers examined the bones of my wrist and forearm. His sharp nose made circles in the air. He had the eyes of a nervous bird, forever searching the dunes and grass. An Army webbing belt hung around his patched black denims. He moved his hands restlessly in the air, as if conducting a chamber ensemble hidden behind the sand hills, and I noticed his badly scarred palms. Huge weals formed pale stars in the darkness.

For a moment, he seemed disappointed by us, almost reluctant to move on. Then he set off at a brisk pace across the dunes, now and then leaving us to blunder about helplessly. Half an hour later, when we entered a shallow basin near a farm of alkali-settling beds, Judith and I were exhausted, dragging the suitcases over the broken tires and barbed wire.

A group of cabins had been dismantled from their original sites along the beach and re-erected in the basin. Isolated rooms tilted on the sloping sand, mantelpieces and flowered paper decorating the outer walls.

The basin was full of salvaged space
(continued on page 166)



Playboy's Guide to a Continental Holiday

travel By Len Deighton

the premier novelist of international intrigue, premiering as our travel editor, presents intriguing international itineraries for those on pleasure bent

WHAT AM I DOING HERE? Sitting inside an aluminum pod, 29,000 feet high and traveling at 600 miles per hour toward Stockholm. Below me are neat Danish farms and, a few inches ahead, a disembodied hand waving the flight-information sheet languidly over the seat back.

We are a restless generation and a trip halfway across the world is hardly a cross to bear but, rather, a prestigious mark of wealth or power or status. Don't tell me it's educational; I've been one of those bemused tourists listening to the dimensions of church architecture and regal chronologies delivered in the even chant of guide English and I've been relieved not to comprehend.

What have I gained from pounding my way around this small and lumpy earth? What would I tell myself if this were the first stage of my very first trip abroad? First, I'd say that travel, far from broadening the mind, often is merely a way of confirming our own worst fears and prejudices. So I'd tell (text continued on page 126)



Portugal is the perfect jumping-off point for a Continental holiday. Praia da Rocha—seen above, in the first of a series of photo montages—is the leading watering spot along the Algarve (southern) coast. In Spain, spend an exciting afternoon watching a top-rank *torero*, below, perform with steel-nerved grace in a *corrida*. Behind him: the Alcázar in Segovia.





Milan's glittering La Scala (above), the world's premier opera house; formalwear is mandatory on opening nights. From Italy's commercial center, motor two and a half hours south to Ropallo, international playground on the Italian Riviera. Below, Switzerland's myriad joys can be sampled in a day of sailing on Lake Geneva and in an evening on the town in Zurich.



Playboy's Capsule Guide to Urban Europe

| | WHERE TO STAY | WHERE TO DINE | WHERE TO PLAY | WHAT TO BUY | DON'T LEAVE UNTIL YOU |
|------------|--|---|--|---|--|
| AMSTERDAM |  Amstel: Holland's best. De l'Europe: elegant ambiance on an eye-pleasing main canal. Hilton: room to relax, American style. |  Balti: 36-dish Indonesian <i>rijsttafel</i> . D'Vijff Vlieghe: Dutch food, Delft-tiled setting. Port van Cleve: two dozen varieties of steak. |  Blue Note: intimate dance scene. Trocadero: naughty nudes romp nightly. Whisky à Gogo: disco for flying Dutchmen. |  Diamonds—in the rough and otherwise. At A. van Moppes, Bonebakker, Van Pampus, Diamant Firma Streep. |  see the bizarre Sailor's Quarter and its line-up of strumpets in shop-windows; also the Stedelijk Museum's Van Gogh collection. |
| BARCELONA |  Diplomatic: new and luxurious; super service. Ritz: traditional leader. Presidente: stylish stopover for swingers. |  Reno: famous for fine Continental cuisine. Garcia: Basque delicacies. Barceloneta: for first-class sea food. |  Los Tres Molinos: dancing and flamenco. El Drug Store: disco for solo artists. La Masia: jazz Español. |  Leather goods—gloves, coats, billfolds, attaché cases, shoes—at Loewe and Magda. |  attend a bullfight when El Cordobes is in town, or—if he's not around—watch a couple of chukkers at the Polo Club. |
| BRUSSELS |  Palace: palatial. Westbury: air-conditioned throughout; modern and pleasingly spacious. Atlanta: informal and in the heart of things. |  La Maison du Cygne: memorable mixed grills. L'Epaule de Mouton: comprehensive carte. Carlton: French; romantic garden setting. |  Chez Paul au Gaity: best dressed floorshow. Domino: dance & drink; where the girls are. Key Club: draws the disco crowd. |  Lace lingerie for your favorite lady, Belgian brier pipes for yourself. |  visit the outdoor aviary market on Sunday morning, a good place to buy a myna, but a better place to meet an attractive Belgian bird. |
| CANNES |  Carlton: four stars—on every floor. Gray d'Albion: off the beach but on the mark. Majestic: handsomely refurbished. |  Le Festival: alfresco lunch a high point. Da Bouttau: mini size, maxi atmosphere—chicken on a spit. Chez Félix: join the jet set. |  Municipal Casino: Riviera's most glamorous gambling shrine. La Chunga: Spanish guitar soloists. Whisky à Gogo: feverish disco dancing. |  Chips for roulette, next year's beach togs this year, minikinis and couture fashions for ma'amelle. |  drive to nearby Vallauris, where Picasso makes ceramics that are for sale; attend the annual Film Festival in May. |
| COPENHAGEN |  Royal: Denmark's best. D'Angleterre: 213-year-old aristocrat. Palace: stately and convenient. |  Coq d'Or: ask for the special Danish lunch. Krogs Fiskerestaurant: seafood reigns supreme. Oskar Davidssens: leading <i>smørrebrød</i> -ery. |  Adlon: disco and cheek to cheek. Usually crowded. Star Club: informal dance spot, young crowd. Vingaarden: jazz. |  Scandinavian furnishings and furniture, Royal Copenhagen porcelain and Georg Jensen silver. |  catch the weekend happenings at carefree Tivoli; these happy events include unescorted Danish girls galore. |
| FLORENCE |  Grand: none grander. Excelsior-Italia: a close second. On the Arno. Villa Medici: spanking new with old-world grace. |  Giovacchino: succulent and sizable meals. Sostanza: popular trattoria. Oliviero: Tuscan delights. |  The Open Gate: dancing with a view. Jolly Club: disco near the Ponte Vecchio. |  Florentine cigarette and jewel boxes. Visit the Ponte Vecchio jewelry shops. |  take her to see Firenze at night from its famed trysting place for lovers—Piazzale Michelangelo. |
| GENEVA |  Richmond: on the lake; dinner-dances nightly. President: furnished with antiques—and costly. Du Rhône: best rooms are in the new wing. |  Le Distinction: of distinction. La Perle du Lac: seafood by the lake shore. Au Fin Bec: game in a garden setting. |  Blue Note: U. S. jazz stars often gig here. Ba-Ta-Clan: they're naked and they dance. |  Magnificent watches by Patek Philippe, Audemars Piguet, Piaget, et al. |  charter a hydrofoil for an afternoon adventure on lovely Lake Geneva. |
| HELSINKI |  Palace: ask for a room with harbor-view terrace. Marski: contemporary and comfortable. |  Savoy: international fare. Könlä: Helsinki's focal point for fowl. Waihalia: fish is featured. |  Fennia: late show and dinner. Adlon: big-band scene. Teatteri Grilli: cool jazz. |  Hand-woven rugs at Neovius and Friends of Finnish Handicraft; Marimekko fabrics. |  Go the full sauna route—including birch-wielding Finnish masseuse. |
| LISBON |  Ritz: really the best. Tivoli: attractive digs, central location. Florida: tasteful but smallish rooms. |  Aviz: French overtones; excellent cuisine. Tavara: order the stuffed crab. Solmar: shellfish. |  Carroussel: dancing in the Ritz. Cava: surfeit of professional <i>senhoritas</i> . |  Gold accessories at Sarmiento, Joaharia Correia and Antonio P. da Silva. |  hear bittersweet fados sung late at night in an Alfama (old-quarter) bar. |
| LONDON |  Connaught: Edwardian and excellent. Claridge's: register reads like <i>Who's Who</i> . Dorchester: celebrity inhaubed; overlooks Hyde Park. Savoy: king-sized and majestically posh. Ritz: more of the same. |  R. Parkes: cellar site, French eclectics. Trattoria Tarragot: Italian—and in. L'Etolite: for escargots. White Tower: Olympian Greek gastronomy. Alvaro's: daily Mod lunch-in; Italian flavor. Jamshid: pukka Indian food and atmosphere. |  Dolly's, Speakeasy: Sibylla's; disco imperatives. Danny La Rue: Danny's a lummy femme impersonator. Playboy Club: gambol and gamble far into the A.M. Grockford's: respected elder statesman of the gambling clubs. |  Everything, but particularly antiques and shotguns; also men's fashions—custom tailored from Savile Row—or trend-setting from such as Doug Hayward, Hardy Amies, Blades, Austin Reed, etc. Get the "Where to Buy It" shopping guide. |  take in London's classic sites (Big Ben, Westminster, Tower of London, etc.), plus anything-goes Hyde Park's Speaker's Corner and Petticoat Lane's outdoor market (both on Sunday mornings); stroll along Kings Road, where boutiques and dollies abound; do some pub-crawling. |
| MADRID |  Madrid Meliá: bright, cheery newcomer. Ritz: <i>may elegante</i> . Palace: Spain's best service. Newly restyled. |  Jockey Club: international dishes; exclusive and expensive. Morcher: superb. Zum Zum: splendid steaks, young crowd. |  Corral de la Moreña: Zambra: for first-rate—and fiery—flamenco. Piccadilly Club: liveliest spot for disco and Spanish psychedelic light show. |  Balenciaga originals for her; for you, classic Spanish guitars, leather-wrapped decanters, suede coats. |  indulge in a sport favored by <i>madrileño</i> gentry: a partridge shoot; see the El Greco collection at the Prado. |

MILAN



Principe e Savola: tasteful top of the line. Palace; diminutive—but delightful—rooms. **Duomo:** treat yourself to a duplex.



Hôtel de Paris: stamping ground for millionaires. **Métropole:** modernistic showpiece.



Bayerischer Hof: resplendently restyled. **Vier Jahreszeiten:** old-fashioned and homey. **Continental:** streamlining recently completed.



Grand: cozy decor; circumspect service. **Bristol:** deluxe refashioned old-timer. **K.N.A.:** OK if your room is in the roomier old wing.



Bristol: superdeluxe, perhaps Paris' finest. **George V:** base for upper-echelon show folk. **Crillon:** best rooms overlook U.S. Embassy. **Rapahel:** luxury near l'Arc de Triomphe. **Prince de Galles:** a medium-sized gem. **Lancaster:** a quiet and convenient joy.

ROME



Hassler: room for royalty atop the Spanish steps. **Excelsior:** where the celebrity action is. **Grand:** new look, old virtues. **Near railway.** **Parco dei Principi:** elegance close by the Via Veneto. **Outdoor pool.** **Cavallieri Hilton:** typically Hilton; somewhat out of the way.

STOCKHOLM



Strand: all the amenities. **Grand:** only if you can get a river-front room. **Foresta:** sumptuous suites; secluded.

VENICE



Gritti Palace: on the Grand Canal and fit for a doge. **Cipriani:** just far enough from the maddening crowd. **Danieli Royal Excelsior:** in three sections; try for the newest.

VIENNA



Imperial: both modern and traditional suites. **Europa:** smallish rooms; dempension only from May to September. **Kranitz-Ambassador:** spacious suites.

WEST BERLIN



Berlin Hilton: the chain's best in Europe. **Bristol-Kempinski:** a winning blend of traditional and modern. **Schweizerhof:** zesty and sparkling newcomer.



Rendez-Vous: outdoor dancing, indoor cabaret. **Aretusa:** disco fun and games.



Casino: world-famed gaming landmark. **Chez Ali Baba:** nude floorshow. **Sea Club:** dance beneath palm trees.



Bongo: would you believe Teutonic tropical? **Eve:** striptease and cabaret. **Ba-Ba-Lu:** the big beat goes on. College crowd.



Metropol: jazz is the thing. **Swinging scene.** **Dovrehallen:** beer cellar, popular with Norwegian coeds and secretaries. **Moorish Room:** cosmopolitan cabaret.



Lido: Europe's premier nude revue. **La Princesse:** chic supper club and disco. **La Dolce Vita:** noteworthy jazz gallery. **New Jimmy's:** most frequented disco. **Tsarevitch:** Russian motif & entertainment. **Crazy Horse Saloon:** erotic-exotic revue.



La Cabala: Rome's affluent legions fill this fox-trot-erica. **Club 84:** raucous rock garden. For late date. **Piper Club:** disco dolce vita. **Il Pipistrello:** popular piano bar. **Shaker:** pub where you'll meet a *bella signorina*.



Ambassadeur: fleshy, flash floorshow. **Lord Nilsson:** single swingers gather here.



Lido Casino, Chez Vous: floorshow scene. **Quadriflora:** Piazza San Marco outdoor cafés. **Harry's Bar:** jumping and jovial crowd pleaser.



Moulin Rouge: damsels in dishabille. **Die Ténne:** jazz and dancing. **C-Est Si Bon:** it isn't really, but fine for disco buffs.



Imperial: elaborate floorshow. **Resis:** telephones at every table—you'll get few wrong numbers. **Eierschale:** Dixieland bands and dancing.



Lightweight leather luggage at Franzl, silks at Hubelli, and almost everything at Rinascence, Italy's most modern department store.



Chips for roulette, great resortwear for the jet set—priced accordingly.



Cameras, sunglasses, microscopes and binoculars—you're in Europe's optical center.



Go to the Forum and choose from the permanent sales exhibit of glass, silver, ceramics and furniture.



Haute couture—Courrèges, St. Laurent, Givenchy, Pucci, Nina Ricci, etc.—and perfume for your femme: Pierre Cardin fashions for yourself; antiques from the Flea Market. Payment by traveler's check may be good for a 15%-25% discount; be sure to ask.



Bespoke silk suits at Brioni, Cucci, Lirrico; leather goods at Gucci; knitwear and jewelry; antiques along the Via del Babuino and Via del Coronari. Visit the shops along the Via Condotti.



Orrefors, Boda and Kosta glass, furniture at Möbel Ikea; stainless-steel cutlery at Gense—all in a Swedish modern mode.



Ladylike gifts: antique silver, handbags, velvet brocades and lace. Forget Venetian glass.



Viennese jewelry, dirndls and capes for the girls; sportswear, leather goods and hunting rifles for you.



Cameras and accessories at Foto-Kino Nauen and Foto-Kino Wegert; antiques at Reta and Thielmann.



catch a performance at La Scala; move fast—the season ends in mid-June.



beg, borrow or steal your way into one of the Friday-evening galas at the Summer Sporting Club.



take part in an evening's high-decibel Lieder at the Hebräisches beer hall; stay over or come back for the wild Oktoberfest.



see the 150 Gustav Vigeland sculptures that make Frogner Park Oslo's outstanding outdoor attraction.



make a pre-drawn trip to the mammoth produce market Les Halles; for onion soup, take a boat ride on the Seine; visit the many bookshops and pick up something for the dear one back home.



witness the nightly sound-and-light evocation of ancient Rome at the Forum; afterward, take her for espresso at a Via Veneto café; in the early A.M., make the Trevi Fountain coin-tossing scene.



rent a small boat and explore Stockholm's myriad waterways.



stop thinking it's corny and take her for a gondola ride at dawn, or hire a unique polished-wood, cozy-cabined speedboat and driver.



spend a *Third Man*-type evening in a *Heuriger* (wine-and-zither-music café).



cross at Checkpoint Charlie (no problem) and see East Berlin; but hurry back.



For a pleasurable day in Copenhagen, first cruise the Kattégat and then head for Dyrehaven, site of diverse outdoor diversions and 2000 freely wandering deer.

myself to keep an honest, open mind and be slow to condemn people, foods, things or systems unlike the ones at home.

"No one sent for you, you came," an old friend of mine admonished anyone who overcomplained about anything anywhere. Expect the best of people and don't treat them with overt suspicion. I'd tell myself. An innocent walks through a strange land unafraid and unhurt. But don't expect miracles and be prepared for a few unpleasanties. If you don't speak a foreign language, then either carry a phrase book or cultivate a sense of humor. (Personally, I did the latter.) I would learn a few basic words, such as thank you, goodbye, hello, etc., and learn the difference between men's toilet and women's toilet. And I'd remember how many times patience and a smile have got me out of some awkward situation. I would especially remember this when dealing with uniformed officials.

If this were my first trip, I'd find out everything I could beforehand about the places I intended to go and try to plan a route that didn't need different types of clothing or sports equipment. I'd get foreign currency beforehand and familiarize myself with it. I would tell myself to buy or borrow a simple movie camera and carry a generous supply of film. I'd also take a notebook and perhaps some simple travel aids, such as Tums for my tummy. When I was all set to go, I'd tell myself that I wasn't going to do anything out of a sense of duty; and if I missed the Eiffel Tower by being too long lunching at Le Grand Vefour, there's always a next time.

For how many tourists is a trip to an art gallery or a museum a pleasure? For how many of them is it a penance that will justify an evening spent in a Hilton hotel hearing familiar voices and eating familiar foods cooked the way they've always had them? Not that I'm knocking clean, warm hotels with English-speaking staff. U.S. tourists have dramatically raised the standards of the world's hotels and I, for one, am truly grateful. But such accommodation should be only a starting point for personal explorations. Whether you want porcelain or pornography, go after it with single-minded determination. Why go to a foreign art gallery if you are not interested enough in art to regularly visit the good ones near your home? Take no account of what other people think you should do while on holiday, and heed this hoary truism: Above all, go with the aim of enjoying yourself and whomever you might be traveling with.

Among all the travelers I've ever met, the specialists get the most kicks out of their journeys. In Istanbul, a film art director examined the Blue Mosque's decor with an eagle-sharp eye and then explained in detail how he could re-create



Offering a striking contrast between the traditional and the contemporary, Sweden provides vistas as thoroughly steeped in antiquity as this medieval tower and cosmopolitan night life as vibrant and as sensual as a Stockholm stripper.

it in Pinewood Studios outside of London. In Leningrad, a Finnish sock manufacturer took me into a big store and, grabbing handfuls of merchandise, explained the shortcomings of local machinery. Everyone is a specialist in something, even if it's only sticky carbohydrates. Personally, I'm particularly interested in military history, a boring topic to most people, and any army museum is worth a detour on my itinerary. What's more, I have contacts with other nuts like me the world over. So consider your holiday a way of extending interests you already have.

The pace of our lives quickens as we travel overseas. We meet more people. We converse more readily with total strangers and we are dazzled by an avalanche of ideas, sights and manners. It's easy to become captious and demanding. Jovial Dr. Jekylls (hamburger- and hashmen at home) suddenly start to argue with wine stewards about the temperature of the beaujolais. Bathrooms are given an inspecting officer's scrutiny and cutlery and glassware are examined like the innards of a watch. Unfortunately for airlines and shipping companies, they usually bear the first brunt of this onslaught of traveling Mr. Hydes, and cabin crews grow old before their time, fighting back advice to angry innocents. "A local specialty, eh? In that case, I will"; and down goes that squid in ink and yoghurt, with fiery little local drinks to help things along. So what's wrong with that? For breakfast, man?

In spite of being more demanding, the traveling Mr. Hyde has often become a good deal less cynical than he ever was at home. Freshly painted nudie/clip joints that back home in Boise didn't get a glance can suddenly become delectable in Stockholm or Soho or Hamburg.

What do we expect from foreign countries—generous currency exchange, iced water and easy women? Is it easier to meet an attractive single girl in Manhattan than it is in Milan? The Italian tourist, walking across Washington Square, no doubt hopes so.

Visitors to a foreign city will inevitably spend money at a faster rate than at home. Even if they eschew large meals in glossy restaurants, take buses instead of cabs and hurry past "They're Naked and They Dance" emporiums, they still won't squeeze the sort of value out of a town that the natives can. The natives are specialists. They're specialists at living in that town. I'll tell you the little I know and find out all I can, but go with the idea of paying more than you need to. It's better to be overcharged by ten percent than to spend your vacation grit-tooth determined not to be taken for an escudo.

Remember that the places where tourists stay and the people in the tourist trades are seldom typical of the country in which you find them. I have been overcharged by a taxi driver but never

by a subway clerk. Hotel staff might become impatient with foreigners who don't know their way around, while a passer-by on a boulevard will be delighted to help you.

I like traveling by subway and bus because, obviously, that's the way the majority of the less-stuffy, and prettier, locals travel. Any town in which I haven't used the public transportation system I don't regard as truly visited. Not that I go to great lengths to avoid tourists. Except for the obvious disaster areas, you should never worry about whether a restaurant or anything else is brushed off as "touristy" by the snottier guidebooks. A tourist's function is to tour; if you go to Madrid and never take a tour of the *tascas*—taverns in the old quarter—you might as well stay at home. Touristy is a term too often applied to some of the best places in Europe, perhaps in the belief that there exist in all foreign countries tiny uncorrupted havens that offer deep and rewarding insights into the national character. This is a lot of old guff, especially on the Continent, where about the only place you are unlikely to meet other tourists is inside your own car. Naturally, there are villages, restaurants and inns that only a few people know about; but these few people always seem to arrive there at the same time and sit around looking fed up. One friend asked me if I knew anywhere in Portugal that was truly, but really guaranteed, off the tourist track. He wanted somewhere beautiful, isolated and friendly, where tourists never went. Never, I really mean, never. I fixed accommodation for him in a tiny fishing village. Seventy-two hours later, he was back on my doorstep.

FRIEND: You sent us to a terrible place, Len.

ME: It's pretty, isn't it?

FRIEND: Very beautiful, but they have no sewage system in that whole village.

ME: The people are pleasant.

FRIEND: Not even running water.

ME: At night, when the fishing boats leave. . . .

FRIEND: Fish for breakfast, fish for lunch, fish for dinner. Sardines, sardines, sardines.

ME: And wine.

FRIEND: Yes, and wine. I can't get beer. I can't even get coffee, except first thing in the morning.

ME: And bread.

FRIEND: Dry, hard, dark bread.

ME: It's isolated.

FRIEND: I nearly broke the springs on that donkey cart. I couldn't believe there's no other approach road.

ME: But at least no tourists.

EX-FRIEND: Can you wonder! Who the hell would want to go there?

There's a lot to be said for hot showers,

clean sheets and coffee that comes when you call. So let's not knock tourism and tourists. Personally, I'm very happy to be identified with that much-maligned and misunderstood body of citizens.

. . .

Unfortunately, most of the prose written about travel is frantically hard sell. One of the most attractive aspects of my job with PLAYBOY is the freedom to say what I think about anywhere and anyone. "But first," they said, "please take a look at western Europe." If you've never been there, let me tell you that it's a big place. Although it is only half the area of the U. S. A., Lisbon is as far from Stockholm as San Francisco is from New Orleans. But the attraction of the Continent is the enormous changes that one sees, even driving short hops. The people change and so do the food, architecture, scenery and living standards. Don't try to see too many places and remember that crossing national borders—surprise!—means customs and immigration, new currency, new languages and delays. European airports, for the most part, are something to be avoided, unless you like to chat over drinks with your companion or are well provided with reading matter. Checking-in times at airports vary from place to place. If you have luggage, less than 30 minutes before flight time is very risky, and some airlines want 50 minutes.

Whenever he can, any dolt knows enough to reserve hotel accommodation in advance. (Although, as I sit in the Grand Hotel, Stockholm, penning this piece of modest advice, I'm planning to go to Copenhagen in a few days with no idea where I might stay.) When booking a hotel room, be sure to request one high up and off the street to avoid unwanted noise.

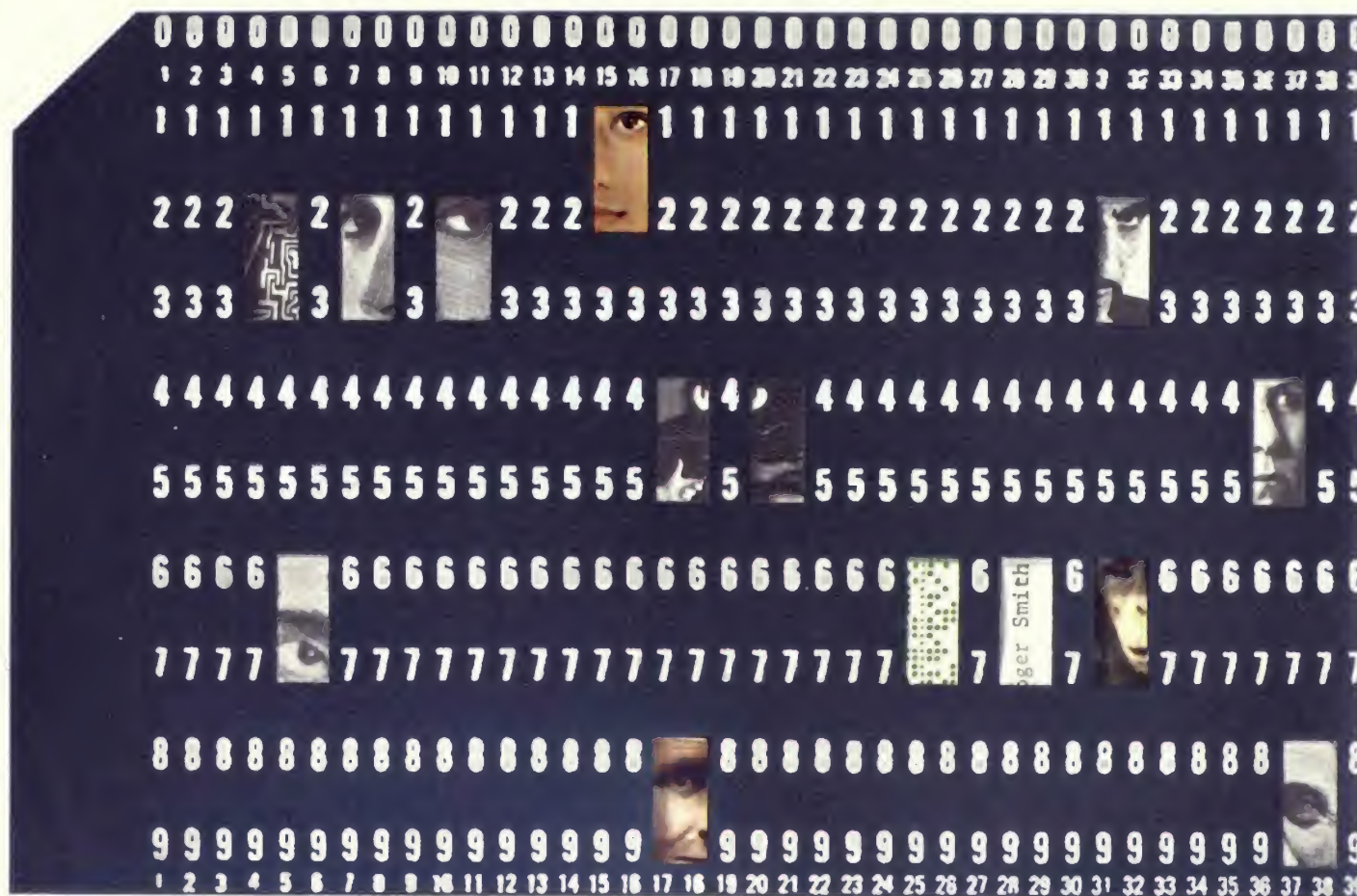
Some hotels provide transport to and from the airport; usually, the airport buses are reliable, so think twice before hiring a self-drive car the first day in a new town if you are going to spend most of your time in the town itself. Take a sight-seeing bus for a quick, expedient look at the highlights, then decide which places you want to revisit. Watch and learn the traffic patterns and parking systems; many will be new to you. Then rent a car, if you wish. Although many European car-hire firms will provide an American car, at a price, towns such as Lisbon, Madrid and Toledo have more than their share of narrow alleys and dead ends, where a large American car would be impossible to handle. In the countryside, you'll find also narrow mountain roads and small car ferries, so you're far better off renting smaller European cars.

A lot of people—wisely, perhaps—start planning their tour with the help of

(continued on page 142)



"Here comes old 'Two's company, three's a ball'!"



THE YEAR IS 1975. The place is a suburb in the United States. The setting is a record-control society that could make George Orwell's Oceania almost look like a haven of privacy.

At seven A.M., our typical citizen, an engineer named Roger M. Smith, wakes up, dresses, has breakfast and gets ready to commute by car to his office in Central City. Already, heat, light and water records fed directly from his home to the Central City Utility Corporation (for purposes of billing and use analysis) provide data that can establish when Smith got up and just how he moved through his house.

Smith takes his car out of the garage and drives onto the turnpike, heading downtown. As he reaches the tollgate, his license plate is automatically scanned by a television camera and his number is sent instantaneously to an on-line computer containing lists of wanted persons, stolen cars and traffic-ticket violators. If Smith's plate registers a positive response, police stationed 100 yards along the turnpike will have the signal before Smith's car reaches their position.

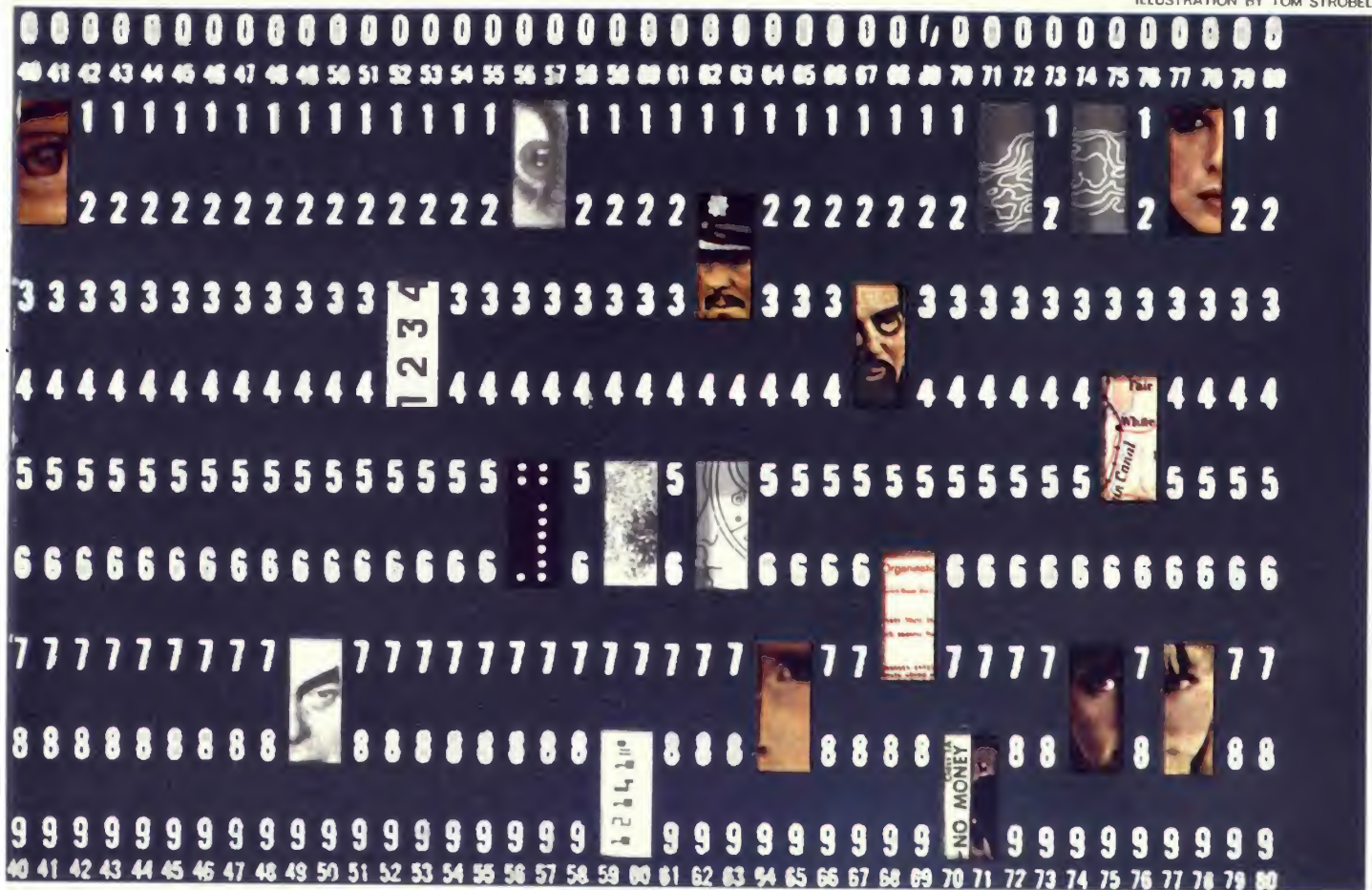
As he stops at the tollgate, Smith gives the initial performance of what will be a ritual repeated many times during the day. He places his right thumb in front of a scanning camera. At the same time, he recites into the unit's microphone, "Smith, Roger M., 2734-2124-4806." Roger has just used his thumbprint, voiceprint and personal identification number to carry out his first financial transaction of the day.

Roger's inputs are carried swiftly by data line to the Downtown National Bank, the central depository of Roger's financial account. Though he may have accounts in other banks throughout the country, these are all registered and monitored by the bank in Smith's place of residence or work. When the thumbprint and voiceprint recorded at the tollgate are compared with the bank's master prints, establishing that it is really "Smith, Roger M., 2734-2124-4806," the bank's computer posts a 75-cent charge to his account and flashes a 75-cent credit to the bank holding the Turnpike Authority account.

Throughout his typical day, when he parks at the Triangle Garage, is registered in and out of the company office for payroll verification, has lunch at Jimmy's East, makes purchases at Macy's, goes to Central City Stadium for a ball game, places a bet on the daily double, buys plane tickets, settles his hotel bill or buys 500 shares of Electronic Computers Unlimited, Roger Smith will use no cash. Money has been eliminated, except for pocket-change transactions.

Of course, all of Roger's regular, continuing obligations are paid automatically from his account—his mortgage installments, insurance premiums, magazine subscriptions, organizational membership dues, etc. Those continuing

The Snooping Machine



accounts that fluctuate monthly are also verified and paid automatically—medical bills, psychiatrist's fees, gasoline charges, telephone bills, pay-TV account, book-club purchases, etc. All financial credits to Roger's account, each carefully identified as to the source and classified as to the basis for payment, go directly to the bank, not to Roger. Roger's various Federal, state and local tax obligations are determined by computer analysis and are automatically paid when due.

This is a superb system—efficient, practical and far cheaper than the money economy with which mankind fumbled along for so long. But one by-product of the cashless society is that every significant movement and transaction of Roger Smith's life has produced a permanent record in the computer memory system. As he spends, uses and travels, he leaves an intransmutable and centralized documentary trail behind him. To those with access to his financial account, Roger Smith's life is an open tape.

But the daily denuding of Roger Smith has only begun. For every person in the United States in 1975, there are four master files. His complete educational record, from preschool nursery to postgraduate evening course in motorboat economics, is in an educational dossier, including the results of all intelligence, aptitude and personality tests he's taken, ratings by instructors and peers and computer analyses of his projected educational capacities.

Roger's complete employment record contains entries for every job he has held, with rate of pay, supervisors' evaluations, psychometric test results, recommendations, outside interests, family milieu and a computer-analyzed, up-to-date job-security profile. All of this is available for instant print-out when an employer wants to consider Roger for a job or a promotion.

Roger's financial file is probably the largest. It contains a selected history of his financial transactions, from his earliest entry into the computerized economy to his latest expenditure for a new Carramba-35 sports car. His patterns of earnings, fixed expenditures, discretionary spending, computer-projected earning capacity and similar items are all kept ready, so that decisions involving loans, mortgages, insurance and other credit-line transactions for Roger Smith are made with full knowledge of his fiscal history.

Finally, there is Roger's national citizenship file. This is a unified Federal-state-local dossier that contains all of Roger's life history that is "of relevance" to Government. In 1975, that is quite a broad category. It includes his birth facts and permanent identification number, his educational file in full (after all, it was either public education or

article By ALAN WESTIN if the government has its say, the budget department's giant computer will take the first step toward stripping away your last vestiges of privacy

publicly assisted), his military service, all the information from his license applications, income-tax records and Social Security data and, if he now works or worked in the past as a Government employee, consultant or contractor, his public employment record and assorted security clearances. If Roger was ever arrested for a crime other than a minor traffic violation, a special public-offender intelligence file is opened on Roger Smith that includes a large base of information relating to his educational, employment, military, family and civic activity. Citizenship files also include a personal-health category, developed to aid public-health measures and to assist individuals caught in health crises away from their home physicians. This contains a complete medical dossier from birth condition and psychosexual development to reports of last week's immunization shot, cardiogram flutter or extended-depression check-up. Most important of all, these four master files on education, employment, finances and citizenship can be put together into one unified print-out whenever a Government agency with subpoena power chooses to do so.

For purposes of economic forecasting, demographic studies and behavioral prediction, the data base such a dossier society has created provides unequalled opportunities for research and policy analysis. For enforcement of public programs—educational reforms, integration rules, crime control, mental health—the national file system brings unparalleled advantages. But crucial elements of privacy in a free society, such as the partial anonymity of life, limited circulation of personal information and preservation of confidence in certain intimate relationships, are the bleeding casualties of a dossier society. For the Roger Smiths of 1975, life is by, on and for the record.

How does the record net work? For Roger Smith, who started work as an engineer at Consolidated Technics in the "old personnel system" days of 1965, the flash of understanding came when he was considered for the key promotion of his career, a possible move from engineering supervisor at Consolidated Technics to deputy vice-president for engineering at General Space, Incorporated. As Roger sat in the office of the information-system analyst (formerly personnel director) of General Space, he found himself staring at a print-out that had just been handed to him. It was titled "Inconsistent Items for Personal Explanation at Assessment Interview." As he scanned the list, he found these items:

1. *High School Personality Test Profile*. High score on the Fostick Artistic and Literary Interest Inventory; technical career rated "doubtful."

2. *Criminal Record*. Disturbing-the-peace conviction. Daytona Beach,

Florida, age 18. Speeding tickets, New Jersey Turnpike, 1973, 1974.

3. *Civic Activity*. Signed antidraft petition circulated by Colgate University chapter, Make Love Not War Society. Door registers showed attendance at campus lecture by George Lincoln Rockwell, age 20.

4. *Income Management Rating*. B—. Average annual personal loan held during past five years—\$3000 to \$5000. Balance in savings account on April 1, \$217.41.

"If you have studied this long enough," the information-system analyst broke in, "let me briefly explain our procedure here to you. You are one of four men being considered for this position. We want you to take as much time as you need to write out an explanation of these items in your record. Your answers should be in terms of how these items might affect a possible career for you here at General Space, Incorporated. Keep in mind that we do seventy-five percent of our work for the Federal Space Voyage Program, and that involves classified information. The explanations you give us will become part of your general personnel files, of course, including the disposition we make of your employment review.

"Since this is the first time you seem to have applied for a job under the new computerized career-analysis system, let me reassure you that this is not an unusually large number of inconsistent items to be presented with. Your complete file runs close to two hundred and fifty pages, which is about the average length for a man of your age. However, I think it is only fair to tell you that two of the men being evaluated for the position have no inconsistencies to comment on as part of their personal interviews. After you have done this on several occasions, you will probably get used to it. . . ."

. . .

At this point, Rod Serling should appear on the television screen, grin his raffish grin and say, "Portrait of life in a fish bowl, somewhere in the Twilight Zone." We should all be able to smile appreciatively at his superb science-fiction imagination and then check the late movie on channel two. The trouble is that Roger Smith's dilemma is closer to reality than we think, both technologically and as a matter of social trends in America.

Consider first the question of technological feasibility. The average person knows that computers can collect and store vast amounts of data, search this with great swiftness, make comparisons and collations and engage in machine-to-machine exchanges of data, all at quite reasonable cost per bit of information. Despite this general awareness, there is still a common tendency to believe that "technological limitations" make it impossible to collect information for a

dossier system of the detail described for Roger Smith.

Such a belief is simply nonsense. To illustrate this fact, we need only look at one data memory process recently developed by the Precision Instrument Company of Palo Alto, California. This system uses a one-watt, continuous-wave argon laser to burn minute "pits" in the opaque coating of plastic computer tape. The laser is so precise and can be focused so intensely that each pit is only one micron, or .000039 inch in size. Where normal recording has been about 5600 bits of information on an inch of magnetic tape, the new laser process can put 645,000,000 bits in microscopic parallel rows on each inch. And the recording process achieves speeds of 12,000,000 bits per second.

Once recorded, the information is permanently available for use. To read the data, a lower-powered laser beam examines the tape as it flies past at high velocity, translating the light that shines through the pits into an electrical pulse that is sent to a print-out machine or a computer for further use.

In terms of a dossier society, the laser memory system means that a single 4800-foot reel of one-inch tape could contain about 20 double-spaced typed pages of data on every person in the United States—man, woman and child. It would take only four minutes to retrieve a person's dossier under such a system. With 100 reels of tape, stored in a room no larger than 15 feet by 20 feet, 2000 pages of data could be maintained on every American. Allowing extra time to locate the particular reel on which a subject's file was stored, his entire 2000-page dossier could be retrieved in about ten minutes.

The cashless society lies equally within technological reach. Enough computers could easily be produced to handle the volume of transactions that would be generated by an automatic economy. Remote-point inquiries and inputs from small desktop units to a central computer are in common use today in airline and hotel-reservation systems. New types of telephone instruments, such as the Bell Touch Tone card-dialing system, allow bills to be paid from the home and permit merchants to verify availability of funds before releasing products to purchasers. Vending machines have been developed that use optical scanners to accept credit cards. Though there are still some problems in achieving unique identification of each individual by single fingerprint or voiceprint, simultaneous use of these techniques could now prevent all but the most elaborately conceived frauds. Any losses of this kind would probably be far less than those currently sustained by check forgery and stolen credit cards. Technologically, then, we now have the capability of

(continued on page 152)



Buck Brown

"Here's hoping that you turn out to be a crowd pleaser, Miss Howard."

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR

*september delight angela dorian
reigns as the premier gatefold girl of
the past twelvemonth*



AS FRANK SINATRA MIGHT HAVE SUNG, it was a very good year for gatefold girls. Still, when the time came to select the winner from the past dozen, the multitalented and stunningly structured Angela Dorian made September the issue to remember. So turned on were we by Angela that we needed no tie-breaking assistance from PLAYBOY's readers (a write-in contest evoked in 1963, 1965 and 1967). Even so, our unanimous accolade only echoed the many unsolicited letters that rated TV actress Angela number one in the Playmate pantheon. "Quite a few of the letters were from guys stationed in Vietnam," she told us. "I only wish I could visit them all and thank each one personally. I may be too much of a pacifist to accept the reasons why they're fighting, but I'm too much of a woman not to want to help boost their morale."

Angela has had hardly an idle moment since her September unveiling. In addition to extracurricular endeavors (writing poetry, dancing, composing songs and doing pen sketches), she has recently helped her cinematic career by completing a featured role in Roman Polanski's suspense thriller *Rosemary's Baby*, starring Mia Farrow and John Cassavetes. It's the start of a seven-year contract with Paramount Pictures, calling for two films a year. "It's nonexclusive," Angela is quick to state. "I want to be available whenever a good script comes along." She has also added to her two-dozen-plus small-screen appearances by playing Florence of Arabia, a bejeweled belly dancer who undulated on the set too late (text concluded on page 206)



Displaying a well-rounded fashion flair, Angela believes that "clothes are usually a reflection of your personality and, especially, imagination. Sticking to one style limits you severely." We believe that draping her multi curves with midi skirt would perpetrate a maxi crime.



Very big on the attractions her native Golden State holds, Angelo does have one reservation about life in Los Angeles. "In Son Francisco, people you pass on the street smile and say hello. Here, they look away, as though they were afraid you were going to ask them to do you a favor." But this doesn't diminish Angelo's love for L.A.; she wouldn't dream of living anywhere else. "Not even Rome, which is the one city that I have to see. Maybe I can take some time off on vacation in Italy. Of course," she adds hopefully, "it would be much better to make it a business trip by appearing in an Italian film." Cinecittà, take note.





Still searching for the ideal man who, she admits, "may not exist," Angela Dorian has definite qualifications: "There must be a physical attraction, but I want an active mind behind that handsome face. What he thinks and how much he thinks is very important. And he should be willing to put up with some kookie cravings, like my running to a Japanese restaurant to eat raw fish or heading out to see a spectacular sunrise." But even meeting a man who qualifies may not lead to the altar. "Marriage is too binding a contract. It constricts people's behavior toward each other. A woman should be as free as she wants as long as she wants. Compatibility should be tested first."





PHOTOGRAPHY BY CURT GUNTHER

*"I don't mind if a man
loves me and leaves me—
as long as he leaves me enough."*



vargas



the virgin of venice from a *commedia dell' arte* play

Ribald Classic

FOR THREE YEARS, Leandro remained desperately faithful to Cintia. He had left Venice on a trading voyage to the Orient and his head had whirled as he walked through the bazaars seeing the lovely, miniature, supple Annamese girls all around him. Or the soft, brown women of Luzon; or the exotic, inviting girls of Cathay. Though his brow often broke out in sweat from the feverish itch he felt in other places, Leandro remained a virgin.

But all for nought. When he finally went back to Venice, his ship laden with silks and spices, he was greeted with the terrible news that Coviello, the rich merchant who employed him, had wooed and won not Cintia but her parents—who had prevailed on her to marry. Leandro arranged a meeting with her in order to pour out his bitterness.

Before he could begin, Cintia cried, "It was such a long time, my darling! And I kept imagining you in the arms of some Oriental girl. Forgive me for my weakness—I am no more to be blamed than a slave who was bought in the market. Coviello collects women as he collects gold pieces—tonight he is after Pantalone's young wife, Flaminia. So forgive me, my dear, and come to me tonight."

That evening, Leandro disguised himself as a beggar and made his way through the dark streets toward Coviello's *palazzo*. But on the way, he ran into old Pantalone's manservant, Zanni, who stopped him, saying, "Listen, friend, I'll give you a sequin if you'll help me carry this chest of lemons to the house of Pantalone. It's bloody heavy." To avoid suspicion, Leandro agreed. After two steps, he realized that the lemons were really a man and, in all probability, the man was Coviello. When they loaded the chest into a gondola, it was all Leandro could do to resist dropping it into the canal.

Flaminia herself, candle in hand, let them in through a back door. They deposited the chest in the corridor and she said quickly, "You are dismissed, Zanni, but I have some work for this other fellow." The door closed. The lovely Flaminia blew out her candle and sighed, "Oh, darling Coviello, how clever of you to disguise yourself as a beggar. I am burning for you, my dearest: take me here." Leandro heard the swish of descending silks. He put out his hand and met warm, round flesh. The young wife had laid her back on the lemon chest and was waiting.

Leandro was confused with revenge and desire. All he could think of were those three starved years while this pig of a Coviello was having his fill. Undoing his clothes, falling to his knees, Leandro lost in three minutes the virginity he had hoarded so long.

As he finished, there came an awful groan from the chest. "What did you say?" asked Flaminia.

"I was merely expressing my sorrow that I must leave you. Pantalone will be home soon," Leandro whispered.

"Don't you remember? Franceschina agreed to tease him tonight. We have many hours. But let us spend them upstairs in a soft bed," Flaminia said. "Follow me soon, my dearest."

Leandro, however, did not follow. He tied some heavier knots in the rope around the chest, put on his clothes and his beggar's cloak and went into the street. It was not long before

he almost ran into a man who was standing on a barrel, struggling awkwardly to get up onto a second-floor balcony. "Beggars, give me a boost," the man said, and Leandro recognized Pantalone by his crooked frame and his bad breath.

Just as Pantalone had got halfway up, one leg and one arm hooked in the railings, the door of the house opened a crack and a sweet feminine voice whispered to Leandro, "Whatever are you doing out there, my darling Pantalone? Zanni won't be home—I worked up a thumping quarrel with him this morning. Do come in now." Leandro slipped inside, leaving the old man dangling.

The moonlight shone on a sweet face and a marvelous pair of— But Leandro could hardly believe what he saw. They looked too generous to be true. But Franceschina in an instant had pulled her robe about her, scampered up the stairs and had locked her door. The familiar fever struck Leandro's brain once again. The quick moment with Flaminia had not been enough to break the fast of three years. He bounded up the stairs and battered through the door. Luckily, his fall was broken by a soft female body. Leandro made the most of this coincidence. "Oh, heavens!" Franceschina said. "You aren't Pantalone—you are . . . somebody else—mmm—and a very strong, masterful somebody else—oh, mmm."

It was quite a long time—several times, in fact—before the fever left him and he began to remember that Cintia was waiting and that he was already an hour late. He thought of Cintia's dear face; he thought of her chestnut hair spread out on the pillow of a bed far softer than this. So he gave Franceschina a final pinch in a charming place, dressed and stepped outdoors again.

Pantalone, exhausted and groaning, was still hanging from the balcony. "Up you go, master," said Leandro, giving him a boost. "The little lady is waiting for you." Then Leandro went down to borrow a gondola. At the edge of the steps, he found the banished Zanni asleep in his boat. He shook him by the shoulder. "Hurry, friend, there is a thief getting into your house by the balcony," he said. Zanni jumped up, seized his dagger and began to run.

Leandro himself had little trouble climbing the balcony of Cintia's house. When he got to her room, he found her asleep, her beautiful chestnut hair spread out on the pillow. "At last!" he thought. "After three long years, I can have my love." But nothing happened. He felt no fever, no sudden surge of passion, no desire for his dearest Cintia. "I must have fallen out of love," he thought, and a terrible weariness overcame him. He lay down on the bed and fell asleep almost at once.

But thanks to the fact that Flaminia also slept a long and blissful sleep, thanks to the fact that Leandro's sailor knots were so stout that Coviello had, eventually, to be chopped out of the chest, thanks to the fact that Zanni was being hauled up before a magistrate for the murder of his master—thanks to all these things, Cintia and Leandro were undisturbed until noon. And when they awoke, they discovered that there are certain things that are just as voluptuous and exciting to do in the sunlight as in the dark.

—Retold by David Madden



Continental Holiday

(continued from page 128)

a travel agent. Steer clear of the shady tour operators and find yourself an organization large or small that has a good working knowledge of the best air and sea routes and can find out accurately about connections and side trips. Discover an outfit that knows how to handle your customs and immigration problems, has cars at the airport when and where you need them and has staff that know the part of the world you're going to. Unearth one that keeps records of festivals and special events in chronological order, so it can inform you well beforehand what will be happening. And when you find a travel agent like that, tell me about him, please, because I'm still looking for one who doesn't leave me in Istanbul with a ticket for a plane that flies only in summer and then adds £20 to £1 and comes up with a total of £29. In short, I have been looking for a really good travel agent for many years, and I'm still looking. They exist, and enough of them obviously perform well enough to please people; otherwise, there wouldn't be so many of them looking quite so prosperous. But, in all candor, I've yet to encounter one myself.

Richard Aldington, writing many years ago in his book *Death of a Hero*, sums up pretty much my own thoughts about travel:

You may go thousands of miles by train and boat between one international hotel and another, and not have the sensation of traveling at all. Travel means the consciousness of adventure and exploration, the sense of covering the miles, the ability to seize indefatigably upon every new or familiar source of delight. Hence the horror of *tourism* [his italics], which is a conventionalizing, a codification of adventure and exploration—which is absurd. Adventure is allowing the unexpected to happen to you. Exploration is experiencing what you have not experienced before. How can there be any adventure, any exploration, if you let somebody else—above all, a travel bureau—arrange everything beforehand? It isn't seeing new and beautiful things which matters, it's seeing them for yourself.

• • •

All writing or talking about travel tends to lead author and reader into shoals of generalization and uncharted mine fields full of unexploded myths: e.g., London is a swinging city and Scandinavia is an open-air sex farm full of blonde nymphomaniacs. Compared with many Continental cities, London at night is dead and dismal, due to strict licensing hours. There is an abundance

of Soho-style clip joints and a monotonous routine of gambling clubs. Many restaurants close before midnight and there's an absence of bright, well-stocked late-night snack places. There's also a taxi shortage and an over-all lack of nighttime things to do. Many of the places to go are membership-only clubs. London isn't Carnaby Street or Kings Road and never was. A stranger who knows no one in London and is unlikely to be invited to a Londoner's home will miss a vital part of the city's attractiveness and its bizarre quality when compared with any other place in the world, for the Londoner knows a London quite different from the one the tourist sees. As in most major cities of the world, there are indeed certain areas of London that swing wildly, but you must know the right people, be able to get in the right places and have plenty of pounds to spend. For one of the best guides to the insider's London, let me refer you to *Playboy on the Town in London* (December 1966), which is why I'm not including London in this report.

The myth about Scandinavian girls—that they're ready, willing and available at all times to all men—is the most durable one in existence. The trouble is, Scandinavian girls are so blonde and stunning that it seems impossible and unfair that they could be anything but licentious and permissive. What compounds the myth, especially in Copenhagen, is the fact that they tend to stare directly into the eyes of an approaching male and then run an appraising glance up and down the length of his body, much in the same way that men mentally undress every good-looking girl they pass on a street. But it's as impossible to generalize about women, Scandinavian or any other kind, as it is to write about travel. All you can say is, "Well, this is the way it happened to me."

My advice is that you are better off in Milan with good introductions than in Stockholm without any. Put the word around before you go, because you know what will happen: The week you get back, everyone will be giving you the address of his cousin, and some of those cousins will be delicious. If you are in a town and know no one, then remember that strangers will be far more prepared to talk to you within a normal working situation—a bank, travel agency, shop, restaurant or hotel—than on the street. If you want to be scientific about meeting young people, a look at any city map will show you that the residential areas are vast and full of housewives, but between nine and five each day, young people are concentrated in the business and shopping districts in which they work. That's where you should be.

You won't meet many young local people in the town's best restaurants, because most of them don't have the time or the money to spend; but the snack bars and quick-lunch counters will be packed with young models, salesgirls and secretaries. So if you would with workers of the world unite, steam along to the sandwich counters and *trattorias*, sir; you've got nothing to lose but your clins. What's more, you'll save money as well as calories.

When you are putting your baggage together, remember that, *mirabile dictu*, they sell clothes in Europe. If you run out of shirts and the laundry room doesn't answer, buy one. I suppose it's a good idea to have drip-dry shirts, but I don't give a damn for them. The one thing I would unreservedly recommend that you take along is a strong strap to go around your case (and help identify it, too). The fancy jobs are two straps linked by a handle. With one of those devices, you can laugh along with the airport loaders as they throw your baggage across the concourse.

Airlines vary and vie with one another for service. When a fleet of dramatic new airplanes is added to the routes, the demand for seats goes up and very often cabin service sags a little. Right now, BEA's medium-range Tridents are among the finest commercial aircraft flying. British airlines—BEA and BOAC—offer the most personal service, but this is a two-edged knife and means that the cabin crew will make their moods known directly if they are feeling cheerful and considerate or tired and impatient. Pan American has a truly remarkable worldwide organization and their offices are the place I'd head if in travel trouble in a strange town; but their cabin service is not too high on my list. KLM, Sabena and SAS are reliable, methodical and clinical. Some U.S. airlines that handle short trips well are equally good on long distance—TWA, for example. Aeroflot—the Soviet airline—has super stewardesses, but the service will sometimes consist solely of a paper cup of fizzy lemonade and an obscene cellophane tube to put your leaky fountain pen into. I believe there's no airline in the world that couldn't learn from Lufthansa's transatlantic service. The last time I traveled with them, I was knocked out by the sheer excellence of it. My only complaint: soft, nothing music in the cabin. Most airlines do this and I wish they'd stop it.

First class or tourist? Way back when airplanes wore propellers and transatlantic first-class passengers got clean sheets and were tucked in at night, I was a BOAC airline steward. (Many have told me I should have remained in that line of work.) In those days, I envied the

(continued on page 171)



"Gee, it's still just the same as when I was a little kid!"



THE ART OF COMPOSING A MEAL

*a gustatory palette to please
the eye and pique the palate*

food and drink By THOMAS MARIO

WHETHER YOU'RE ATTEMPTING a virtuoso reading from an oversize restaurant carte or composing a dinner for four in your own galley, your performance will be enhanced considerably if you know that while vichyssoise, breast of guinea hen under glass and parfait with marrons are all *crème de la crème*, the same guinea hen would have even greater drawing power if it were preceded by a clear green turtle soup and followed by a fruit bowl and cheese tray.

Every dish brings to the table two distinct profiles: one for the eyes (shape and color) and another for the palate (flavor and texture). The art of composing a menu is simply skill in balancing a short series of these profiles at one sitting. Visually, a portion of apple pie focuses attention on its brown crust, scalloped rim, high wedge with apples and softly flowing juice. Its flavor highlights are a rich crust that crumbles in the mouth, the sweet tartness of the apple filling and mild but fragrant spices. After a rich roast goose with its herb-laden bread stuffing, the apple pie would do well to abdicate in favor of a fresh sherbet. After a grilled ham steak, the pie's lavish flavor would stand out beautifully.

Of the two main harmonies on any menu, eye appeal greets us first. Menu tutors who talk about color contrast actually mean diversification rather than just literal contrast. A mound of parsley beside a lobster is a contrast of red and green. So are two jelly beans. What makes the lobster register and linger in the mind's eye is a combination of both its shape and its kaleidoscopic stretch of mottled reds and oranges and sometimes browns, from the end of its tail to the tips of its antennae. Often an indifferent color stream on a menu can be brought to life by a few simple switches. A holiday menu of oxtail soup, roast turkey with the traditional mashed turnips and candied sweet potatoes, cranberry sauce (an odd note of red) and pumpkin pie is practically an all-brown bill of fare. By simply converting the menu to bisque of shrimp soup, roast turkey with broccoli, hollandaise and candied sweet potatoes, a compote of whole cranberries and pumpkin pie with a dollop of cognac-flavored whipped cream, the table landscape becomes scintillating.

Beauty is not only in the eyes of the beholder but in the palate as well. To get on your flavor mark with any menu, you start with the four simple taste sensations of the tongue: sweet, sour, salty and bitter. A man who sits down to a plate of oysters on the half shell, for instance, enjoys the salty tang of the oysters beneath the sweet-sour cocktail sauce. (continued on page 148)



EXOTICA

BY JULES FERRER



DID YOU BRING
ANYTHING?

NO. I THOUGHT
YOU WERE ON
THE PILL.

I'M OUT.

YOU'RE PUTTING
ME ON.

NO. I
JUST
FORGOT.

YOU DIDN'T FORGET.
YOU DIDN'T WANT
TO.

WELL-I DIDN'T WANT
TO THIS AFTERNOON,
BUT THAT WAS
BEFORE I MET
YOU. I'LL TAKE A
PILL FOR OUR
SECOND DATE.

AND WHAT
AM I
SUPPOSED
TO DO
WITH
MYSELF
UNTIL THEN?

WELL-
WE CAN
NECK.

WE CAN
WHAT?

NECK. YOU
KNOW. LIKE
KISS.

LIKE
WHAT?

KISS. LIKE WHEN I
PUT MY LIPS ON
YOUR LIPS. LIKE THIS.

NOW RELAX.

DON'T TENSE UP.

THAT'S WHAT A KISS IS?

UH HUH.

YOU SURE YOU DON'T
NEED A PILL?

COMPOSING A MEAL

(continued from page 145)

When he asks for a glass of bitter stout, he's harmonizing the whole quartet. But more important than taste buds alone are the tens of thousands of responses of the nose vis-à-vis the mouth. Here, the known and unknown volatile flavors keep the nub of excitement going indefinitely. We don't normally think of eggs or butter as ingredients of great olfactory wealth. And yet walk into a kitchen where an omelet is turning golden in the pan, and the gentle but vivid aromas filling the room strike an unforgettable chord. When the menu man adds shallots or parmesan cheese or tomatoes or creamed fennel haddie to his omelet, he begins exploring flavor in all its piquant ramifications.

Chefs, surveying the huge cosmos of flavor, have attempted to stake it out into well-chalked areas, such as the pungent (hot chili peppers) and the smooth (rice), the dry, meaning bland or light (chicken), and the aromatic (onions). But these demarcations are no sooner laid down than thousands of exceptions begin fulminating on the fire. Chicken, for instance, would seem to fall into the light, or dry, class. But chicken grilled over charcoal acquires a woody, vivid, almost downright rough—albeit delicious—flavor. One tomato is astringent; another, comfortably sweet and mild. A broiled veal kidney has flavor overtones of almost aggressive pungency, while other cuts of veal are mildly urbane.

An approach much more useful than throwing foods into rigid compartments is to assay each dish in its finished form, whatever it may be, and then consider it for your menu. A teaspoon of straight tomato paste out of the can would be overwhelmingly strong fare with its intense saturation of tomato flavor. A bisque of tomato soup is tranquillity itself. A grilled tomato, a fried tomato, a hot or cold stuffed tomato, a spicy tomato sauce in chicken cacciatore or a mild velvety tomato sauce with a veal cutlet à la Holstein must each be viewed and weighed for its own flavor profile. All extremes should be kept in balance. The almost violent saltiness of anchovy fillets calls for the pacification of a thick layer of unsalted butter on mild white toast. A hawkishly hot curry made from a curry powder containing 16 extremely aromatic spices must be kept in check not only by peaceful shrimp in the curry sauce but by the even more dovelike rice, a second ally.

Flavor finally takes in all the beautifully tactile responses known as mouth feel. They range from the hard to the soft—crisp water chestnuts, semicrisp vegetables and tender morsels of chicken in an Oriental dish; from thick to thin—the big slab of roast beef and the thin crust of Yorkshire pudding; from hot to cold—the burning-hot goulash followed

by the cold lemon mousse; from liquid to dry—the pheasant simmered in a sour-cream sauce and the dry nutty wild rice. Like color switches, simple flavor switches can perform miracles on a menu. A buffet table, for instance, with two main dishes—a hot deviled seafood and a cold glazed Smithfield ham—would bring two competing headlines together. Not only is the seafood buoyed with virile spices but the genuine Smithfield ham is rubbed with black pepper before it's aged, and its final cooked flavor is a study in piquant smokiness and saltiness. An easy change—substituting a mild cured Danish ham—would make an infinitely more toothsome twosome.

Balance on menus doesn't always mean that A must equal B. The French *pot-au-feu*, famous in Henry IV's reign, is a boiled symphony. Beef plate, a whole fowl and a long retinue of vegetables, from carrots to green cabbage, are simmered until the beef and the chicken are tender and the broth reaches its apogee of golden perfection. It's easy to criticize the *pot-au-feu* because it's literally all wet. Partisans of the classical French Sunday dinner dish say that this is like criticizing Michelangelo because he used only one material for his sculpture—marble. But, interestingly, the modern Frenchman who loves his *pot-au-feu* serves it at the table with three rippling flavor notes that harmonize beautifully with the sumptuous dish: coarse table salt, sharp Dijon mustard and *cornichons*, the small vinegary pickles whose very name is a delightfully astringent magic in the mouth.

There are still distinguished public dining rooms whose menus permit you to indulge in the old-style seven- to ten-course marathon feast. Occasionally, it's rich fun. But around your own dining board, the goal these days is one superlative dish, a spotlighted chef-d'oeuvre for which all other dishes play a balancing obligato. For example, you're planning a party for two couples who you know are passionately fond of lobster. You decide on a menu of clear mushroom broth; deviled lobster with rice, in the shell; a salad of asparagus, endive, water cress and truffles; and a warm apple charlotte with cold sabayon sauce. Lobster is always a climactic dish. You can bring on steaks, scaloppine or spareribs and the table talk will turn to any topic in the world. But baked stuffed lobsters defy your party to talk about anything else in their presence. There are times when either the beginning of a menu (a rich mulligatawny soup, say) or the end (a huge billowing chocolate soufflé, for instance) becomes the scene stealer. At certain seasons, the currently voguish three-course dinner may swing to four. A spring menu of sorrel soup, broiled

boneless shad, roast squab with legumes and salad, and a dessert would form a triumphant tableau on any man's table, particularly during the spring shad run. At the opposite end are the richly serviceable all-in-one-dish casseroles that, when analyzed, turn out to be menus within menus.

Thackeray, in *Pendennis*, telling about the French chef Mirobolant, said, "It was a grand sight to behold him in his dressing gown composing a menu. He always sat down and played the piano for some time before. . . . Every great artist, he said, had need of solitude to perfectionate his works." For the sake of menu harmony, we're all for dressing gowns, sitting and solitude. But as ingredients, they're not an absolute requirement in the PLAYBOY-perfectionated menus and recipes that follow.

Menu I

Clear Mushroom Broth
Deviled Lobster with Rice, in the Shell,
Fried Parsley
Emerald Dry Riesling
Asparagus, Endive, Water Cress and
Truffle Salad
Apple Charlotte with Cold Sabayon
Sauce
Demitasse

Imported dried mushrooms, rather than fresh, are best for imparting a vigorous mushroom essence to any thin soup: for four servings, pour a quart of boiling chicken broth over 1 oz. dried mushrooms previously washed in cold water; let stand 20 minutes; bring to a boil; strain broth, discarding mushrooms; pour into bouillon cups and garnish with two large thin slices fresh mushroom floated on each portion.

DEVILED LOBSTER WITH RICE, IN THE SHELL
(Serves four)

4 1½-lb. Maine lobsters, boiled
1 cup clam broth
1 cup milk
¼ cup instantized flour
¼ cup butter
2 packets bouillon powder
¼ cup dry white wine
2 tablespoons dry sherry
1 teaspoon Dijon mustard
1 tablespoon finely chopped shallots or scallions
¼ teaspoon freshly ground pepper
Salt, monosodium glutamate, paprika
2 cups cooked rice (made from ½ cup raw rice)
Grated parmesan cheese
¼ cup heavy sweet cream

Pour clam broth and milk into saucepan. Add flour; mix with wire whip until flour is completely dissolved. Add butter. Heat over low flame, stirring constantly, until sauce is thick. Simmer 2 to 3 minutes. Set sauce aside. Preheat oven at 400°. Twist claws off lobsters. Crack

a large
Johnnie Walker
...strictly for
whisky drinkers



claws and remove meat. Place lobsters on cutting board, undershell side down, and cut each in half lengthwise. Open halves, but keep them joined if possible. Discard sac in head of each lobster. Remove meat from body; cut body meat and claw meat into 1/2-in. cubes. Add to sauce, together with green liver and any roe or coral. Add bouillon powder, both kinds of wine, mustard, shallots, pepper; add salt and monosodium glutamate to taste. Blend well. Spoon 1/2 cup rice into each shell. Spoon lobster mixture on top, spreading evenly. Sprinkle with cheese; drizzle with cream; then sprinkle lightly with paprika. Place lobsters in shallow baking pan and bake 20 minutes or until tops are medium brown. Place lobsters on serving platter or plates. Garnish each portion with fried parsley.

To fry parsley, remove leafy sprigs from stems; discard stems; wash and dry extremely well with paper or cloth toweling. Heat at least an inch of oil to 370°; lower parsley into pan, keeping head back to avoid sputtering oil. There will be a loud report as parsley meets hot oil; in a moment, it will subside and the parsley will be done. Remove parsley from oil, drain on toweling and sprinkle with salt.

For salad assembly, use new arrivals of fresh asparagus (or frozen, if no fresh is available). Peel below tips; discard tough bottoms; boil till tender; chill. If stalks are very long, cut in half. Use Belgian white endive and crisp, freshest possible water cress, both with wary a drop of water when placed in salad bowl. A 7/8-oz. can of truffles is sufficient for four servings. Truffles should be sliced paper thin; Italian white truffles will carry richer aroma than French black specimens. Toss salad with French dressing mixed with chopped hard egg.

Apple charlotte is made with cooked buttered sweetened apple slices in a cylindrical mold (a saucepan will do) lined with slices of buttered white bread cut no thicker than for melba toast. Cold sabayon sauce is the Italian zabaglione made with marsala, normally served warm, but chilled for this dessert. The sauce is ladled over warm charlotte in serving dishes.

Menu II

Chopped Clam Stew with Chives
Steak au Poivre
Potatoes Macaire
Grilled Tomato
Broccoli Hollandaise
Château Margaux
Assorted French Cheeses, Fruit Bowl
Demitasse

CHOPPED CLAM STEW WITH CHIVES
 (Serves four)

24 cherry-stone clams, freshly opened
 1/4 cup butter

1 tablespoon finely minced shallots or scallions
 1 teaspoon salt
 1/4 teaspoon celery salt
 1/4 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
 3 cups milk
 1 cup light cream
 4 teaspoons butter
 2 teaspoons finely minced fresh chives
 Paprika

Chop clams coarsely. Heat 1/4 cup butter and shallots over low flame, using large saucepan. As soon as butter melts, add clams. Simmer 1 minute, stirring constantly. Add salt, celery salt, Worcestershire sauce, milk and cream. Slowly bring up to the boiling point, stirring frequently. Divide stew among four cups or bowls. Place a teaspoon butter atop each portion. Add chives. Sprinkle with paprika.

Steak *au poivre* may be individual shell steaks or larger shell steaks of two or four portions. For indoor grilling, the larger steaks permit deeper browning while steaks remain properly rare. Outside of steaks is generously spread with freshly crushed whole black pepper or whole white pepper, which is then patted into meat with flat side of cleaver or meat mallet. Meat is anointed with oil and sprinkled with salt before being broiled in the usual way, and brushed with lemon butter after removing from fire.

Potatoes *macaire* are baked in their jackets; the pulp is removed, mashed, mixed with butter, seasoned, cooled and, before serving time, sautéed in one large oval shape until brown.

If tomatoes are small, use one whole tomato per portion, cutting a thin slice from top and bottom before grilling, adding salt, sugar and butter as seasonings.

Hollandaise sauce may be spooned over broccoli or served separately in sauceboat.

Be sure cheeses are removed from refrigerator at least an hour before serving.

Menu III

Beluga Caviar
Supreme of Chicken, Curry Dumplings
Buttered Fresh Peas
Fried Cauliflower
Meursault
Romaine and Avocado Salad
Fresh Strawberry Tart
Demitasse

Serve caviar in its original tin or jar up to its neck in crushed ice. Caviar should be squired with chopped hard egg, chopped Spanish onion, chopped parsley and small fingers of freshly made toast.

SUPREME OF CHICKEN, CURRY DUMPLINGS
 (Serves six)

6 boneless breasts of chicken (3 whole breasts) without skin

6 tablespoons butter at room temperature
 1 small green pepper, 1/2-in. dice
 1 small sweet red pepper or canned pimiento, 1/2-in. dice
 2 tablespoons cognac
 3 tablespoons dry sherry
 1 1/2 cups chicken broth
 3/4 cup light cream
 3 tablespoons flour
 Salt, pepper

Melt 3 tablespoons butter in heavy wide saucepan fitted with tight lid. Add chicken and peppers. Sauté uncovered slowly, turning chicken once, until it just begins to lightly brown. Add cognac and sherry and set aflame. When flames subside, add chicken broth and cream. Bring to a boil. Mix to a smooth paste remaining 3 tablespoons butter and flour. Add to sauce. Simmer until sauce is thickened, stirring constantly. Add salt and pepper to taste. Add dumplings, following procedure in recipe below. Cover pan. Keep over very low flame 15 minutes. Remove dumplings from pan. Place chicken in center of serving platter. Spoon sauce over chicken. Place dumplings around chicken.

CURRY DUMPLINGS (Serves six)

1 cup all-purpose flour
 1 1/2 teaspoons baking powder
 1/2 teaspoon salt
 1 teaspoon curry powder
 1/4 teaspoon turmeric
 3 tablespoons butter
 1 tablespoon finely minced fresh chives
 1 egg, well beaten
 1/3 cup milk

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt, curry powder and turmeric. Cut in butter, using pastry blender, until particles of butter are no larger than rice grains. Add chives, stirring well. Combine egg and milk, mixing well, and add to dry ingredients. Stir until just blended; batter should be lumpy-looking. Drop mixture by large spoonfuls (about a tablespoon and a half) into pan with chicken; cook as directed in recipe above.

Parboiled cooled cauliflower is broken into flowerets, dipped into light fritter batter and fried just before serving.

Treat salad bowl with a garlic-rubbed crust; serve salad with an olive-oil French dressing with white-wine vinegar.

Fresh strawberry tart from a patisserie should be slightly chilled before serving.

To those skeptics who might not consider the composing of a meal an art form of the highest order, we can only quote the Earl of Lytton, who versified, "We may live without friends; we may live without books; / But civilized man cannot live without cooks."



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The Snooping Machine

installing a computerized economic system.

Even though both the dossier network and the automated economy are technologically possible, this does not mean that American society has to use its capabilities in this way. Why shouldn't we dismiss this prospect as something that Government and private organizations would never think of adopting? The answer is that several basic social trends in American life have been moving us in precisely such a direction during the past two decades.

The first of these trends is the enormous expansion of information gathering and record keeping in our society. Partly, this stems from factors such as the increasing complexity of our industrial system, the expansion of regulatory, welfare and security functions by Government and the growth of large-scale bureaucracies in our corporations, universities, unions and churches. Partly, the growth in record collection stems from the breakdown of traditional, face-to-face techniques for personal evaluation of individuals by authorities. In an age of increased personal mobility, nationalization of culture and standardized mass education, when so many people within each socioeconomic group look, talk and think alike, "the file" becomes the Government's instrument for distinguishing among them.

Similarly, the turn of social science from rational or interest-seeking models of human motivation to heavily psychological and sociological explanations of human behavior means that masses of highly personal data must be collected to analyze events "scientifically" and make wise choices in public policy. Self-disclosure by individuals, then, becomes an obligation of good citizenship in the modern age, as well as an act of faith in "science."

Thus, when each American today reaches the gatekeepers of public and private authority, the official's basic response is to open a file on him, ask for extensive self-revelation, conduct independent investigations and share information with other certified file managers of our society. If anyone thinks this is an exaggerated portrait, just stop and think for one moment: How many Government forms and reports on yourself or your family did you fill out during the past year? How many questionnaires did you answer about yourself? How many progress reports on your activities did you file with financial, employment and organizational authorities? How many investigations of yourself do you think were conducted without your knowledge? How many investigators asked you about other people's lives? How many evaluations of

(continued from page 132)

others did you contribute to the permanent files? Did you ever refuse to answer questions about others or yourself? Do you know anyone who did?

This growth of investigations, dossiers and information sharing has been, of course, enormously accelerated by the advent of the computer. Now, private and public organizations can process 10, 50, 100 times as much personal information about their employees, clients or wards than was ever possible in the eras of print, paper and analysis by eyes and ears. The older barriers of too much cost, not enough time and too much error that once protected privacy of personal transactions have been overcome by the computer in just the same way the barriers of closed rooms or open spaces that once protected privacy of conversation have been swept away by new electronic eavesdropping devices.

The impact of the computer is not just economic, however. Its real force is on the mental processes of our society, in the way we think we should make decisions once we have machines that are capable of accepting, storing and processing so much information. When machines can store so much data, and so many questions that we once thought beyond our capacities to resolve can be answered factually and logically, our society comes to expect that decisions of business, government and science ought to be based on analysis of all the data. Anyone who advocates withholding the necessary data from the information systems in the name of fragile values such as privacy or liberty may be seen as blocking man's most promising opportunity in history—to know himself and to make more rational, more predictable decisions about human affairs.

These technological capabilities and social pressures became a tangible issue for the American public with current proposals to create a national data center. For years, computer-industry leaders, Government data collectors and social scientists had been exchanging wistful memos on the need to bring together the statistical data gathered and held separately by various public agencies. Though this was felt to have great value for statistical research, it was generally believed that cost factors, technical problems and an "unready" public opinion made such a data center something for the future.

In 1965, a committee of the Social Science Research Council recommended that the Federal Bureau of the Budget create a national center for "socio-economic" data. The S. S. R. C. is one of the leading private sponsors of academic research, and the Budget Bureau is the President's chief coordinating instrument for Executive agencies. The report pointed out that bureaus within 21 major

Federal agencies had accumulated more than 600 bodies of statistical data on 30,000 computer tapes and 100,000,000 punch cards, that there was a risk of destruction for some of this data and that what was kept was not being coordinated effectively for analytical use.

The Budget Bureau responded by hiring a management consultant named Edgar S. Dunn, Jr., to study the issue. Late in 1965, he reported that the data-center idea was excellent. Computer technology, he noted, now made possible statistical aids to public policy analysis that had never been possible before. At the same time, important new Federal responsibilities for urban renewal, health, antipov-erty, education and civil rights programs made amalgamation of statistical data essential. Dunn observed that the nucleus of the center could be some 9000 tapes that had been identified as the most important of the Federal data pool. These would be drawn from housing and current population data held by the Census Bureau, consumer-expenditure surveys and industry-labor data from the Bureau of Labor Statistics, Social Security data and Internal Revenue Service records.

The Dunn report recommended that the Budget Bureau ask Congress for a small appropriation in 1967 to preserve the 9000 key tapes and to start design of the data center. The proposal seemed to be gaining momentum when the Budget Bureau named a task force in December 1965 to make over-all recommendations for more effective utilization of Federal data. This committee, chaired by Professor Carl Kaysen, an economist who had served with the Kennedy Administration and is now chairman of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, was expected to give the data-center proposal warm endorsement. About the same time, the press reported that another Federal Executive commission had urged the creation of a computerized national employment service: this would contain personnel files on persons seeking employment and would be used to match prospective employees with new job openings. Yet another Federal study group reported in 1965 that a national citizens' medical data bank would be desirable and would probably be established "in the next decade."

To those familiar with the Washington political process, it looked as though the full Executive "softening up process" was at work. Prestigious private groups had called on the Executive branch to move forward with a badly needed program. Executive task forces had affirmed the necessity and feasibility of the proposal. If no Congressional authorization had been needed to go ahead with this "technical program" and if existing funds could have been used for the early design

Does it swim?



Man, it rocks.

studies, the national data center might well have been launched.

But 1966 was a year too full of public alarms over Big Brother technology for this proposal to slide by unnoticed. In early 1966, two Congressional subcommittees that had specialized in probing invasions of privacy by Executive agencies—one under Congressman Cornelius Gallagher of New Jersey and the other chaired by Senator Edward V. Long of Missouri (see *Big Brother in America*, PLAYBOY, January 1967)—began studying the proposed data center, and with serious initial reservations. While they were doing so, the Washington press corps learned of the idea: a series of sharp attacks on the Dunn report appeared in leading national magazines and newspapers during May and June 1966. The liberal *Washington Post* headlined its story, "CENTER FOR DATA ON EVERYBODY RECOMMENDED." "Apparently no secrets would be kept from the data center," the *Post* concluded. The conservative *U.S. News & World Report* was even more alarmed. In "A GOVERNMENT WATCH ON 200,000,000 AMERICANS," *U.S. News* warned its readers: "Your life story may be on file with the Government before long, subject to official scrutiny at the push of a button." In addition, several articles were written about the millions of investigative files, or dossiers, that were being collected regularly on American citizens by Government agencies and private credit bureaus. The public began to realize just how much personal information was going into public and private information files.

Though Senator Long held a two-day hearing that explored the Dunn report, the full-dress confrontation on the national data center came in July 1966,

when the Gallagher subcommittee called Executive agency officials in to testify. The principal witnesses were Edgar Dunn and Raymond T. Bowman, Assistant Director for Statistical Standards of the Budget Bureau. Both explained that the data center was only a tentative idea in development stage, not a finished "decision." They also acknowledged that the S. S. R. C. report and the Dunn report had not been "careful enough in their wording" and had been faulty in failing to discuss in detail the problem of safeguarding privacy. As their testimony proceeded, they stressed that only statistical socioeconomic data would go into the center, not "personal" matters such as educational or court records, psychological test results, etc., and that the data would be used solely for statistical analysis. Information about named individuals would not be used for regulatory or law-enforcement purposes; this was to be a statistical and not an intelligence system.

As for the need to create such a data center, the Executive spokesmen noted that hundreds of millions of dollars of Federal money were being spent for socioeconomic programs about which the Administration, Congress and the public had inadequate or, sometimes, no significant data on which to plan or judge policy alternatives. Finally, the witnesses explained that everyone associated with the data-center idea had simply assumed that statutory provisions would be enacted to limit the uses of the data to statistical purposes and forbid all regulatory or prosecutive use and that administrative rules would have been set to enforce anti-disclosure and confidentiality laws. The

model they had taken for granted was the Census Bureau, which has a tight statute, strict rules and no known instances of misuse of its data since it began operations at the start of the American republic.

However persuasive this Executive case for the data center might seem when summarized here, it was completely shot down in flames at the Gallagher hearings. The first missiles came from several computer specialists, particularly Paul Baran of the RAND Corporation. These witnesses informed the Congressmen that, as long as the identities of individuals were kept attached to the data put into the center, there was always the possibility that those managing the center or those obtaining access to it could convert it into an intelligence system and obtain a comprehensive print-out of all the information about a target individual. They also showed how much personal and potentially damaging information about individuals and businesses could be extracted by trained intelligence personnel from the kinds of data that would be going into the proposed center.

When pressed by Congressman Gallagher about these problems, the Executive officials admitted that they could not separate identities from data. The center had to have the name, the Social Security number or some personal identification system permanently linked to the data so that the income-tax files of Roger Smith could be linked to his Social Security and Census files and so that the progress of identified individuals could be traced through time. Thus, even though the identities would not appear on any of the statistics drawn, the very nature of the system made it impossible to prevent intelligence files from being obtained on particular individuals. Though several computer specialists indicated that elaborate safeguards against outside intrusion and many types of inside misuse had been developed for national-security computer systems, none of these technological safeguards had been considered as yet by the data-center proponents. In fact, they displayed considerable ignorance about design and machine techniques for assuring privacy.

The other attack on the data center came from legal and civil-liberty experts testifying before the subcommittee. Congressman Gallagher and his colleagues drew from the Executive witnesses damning admissions that they had not thought through the constitutional and legal protections that ought to be attached to personal information given to the Government for one purpose and then compiled into a centralized data pool for other uses. The legal specialists showed that the system could have enormous potential effects on the citizen's privacy and could lead to a major increase of power in the hands of Federal



"After the sit-in, how about a lie-in at my place?"

officials who might use the data for intelligence purposes. Given these possibilities, Congressman Gallagher argued that thorough analysis of the full range of problems was called for in advance of any decision to start a center. Yet the Gallagher subcommittee established that no committee or advisory group had been called in to consider the technological, psychological, constitutional and political implications of the data center, despite the availability of experts on all of these matters.

The Gallagher hearings ended with a promise by the Budget Bureau spokesmen that no start on the data center would be made without seeking approval from Congress. Publications as diverse as the *Nation*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *The New York Times* and the *NAM* (National Association of Manufacturers) *Reports* applauded the Gallagher subcommittee for its work in halting the "computerized garbage pail" and "biggest Big Brother." Several publications, noting the weakness of the Executive presentations, predicted that the proposal was probably dead.

This was one of the most premature obituaries in history. In October 1966, the Kaysen committee issued its report recommending establishment of the data center. Having been warned by the Congressional hearings and press attacks, the men who wrote the report included an appendix discussing means that should and would be taken to guarantee privacy. While far more informed and thoughtful than the Dunn report or the Bowman testimony on this issue, the Kaysen discussion of privacy still left the issues of design safeguards and legal standards disturbingly vague. Congressman Gallagher published an angry letter he had written to the director of the Budget Bureau expressing dissatisfaction with the Kaysen report and insisting that a clearer showing of the need for one central facility, a concrete description of what was going into it and advance planning by computer specialists and constitutional experts were all prerequisites for any further action.

In March 1967, Senator Long's subcommittee held further hearings on the data center, questioning Kaysen and Executive-agency proponents and hearing civil-liberties objections from a law professor and the Washington director of the American Civil Liberties Union. Throughout the rest of 1967, the data center was debated at national meetings of groups from the American Bar Association to the Joint Computer Conference, and dozens of newspaper articles and magazine pieces explored its implications.

In January 1968, the Long subcommittee held hearings at which it published a comprehensive survey of the information about individuals that is presently collected by each Federal agency. The survey found that many Federal agencies were collecting more personal



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and intrusive information than even the most charitable concept of their legitimate needs or missions could justify. Furthermore, the Long-subcommittee survey found that a substantial segment of these records was not presently protected by legal guarantees of confidentiality against disclosure. The Long hearings also went into the rapid growth of other kinds of computer data centers—credit-bureau computer systems, employment data banks, law-enforcement systems and a host of other burgeoning data pools, some private and totally unregulated, some governmental with careful privacy safeguards and others lacking such measures.

As of this writing, there is no national data center. There has been talk by Budget Bureau officials of attempting a small (two-percent) sample of the various data that would go into the full center, in order to design the system, see how it might operate and demonstrate it for Congressional review. There has also been talk of creating an advisory panel of constitutional lawyers, Executive officials, Congressmen, social scientists and computer specialists to help the Budget Bureau devise the package of necessary safeguards—a thorough statute, administrative regulations and audit-review procedures. Some original advocates of the center now talk of concentrating on the design of a limited data pool to provide statistical analyses in a few of the most pressing areas of national socioeconomic policy, such as poverty programs or Medicare, and build slowly outward from there.

Whether any of these plans go forward is now a White House decision. The costs of starting another furor in Congress may not have high appeal in an election year, and many Washington observers expect the national data center problem to be deferred until after 1968.

Ironically, much more attention was given by Congress and the press to possible misuse of this statistical system than to the quiet initiation by the FBI of its National Crime Information Center in 1967. This uses a central computer to collect and distribute national, state and local information on stolen cars, stolen property and certain wanted persons. While the system is presently narrow in scope, the plans are to expand it in the future to collect much more intelligence information. Which names will go into files and what information about them will be collected remains to be seen. What safeguards will control the FBI operation has not been aired in the press or questioned in Congress. The Congressional committees that went after Budget Bureau and Census Bureau officials with sharp inquiries have shown no desire to put questions to J. Edgar Hoover.

Looking at the national data center debates of 1966-1967, we can see three distinctly different approaches to the problem of new computer technology and privacy. The first position, reflected

in the initial thinking of most of the Executive-agency officials, computer manufacturers and behavioral scientists, assumed that a modest adaptation of traditional administrative and legal safeguards, plus the expected self-restraint of officials who would manage any statistical system, would be enough to protect the citizen's privacy. The more reflective spokesmen in this group would add that our society is requiring greater visibility of certain individual and group activities, in order to carry out rationally important socioeconomic programs that have the deep support of the American public. Since privacy has never been an absolute value, they reason, we should accept certain minimal risks to privacy as part of the balancing of values in a free society.

The second position, reflected by the initial views of most newspaper editorials, civil-liberties groups and Congressional spokesmen, is to oppose creation of a data center completely. The need of Government officials and behavioral scientists to have better statistics for policy analysis is seen as simply inadequate when weighed against the increase in Federal power that such a system might bring and the fears of depersonalization and loss of privacy that it could generate among citizens. The only situation that would satisfy these critics would be a "tamper-proof" system in which all identities were removed from the data.

The third position is the one that seems most persuasive and that may be the ground on which the two initial positions will meet, now that the privacy considerations have been thoroughly aired. This sees the added threats to privacy from centralized data systems as requiring a new legal and technical approach to sensitive-information management by Government. While this approach would be applied differently, according to the type of data center involved—statistical, social-service or law-enforcement—it is the statistical center that concerns us here.

At the outset, we must recognize that the individual's right to limit the circulation of personal information about himself is a vital part of his right to privacy that should not be infringed upon without showing strong social need and satisfying requirements as to protective safeguards. When Government takes information from an individual for one purpose, such as income taxation, census enumeration or Social Security records, and uses it to influence, regulate or prosecute the individual on unrelated matters, this strikes a blow at the individual's autonomy and violates the confidence under which the information was originally given.

Following this view, a statistical data center must have both "machine system" safeguards to limit the opportunities for misuse, and legal controls to cover those human abuses that cannot be averted by technology itself. At the system level,

we should realize that storing data in computers allows us—if we want to—to create far more protection for sensitive information than is possible when written files are available for physical inspection. Information bits in the memory banks can be locked so that only one or several persons with special passwords can get them out. Computers can be programmed to reject requests for statistical data about groups that are really designed to get data on specific individuals or business firms. (For example: "All the records on elected Federal officials from New York State who are under 45 and served in the President's Cabinet in the past ten years.") Furthermore, a data system can be set up so that a permanent record is made of all inquiries. Such an "audit trail" can be reviewed annually by the management of the center, Congressional committees and an independent "watch-dog" commission of public officials and private citizens set up for that purpose.

Though many additional ways of guarding a data center from outside intrusion or inside misuse could be outlined, one clear fact remains. The system can still be beaten by those in charge of it, from the programmers who run it and the mechanics who repair breakdowns to those who are in charge of the enterprise and know all the passwords. This means that a package of legal controls is absolutely essential. For example, a Federal statute could specify that the data was to be used solely for statistical purposes; could forbid all other uses to influence, regulate or prosecute, making such use a crime and excluding all such data from use as evidence in courts; and could forbid all persons other than data-center employees from access to the data-center files. The data could be specifically exempted from subpoena. An inspector general or Ombudsman type of official could be set up to hear individual complaints of alleged misuse, and judicial review of the decisions in such cases could be provided.

What this all boils down to is the fact that American society wants both statistical data and privacy. Ever since the Constitution was written, our efforts to secure both order and liberty have been successful when we have found ways to grant authority to Government but to control it with the standards, operating procedures and review mechanisms that protect individual rights. Such a balance of powers is possible with a data center, if both the fears of the critics and the enthusiasm of technical proponents can be turned to constructive measures. For the Roger Smiths, 1975 demands effective Government as well as freedom from a data-file Big Brother. A free society should not have to choose between these values if we apply our talents for democratic government.

VIOLENCE IN AMERICA

PLAYBOY's irresponsible sexual philosophy finds a perfect mirror in PLAYBOY's irresponsible political philosophy. It was the height of editorial folly to publish Alau Watts' letter in the January *Playboy Forum* suggesting that the police be disarmed and then to follow it immediately with the Reverend P. E. Roll's letter in the February *Playboy Forum* inciting Negroes to arm themselves and to rebel violently.

Even if you have no loyalty to your country, don't you at least have some instinct for self-preservation? Do you want to be murdered in your own posh living rooms by black savages?

(Name withheld by request)
Knoxville, Tennessee

Poet Allen Ginsberg once described America as an "armed madhouse," an image that seems more appropriate today than when he wrote it 12 years ago.

Can it be anything else but madness or schizophrenia, when the same

Government simultaneously prosecutes H. Rap Brown for inciting to violence and Dr. Spock for inciting to nonviolence?

(Name withheld by request)
Dallas, Texas

The Reverend P. E. Roll is badly mistaken when he contends that "the Negro will get nothing that he does not take by force and violence" (*The Playboy Forum*, February). While it's true that the tokens reluctantly offered the Negro by our racist society have left his situation substantially unimproved and while a violent expression of anger may provide temporary emotional satisfaction, nevertheless, all-out rioting can result only in greater suppression of what little freedom has been gained. Any lasting solution to the Negro's problem must be aimed at the removal of the underlying causes of his frustration.

Nothing can possibly be accomplished without an enormous amount of Federal aid in the areas of housing, education, welfare and community relations.

Unfortunately, the wealth and power of this country won't be used to improve the Negro's condition until we whites become willing to recognize our own guilt. We have worked hard for 349 years to convince the Negro of his inferiority and to instill in him a sense of self-hatred. Only when we change our own attitudes will we bring active pressure on Congress and the Federal Government to use their resources to provide the Negro with an opportunity to become a free individual in our society. Only then will the American dream become a real possibility for him.

Steven Friedman
Wynnewood, Pennsylvania

THE FIGHTING FUZZ

When President Johnson visited Los Angeles last June, a group of antiwar picketers demonstrating against him were severely beaten by the police. A local underground newspaper, the *Los Angeles Free Press*, charged that the police attacked the demonstrators without cause and that they used extreme and unnecessary violence. The establishment press, on the other hand, either suppressed the incident or minimized the violence and stated that the incident had been started by the demonstrators.

This January, the same drama was played in San Francisco, when Secretary of State Dean Rusk spoke at the Commonwealth Club. This time, the local underground paper, *Berkeley Barb*, charged police brutalities far worse than those in Los Angeles. The establishment papers were on strike, so I didn't get to read the official "true" version of the rumble.

In both cases, the charges made by the underground papers were very grave, indeed. Their descriptions of the police brutalities sounded very much like descriptions of the early tactics of the Nazis (before they started building annihilation camps).

Does PLAYBOY know what really happened in these two incidents?

Hugh Crane
Berkeley, California

We had no reporter on the scene, but we have been in contact with the American Civil Liberties Union, which we have always found to be truthful and reliable. The Southern California affiliate of the A. C. L. U. has issued a report on the Los Angeles incident, charging 120 acts of unjustified brutality by the police department and stating bluntly that the demonstrators did not, in any way, provoke these acts. ("At no time prior to the dispersal order did the marchers engage in acts hostile to the police on duty, the hotel or the President," says the report, which also tells of pregnant women clubbed in the abdomen, elderly women and children beaten savagely and similar atrocities.) The Southern California A. C. L. U. has filed suit against Los



"... So then I gave her this big song and dance about being a prince, and just like that I was in bed with her!"

Angeles Police Chief Thomas Reddin in Federal court, charging, on the basis of 500 eyewitness accounts, together with supporting photographs, that Chief Reddin knowingly violated the constitutional rights of the demonstrators under the guise of law—a crime under Federal statute.

As for the San Francisco incident, the Northern California A.C.L.U. claims there is evidence that the violence began when some of the demonstrators threw rocks and cellophane bags full of animal blood at the police. On the other hand, it seems that the police, once provoked in this manner, did not arrest only the unruly perpetrators but, instead, clubbed and arrested every demonstrator they could reach. The A.C.L.U. has demanded that San Francisco's mayor, Joseph Alioto, conduct an investigation of the extent of the violence employed by the police. The A.C.L.U. also has agreed to defend several persons who claim they were arrested without cause during the melee, but it has issued no over-all condemnation of police tactics during the incident.

There have been quite a few similar brawls throughout the country in recent months, and most objective observers agree that—with or without provocation—the police seem increasingly inclined to employ excessive force against anti-war demonstrators.

We regret that some demonstrators are beginning to employ tactics that, to some policemen, justify such violence. We regard the growing hostility between police and pacifists, like the similarly accelerating hatred between police and minority groups, as a very grave symptom of sickness in our society.

"THOU SHALT NOT KILL"

My husband is loved by all who know him: he would help anyone in need; he believes firmly in God and in the teachings of the Bible. And yet, in a few months, he will go to jail. What crime has this gentle and decent man committed? He is a pacifist and believes in aiding, not destroying, his fellow man. Our crazy society, which jails men such as Richard Speck for being murderers, is about to jail my husband for refusing to be a mass murderer. This society has forgotten that the Fifth Commandment prohibits killing—without conditions or exceptions. It does not say, "Thou shalt not kill, unless a king or a dictator or a President orders you to do so."

My husband is a true Christian, for he is standing up for what he believes to be right. I am proud to be the wife of a pacifist.

Barbara Oaks
Rochester, New York

DRAFT RESISTANCE

Because of the various distortions in the American press regarding the present draft-resistance movement, I hope *The*

Playboy Forum will let us present our point of view. We of the Resistance are out to stop the war in Vietnam. We do not think "protesting" the war is enough, for that has accomplished precisely nothing.

We have 75 chapters throughout the nation and we are committed to the same kind of resistance to which a minority of Germans committed themselves during the Hitler regime. We say the war is criminal and refuse any form of submission to the system. Imprisonment for five years and a fine of \$10,000 is the price for assertion of conscience in this matter—actually, not a high cost for keeping one's self-respect. People in Germany were shot for taking this position when their government was the chief war criminal in the world. We believe, along with Gandhi and Tolstoy, that the only moral position to take against a government that has gone kill-crazy is complete noncollaboration, massive civil disobedience and willingness to pay the full penalty for these "crimes."

Tolstoy said: "People complain of the evil conditions of life in our Christian world. But is it possible for it to be

otherwise, when . . . every man . . . at the command of president, emperor or minister . . . arrays himself in a ridiculous costume, takes an instrument of murder and says, 'Here I am, ready to injure, ruin or kill anyone I am ordered to?'"

Dennis Riordan
Chicago Area Draft Resisters
Chicago, Illinois

Mr. Riordan has been sentenced to three years' imprisonment for burning his draft card, refusing to accept conscientious-objector status and failure to report for induction.

"*The Playboy Forum*" offers the opportunity for an extended dialog between readers and editors of this publication on subjects and issues raised in Hugh M. Hefner's continuing editorial series, "*The Playboy Philosophy*." Four booklet reprints of "*The Playboy Philosophy*," including installments 1-7, 8-12, 13-18 and 19-22, are available at 50¢ per booklet. Address all correspondence on both "*Philosophy*" and "*Forum*" to: *The Playboy Forum*, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611.



A black and white portrait of John Conyers, Jr. He is a Black man with a mustache, wearing a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie. He is standing in front of a large, ornate arched doorway with glass panes. He is holding a piece of paper in his left hand.

JOHN CONYERS, JR.

black powerhouse

"POLITICALLY, the Negro is just coming out of the Civil War," says 38-year-old John Conyers, Jr., the Michigan Democrat from Detroit whose two terms in the House of Representatives have done much to speed that process. Filling the power vacuum left by Adam Clayton Powell, he has rapidly emerged as Congress' most responsibly militant Negro leader. His belief that the battle against poverty and discrimination comes before the Vietnam conflict has repeatedly put him at odds with the Administration; but Conyers is a veteran of many such struggles. Born in Detroit, he saw combat in Korea, earned a law degree and toiled as a Congressman's legal assistant before entering the political wars himself. Squeezing through the primary a slim winner, he went on to a landslide victory in the election itself and soon became the first Negro to serve on the House Judiciary Committee, where he worked hard to bolster the ill-fated 1966 Civil Rights Bill and successfully fought attempts to delay enforcement of the one-man, one-vote principle until 1972. Though a member of the committee that investigated Powell last spring, Conyers was the only Negro in the House to oppose his expulsion during debate. Deeply concerned with the deepening plight of the urban ghetto even before the fiery eruption of his own district last July, Conyers warned prophetically: "Tensions have accumulated like gasoline rags in a closet, and they can explode anywhere." Proclaiming that existing legislation "is like applying a Band Aid to a cancerous growth," he condemned a pending anti-riot bill for seeking scapegoats instead of solutions. His plan for erasing the ghetto: Pull out of Vietnam and apply the money saved toward jobs, housing and education. The Full Opportunity Act—which he proposed—could do just that, but it would cost a staggering 30 billion dollars annually. As Conyers inexhaustibly insists, however, the time has come to progress "from legal equality on paper to social and economic opportunity in reality."



ON THE SCENE

THE 5TH DIMENSION

up, up and away

FEW POP SINGING GROUPS are as aptly named as The 5th Dimension, since its *nom de disc* not only reflects the high-flying quintet's ethereal sound but also emphasizes the fact that each of these five young vocalists adds a unique dimension to the over-all effect. Before joining forces in 1966 as the Versatiles, however, not one of them had won recognition commensurate with his musical abilities. LaMonte McLemore (right) had been a photographer and baseball player; Ron Townson (center) had circled the globe as a Gospel singer; Billy Davis, Jr. (left)—who grew up with LaMonte and Ron in St. Louis—had a varied background in Gospel and rock. Florence LaRue (second from right)—who, along with Billy, had toured with Ray Charles—taught school, while Marilyn McCoo earned a business degree at UCLA. Upon adopting their present name, the five dented the charts with their first single and then hit the top with the aptly named *Up, Up and Away*. (It won four of the recording industry's coveted Grammys.) They have turned on audiences at Carnegie Hall, Hollywood's Whisky à Go Go, Vice-President Humphrey's birthday party and the Chicago Playboy Club (as part of its recent Festival of Stars). Says Marilyn: "At first we were going to sing in the evenings just for enjoyment. Needless to say, it got a little out of hand." The group's signature is an imaginative interplay among voices, set against engagingly intricate instrumental backgrounds. Believers in the Now Generation's credo that love is where it's at, the group conveys its message through the medium of hyper-Mod attire, throbbing strobe lights and precision dance routines. While their stamping ground is the pop world, the soaring singers rightly believe they possess soul and reject any suggestion that they've made it by singing "white" material. If anything, the group has hit upon a fresh-sounding integration of many bags, which has prompted thousands of fans to get their biggest musical kicks by taking The 5th.

TOM STOPPARD

rosencrantz and guildenstern live!

"ALMOST EVERYBODY thinks of himself as nobody—a cipher, not even a cog." Tom Stoppard told a reporter in New York last fall after the Broadway opening of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*, his first play. "I feel I am like that." He shouldn't. Following *R. and G.*'s debut at the Old Vic in London last spring, the tall, then-29-year-old Czech-born playwright found himself compared to great and lesser artists ranging from Shakespeare and Samuel Beckett to Lewis Carroll and Walt Disney. The cause of all the excitement is a tour de force that makes theater-of-the-absurd antiheroes of two of the most inconsequential characters in *Hamlet*. Summoned to Elsinore by a messenger they can hardly recall, the courtiers bumble into Shakespeare's lines for them on the few occasions when the palace intrigue sweeps their way. The rest of their time is filled tossing coins, engaging in alternately bawdy and profound encounters with the group of players whom Hamlet uses to "catch the conscience of the King" and pursuing some of the most circuitous mock-philosophic disputations since *Waiting for Godot*. In Shakespeare's Denmark, things are rotten because an upstart has murdered his king-brother and seduced the queen. In Stoppard's world, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern discover rottenness in their helplessness against a fate they fail to understand. A few critics have belabored *R. and G.*'s dependence on both Shakespeare and Beckett, but Stoppard has been too busy to hear them. *Home and Dry*, which centers on an uninventive inventor entirely of Stoppard's invention, opened in London late in March; a third play is scheduled for July production; and the screenplay of his first novel, *Lord Malquist and Mr. Moon*, is in the works. Stoppard's judgment of himself as a nobody notwithstanding, he can't resist reveling in his sudden success. "Question: Mr. Stoppard, what is your play about?" he asked himself in a mock interview for barmates after the Broadway opening. "Answer: It's about to make me rich!"



NEVER PRESS THE LAPELS

(continued from page 107)

She hadn't even asked how to spell his name. He looked at the ticket. The name was written "Las," then a straight line. The address was 343 East State. She was sharp, all right—like a bowling ball. All he could do was wait.

When he went back three days later, the bowling-ball girl was there alone. He gave her his ticket and 80 cents. She brought out the coat and laid it across the counter and, right through the plastic bag, he could see it was wrong. While she rang up the bill, he removed the plastic and found that, although the coat was cleaned and pressed, the lapel was still loose and flopping.

"This isn't right. They'll have to take it back," he said.

She looked at him blankly.

"The coat isn't right," he said, lifting it.

"What is it you want?"

"See this lapel?" She seemed to be looking through the lapel—through the coat, through him. "It begins to roll right above the middle button. It's supposed to roll up here above the top button. Now, the way you get it to do that is to press all this front flat, to take out the wrong crease." He put his hand on the front and held it flat. "Then press this part of the collar around the neck, like this." He pinched the collar and the lapel rolled up, nice and easy, above the top button. "But you don't press the lapels. Only the collar. Don't let them take it back and press the lapels flat."

"I'll tell them," she said; she scrawled something on the ticket and pinned it to the coat. "Wednesday," she said, tossing the coat onto the pile. He left, feeling empty. What was on the ticket? That would be something to see. He should have made her show him.

Wednesday, a fat, dumpy woman was behind the counter. Bowling Ball was in the back, bundling up laundry.

"Hello," the fat one said, as if he were a special person in her life.

"Hello." He gave her the ticket. She got the coat and laid it on the counter.

"All paid for," she said. Through the bag, he could see the lapels pressed nice and flat above the top button. Steam-rollered. He took it out of the bag.

"This isn't right. They pressed the lapels."

"Didn't you want them to stay up?"

"Sure, but you don't get them to stay up by pressing them down. They're supposed to roll." It looked like a little boy's jacket in a cheap department store. It couldn't be worn.

"That's the way you make them stay up, sir."

"No, it's not. Not if you do it right. Look at this coat I've got on. See how these are?" He displayed the lapels. "You press the collar—not the lapels."

"That's different material."

"No, it's not. And even if it were, that one could be done just like this."

"That's the best we can do."

"Then I want a refund."

Her head snapped, as if a shot had been fired. "I can't," she said, turning her fat body straight at him and narrowing her eyes.

"Then I want to see someone who can—the manager."

"I'm the owner."

"Oh. What do I have to do—go to the Better Business Bureau?"

"Whatever you like. That's all we can do."

"You can refund my money. I've got to pay again to have it done right."

"It is right."

"It is not. You don't press lapels. I tell you."

"We sent it back once. That's all we can do."

"So I'm out eighty cents and have to pay again. Is that fair?" She didn't answer. "That's not fair. I wouldn't do this to you."

"We did our best."

"That's not very good." He took up the coat and walked out. She had his 80 cents and he'd never see it again. But it wasn't the money. He could throw 80 cents in the street and never know it was gone. It was having to spend his time and energy getting the coat fixed, while she sat in there, without a second thought, positive he was wrong—nothing but a stupid, fussy customer.

Two days passed and it was time for the laundry. He hoisted the bag onto his shoulder and started down the stairs. He could load it into his car and drive three extra blocks to another place and get even. Would she know? Would she suffer as he passed by? Grieve as he drove all the way back? Turn her books inside out each week, searching for his three dollars? No. He wasn't going out of his way for her.

"You came back," said the bowling ball when he went in.

"Yeah, but not for coats anymore." She smiled. The smile of an infant. She didn't understand any of it. He wanted to grab her and pound it into her head. Nobody could pound that hard.

The next evening, he went in to pick up his laundry. Fatty was there.

"Hello," she said musically.

"Hello," he said, holding out the ticket. She took it and went to get the bundle.

"Are you in a better mood today?" she said, dropping the bundle onto the counter.

"Better than what?" He gave her two dollars.

"Well, last time—the jacket."

"That had nothing to do with my mood. I feel the same. You want to start that again?"

"Oh, no. One customer says, 'Please, don't talk to me today. I'm in such a bad mood.' He-he." She got a kick out of it.

"That's nice. But I was in a good mood. The jacket was wrong. You don't press lapels."

"Yes, well, the material." She opened the register.

"That's got nothing to do with it. You don't press lapels—ever."

"Yes, well, we just send them out to the plant."

"Right. I understand. They have their problems, but anybody that knows how can do it. Just get the front flat, then shape the collar. Anyway, . . ." He waved it away.

"Yes, and the material." She gave him his change.

"Sure."

"Anyway, we're friends now," she said as he went out.

Damn her—and the material. The god-damn material. She wouldn't quit on that. He was getting tired of it. She had his 80 cents. He had flattened lapels. He ought to take it right into court. Sue for 80 cents, court costs and an admission that the lapels were wrong. Some case.

Two days later, he had a suit to be cleaned. What was he supposed to do now—take the pants one place and the coat another? The lapels on the coat were all right. They wouldn't press them if he didn't say anything. He decided to take it in. But he was weary of the nonsense. It had better stop.

One customer was ahead of him and a woman was sitting on the bench next to the counter. Fatty took care of the customer and turned to him.

"Good morning, Mr. Larson," she said.

"Good morning." He gave her the suit.

"How are you this morning?"

"Fine. And you?"

"Very fine. Very fine." She wrote out the ticket.

"Mr. Larson and I fight, Martha, but he's one of my best customers," she said. "Not quite," he said.

"Oh, my, I'd better shut up." She laughed. She and Martha looked at him, glowing, empty-headed, as if he were their little grandson, and wasn't he cute? He felt tiny and stupid. As he went out, he heard something about "very sensitive." He cursed.

Not long after, he took another suit in and left it with Bowling Ball to be cleaned on special and ready the next day. The next day, Fatty told him it wasn't ready, and if he wanted it early, he should have put it on special. It *was* on special, he told her. No, she said, the specials came in that morning. It *was*, he told her. She said that she was sorry and showed him the ticket—it wasn't. It was. It wasn't. It was. She showed him the ticket again. If it were on special, she explained, the girl would have written that



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on the ticket. That was how it was done. He considered hammering her face with his fists. She spoke of being friends and promised to put a tracer on it tomorrow. And she didn't blame him. She'd be upset, too, if her cleaning weren't ready. He asked where she had hers done and walked out. He'd had enough.

The mat closed at nine p.m. For the next three nights, he managed to be strolling the area when they locked up and started home—between 9:05 and 9:10. Fatty always walked the same way, alone, through the alley. It was a perfect spot—two good-sized buildings shooting up on each side, with the thin little alley slicing through at the bottom. Light from the street angled across the mouth of it; beyond was black.

The next night he stayed in, figuring a general plan but not rehearsing. Run into her as she was leaving. His mood would carry it off. At five to nine, he got a paper clip, bent it open and dug it into his neck. Perfect. All she would feel was a sharpness. He went out and down to the corner across from the laundromat. The front lights were out already. He stood looking in the drugstore window, keeping one eye on their side door. The door opened and a sliver of light came out. He started walking. But then nothing more happened and he had to slow down. Come on. His heart was jumping

in his neck. The door opened and they stepped out, said good night and went off in opposite directions. Bowling Ball walked right past him. She wouldn't have noticed him if he'd been naked. He followed Fatty.

"Oh, hello there, Mr. Larson."

"Hi," he said, big smile.

"Going my way?"

"Seems like it." They walked along.

"You walk home?" he said.

"Yes. It's just a couple of blocks."

"Not afraid of the streets at night?" he said, taking the clip out of his pocket.

"Oh, my, no." They were almost to the alley.

"City's pretty tough." He got set.

"Well, the good Lord will protect. And when he wants me, he'll take me," she said.

"Maybe you're right," he said and gave her a good body block into the alley.

"Oh, gee, I'm sorry," he said, going in after her. He reached out as if to help, then swung around, clamped his hand over her mouth and poked the clip into her neck. "One word and I'll slit your goddamn throat. Understand?" She was still.

"Understand?" He yanked her mouth.

"Mmmmmmm," she said and started puffing through her nose.

"OK, let's go. Side-step—one, two. That's it." He moved her farther into the

alley. "I'm going to take my hand off your mouth. Say one word and I'll slice your head off and roll it out into the street." He poked her with the clip, loosened his grip and grabbed her under the chin. "Not a word." She was quiet.

"What kind of a mood do you think I'm in tonight, lady?"

"Bad one."

"Very good. Very good."

Her eyes started shifting around.

"Don't go looking around. Keep quiet and you'll be all right. I just want to have a little chat." She looked straight ahead.

"First off, I'm not your goddamn friend and I never will be. When I come into that place, I don't want to hear any more of that crap. None of it. The only thing you have to say to me is what you *have* to say to me. Understand?"

"Yes," she said quickly.

"And that doesn't include hello or goodbye. Take what I've got for you and keep quiet. Except for one thing. I'll tell you in a second." He took a deep breath and blew it out slow and easy.

"I want you to tell me about lapels." She was silent. "Tell me, how do you do lapels?"

"I don't know."

"Do you press them?"

"No."

"Then say it."

"You don't press them."

"OK. Now say 'Never press the lapels.'"

"Never press the lapels." Her eyes started shifting.

"Cut out looking around, goddamn it." He poked her with the clip. "Say it twice."

"Never press the lapels. Never press the lapels."

"Keep saying it until I tell you to stop."

"Never press the lapels. Never press the lapels. Never press the lapels. Never press the lapels. Never press the lapels. Never press the lapels. Never press the lapels. Never press the lapels. Never press the lapels—"

"Stop. Every time I come into that joint, every single time, you say that to me before I leave, or we'll meet again—not just to talk. Got it?"

"Yes."

"OK. I'm letting you go. Let's hear it once more."

"Never press the lapels."

"Good. Don't make any fuss. It won't do any good. You can't prove a thing. Play it smart and go home." They stood for a second. "Go," he said, pushing her off. She went to the sidewalk, turned and headed for home. He ran between two buildings, ducked into a coffeshop on the main street and took a seat at the counter. That was that. He felt high and loose. Ten minutes for the whole thing. He let his arms hang, took a deep breath and let it out, deflating like a balloon.



"It's been such a lovely evening . . . let's not spoil it!"

Then he went weak. His chest tingled and his leg started jumping and he couldn't stop it. He drank half a Coke and went home.

The next day, he took the coat with the pressed lapels—not that he expected it corrected, but recleaning might soften the creases—slung it over his shoulder and went to the cleaners. Bowling Ball was sitting on one side, having a Coke. He tossed the ticket for his suit onto the counter. Fatty was there and she came right over. She took the ticket and went back and looked on one of the racks. She looked at the ticket, went to another rack and thumbed through it. She removed a hanger that held a yellow bedspread-looking thing, compared tickets and put it back. A bedspread. Jesus. Mechanically, she moved on, her dull, flat face looking from the ticket to the rack, from the ticket to the rack. Then she summoned help: she waved and called to Bowling Ball. Bowling Ball, staring, sipped from her bottle of Coke, the wall that blocked her intelligence standing blankly a few inches in front of her nose.

"Hey, she wants you," he said to her. "In the back." Bowling Ball turned a dull gaze to him, apparently without any recognition. "No, thank you," she said. Finally, Fatty herself came, tapped the girl on her shoulder and curled a finger in front of her face. Bowling Ball got the idea at this point, parked the Coke under her chair and followed. Then, for a long time, they mumbled together in the depths of the shop.

It was Fatty who finally brought it out. She laid the suit on the counter and waited. He expected to see something in her face—maybe an expression of wariness, or curiosity, at least—but there was nothing. She didn't even look at the coat to see how it had come out. He lowered his eyes slowly. The lapels, by God, had not been touched by the presser. They had a neat roll to them. They were perfect. He handed her two dollars quickly and she rang it up on the register.

Then he noticed that the trousers had a heavy double crease in them. A red mist came in front of his eyes; the muscles knotted in his throat—but, in a few moments, he managed to control himself. He did not kill her.

"Never press the lapels," Fatty said in a mechanical voice and dropped three quarters into his hand. She reached for the coat he had brought in with him, but it swirled off the counter just under her hand, slid through the door and went off down the street, where, three blocks away, it presented its flat chest before another counter.

Behind that counter, another woman—with bleached-blond hair—was saying in a dull voice, "Huh? What's wrong with pressing them?"



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DEAD ASTRONAUT

(continued from page 120)

material: sections of capsules, heat shields, antennas and parachute canisters. Near the dented hull of a weather satellite, two sallow-faced men in sheep-skin jackets sat on a car seat. The older wore a frayed Air Force cap over his eyes. With his scarred hands, he was polishing the steel visor of a space helmet. The other, a young man with a faint beard hiding his mouth, watched us approach with the detached and neutral gaze of an undertaker.

We entered the largest of the cabins, two rooms taken off the rear of a beach-house. Quinton lit a paraffin lamp. He pointed around the dingy interior. "You'll be . . . comfortable," he said without conviction. As Judith stared at him with unconcealed distaste, he added pointedly: "We don't get many visitors."

I put the suitcases on the metal bed. Judith walked into the kitchen and Quinton began to open the empty case.

"It's in here?"

I took the two packets of \$100 bills from my jacket. When I had handed them to him, I said: "The suitcase is for the . . . remains. Is it big enough?"

Quinton peered at me through the ruby light, as if baffled by our presence there. "You could have spared yourself the trouble. They've been up there a long time, Mr. Groves. After the impact"—for some reason, he cast a lewd eye in Judith's direction—"there might be enough for a chess set."

When he had gone, I went into the kitchen. Judith stood by the stove, hands on a carton of canned food. She was staring through the window at the metal salvage, refuse of the sky that still carried Robert Hamilton in its rusty centrifuge. For a moment, I had the feeling that the entire landscape of the earth was covered with rubbish and that here at Cape Kennedy, we had found its source.

I held her shoulders. "Judith, is there any point in this? Why don't we go back to Tampa? I could drive here in ten days' time when it's all over—"

She turned from me, her hands rubbing the suede where I had marked it. "Philip, I want to be here—no matter how unpleasant. Can't you understand?"

At midnight, when I finished making a small meal for us, she was standing on the concrete wall of the settling tank. The three relic hunters sitting on their car seats watched her without moving, scarred hands like flames in the darkness.

. . .

At three o'clock that morning, as we lay awake on the narrow bed, Valentina Prokrovna came down from the sky. Enthroned on a bier of burning aluminum 300 yards wide, she soared past on her final orbit. When I went out into the night air, the relic hunters had gone.

From the rim of the settling tank, I watched them race away among the dunes, leaping like hares over the tires and wire.

I went back to the cabin. "Judith, she's coming down. Do you want to watch?"

Her blonde hair tied within a white towel, Judith lay on the bed, staring at the cracked plasterboard ceiling. Shortly after four o'clock, as I sat beside her, a phosphorescent light filled the hollow. There was the distant sound of explosions, muffled by the high wall of the dunes. Lights flared, followed by the noise of engines and sirens.

At dawn the relic hunters returned, scarred hands wrapped in makeshift bandages, dragging their booty with them.

. . .

After this melancholy rehearsal, Judith entered a period of sudden and unexpected activity. As if preparing the cabin for some visitor, she rehanging the curtains and swept out the two rooms with meticulous care, even bringing herself to ask Quinton for a bottle of cleanser. For hours she sat at the dressing table, brushing and shaping her hair, trying out first one style and then another. I watched her feel the hollows of her cheeks, searching for the contours of a face that had vanished 20 years ago. As she spoke about Robert Hamilton, she almost seemed worried that she would appear old to him. At other times, she referred to Robert as if he were a child, the son she and I had never been able to conceive since her miscarriage. These different roles followed one another like scenes in some private psychodrama. However, without knowing it, for years Judith and I had used Robert Hamilton for our own reasons. Waiting for him to land, and well aware that after this Judith would have no one to turn to except myself, I said nothing.

Meanwhile, the relic hunters worked on the fragments of Valentina Prokrovna's capsule: the blistered heat shield, the chassis of the radiotelemetry unit and several cans of film that recorded her collision and act of death (these, if still intact, would fetch the highest prices, films of horrific and dreamlike violence played in the underground cinemas of Los Angeles, London and Moscow). Passing the next cabin, I saw a tattered silver space suit spread eagled on two automobile seats. Quinton and the relic hunters knelt beside it, their arms deep inside the legs and sleeves, gazing at me with the rapt and sensitive eyes of jewelers.

. . .

An hour before dawn, I was awakened by the sound of engines along the beach. In the darkness, the three relic hunters

crouched by the settling tank, their pinched faces lit by the head lamps. A long convoy of trucks and half-tracks was moving into the launching ground. Soldiers jumped down from the tailboards, unloading tents and supplies.

"What are they doing?" I asked Quinton. "Are they looking for us?"

The old man cupped a scarred hand over his eyes. "It's the Army," he said uncertainly. "Maneuvers, maybe. They haven't been here before like this."

"What about Hamilton?" I gripped his bony arm. "Are you sure—"

He pushed me away with a show of nervous temper. "We'll get him first. Don't worry, he'll be coming sooner than they think."

. . .

Two nights later, as Quinton prophesied, Robert Hamilton began his final descent. From the dunes near the settling tanks, we watched him emerge from the stars on his last run. Reflected in the windows of the buried cars, a thousand images of the capsule flared in the saw grass around us. Behind the satellite, a wide fan of silver spray opened in a phantom wake.

In the Army encampment by the gantries, there was a surge of activity. A blaze of head lamps crossed the concrete lanes. Since the arrival of these military units, it had become plain to me, if not to Quinton, that far from being on maneuvers, they were preparing for the landing of Robert Hamilton's capsule. A dozen half-tracks had been churning around the dunes, setting fire to the abandoned cabins and crushing the old car bodies. Platoons of soldiers were repairing the perimeter fence and replacing the sections of metalead road that the relic hunters had dismantled.

Shortly after midnight, at an elevation of 42 degrees in the northwest, between Lyra and Hercules, Robert Hamilton appeared for the last time. As Judith stood up and shouted into the night air, an immense blade of light cleft the sky. The expanding corona sped toward us like a gigantic signal flare, illuminating every fragment of the landscape.

"Mrs. Groves!" Quinton darted after Judith and pulled her down into the grass as she ran toward the approaching satellite. Three hundred yards away, the silhouette of a half-track stood out on an isolated dune, its feeble spotlights drowned by the glare.

With a low metallic sigh, the burning capsule of the dead astronaut soared over our heads, the vaporizing metal pouring from its hull. A few seconds later, as I shielded my eyes, an explosion of detonating sand rose from the ground behind me. A curtain of dust lifted into the darkening air like a vast specter of powdered bone. The sounds of the impact

The game is



SHERADES. Give the right signal and you win. Paula. Or Jean. But if you don't want to play our way...take off our pants and go home.

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rolled across the dunes. Near the launching gantries, fires flickered where fragments of the capsule had landed. A pall of phosphorescing gas hung in the air, particles within it beading and winking.

Judith had gone, running after the relic hunters through the swerving spotlights. When I caught up with them, the last fires of the explosion were dying among the gantries. The capsule had landed near the old Atlas launching pads, forming a shallow crater 50 yards in diameter. The slopes were scattered with glowing particles, sparkling like fading eyes. Judith ran distraughtly up and down, searching the fragments of smoldering metal.

Someone struck my shoulder. Quinton and his men, hot ash on their scarred hands, ran past like a troop of madmen, eyes wild in the crazed night. As we darted away through the flaring spotlights, I looked back at the beach. The gantries were enveloped in a pale-silver sheen that hovered there and then moved away like a dying wraith over the sea.

. . .

At dawn, as the engines growled among the dunes, we collected the last remains of Robert Hamilton. The old man came into our cabin. As Judith watched from the kitchen, drying her hands on a towel, he gave me a cardboard shoe box.

I held the box in my hands. "Is this all you could get?"

"It's all there was. Look at them, if you want."

"That's all right. We'll be leaving in half an hour."

He shook his head. "Not now. They're all around. If you move, they'll find us."

He waited for me to open the shoe box, then grimaced and went out into the pale light.

. . .

We stayed for another four days, as the Army patrols searched the surrounding dunes. Day and night, the half-tracks lumbered among the wrecked cars and cabins. Once, as I watched with Quinton from a fallen water tower, a half-track and two jeeps came within 400 yards of the basin, held back only by the stench from the settling beds and the cracked concrete causeways.

During this time, Judith sat in the cabin, the shoe box on her lap. She said nothing to me, as if she had lost all interest in me and the salvage-filled hollow at Cape Kennedy. Mechanically, she combed her hair, making and remaking her face.

On the second day, I came in after helping Quinton bury the cabins to their windows in the sand. Judith was standing by the table.

of the table lay a pile of charred sticks, as if she had tried to light a small fire. Then I realized what was there. As she stirred the ash with her fingers, gray flakes fell from the joints, revealing the bony points of a clutch of ribs, a right hand and shoulder blade.

She looked at me with puzzled eyes. "They're black," she said.

Holding her in my arms, I lay with her on the bed. A loud-speaker reverberated among the dunes, fragments of the amplified commands drumming at the panes.

When they moved away, Judith said: "We can go now."

"In a little while, when it's clear. What about these?"

"Bury them. Anywhere, it doesn't matter." She seemed calm at last, giving me a brief smile, as if to agree that this grim charade was at last over.

Yet, when I had packed the bones into the shoe box, scraping up Robert Hamilton's ash with a dessertspoon, she kept it with her, carrying it into the kitchen while she prepared our meals.

. . .

It was on the third day that we fell ill.

After a long, noise-filled night, I found Judith sitting in front of the mirror, combing thick clumps of hair from her scalp. Her mouth was open, as if her lips were stained with acid. As she dusted the loose hair from her lap, I was struck by the leprous whiteness of her face.

Standing up with an effort, I walked listlessly into the kitchen and stared at the saucepan of cold coffee. A sense of indehuable exhaustion had come over me, as if the bones in my body had softened and lost their rigidity. On the lapels of my jacket, loose hair lay like spinning waste.

"Philip. . . ." Judith swayed toward me. "Do you feel—What is it?"

"The water." I poured the coffee into the sink and massaged my throat. "It must be fouled."

"Can we leave?" She put a hand up to her forehead. Her brittle nails brought down a handful of frayed ash hair. "Philip, for God's sake—I'm losing all my hair!"

Neither of us was able to eat. After forcing myself through a few slices of cold meat, I went out and vomited behind the cabin.

Quinton and his men were crouched by the wall of the settling tank. As I walked toward them, steadying myself against the hull of the weather satellite, Quinton came down. When I told him that the water supplies were contaminated, he stared at me with his hard bird's eyes.

Half an hour later, they were gone.

. . .

The next day, our last there, we were

worse. Judith lay on the bed, shivering in her jacket, the shoe box held in one hand. I spent hours searching for fresh water in the cabins. Exhausted, I could barely cross the sandy basin. The Army patrols were closer. By now, I could hear the hard gear changes of the half-tracks. The sounds from the loud-speakers drummed like fists on my head.

Then, as I looked down at Judith from the cabin doorway, a few words stuck for a moment in my mind.

"... contaminated area . . . evacuate . . . radioactive. . . ."

I walked forward and pulled the box from Judith's hands.

"Philip. . . ." She looked up at me weakly. "Give it back to me."

Her face was a pulpy mask. On her wrists, white flecks were forming. Her left hand reached toward me like the claw of a cadaver.

I shook the box with blunted anger. The bones rattled inside. "For God's sake, it's *this*! Don't you see—why we're ill?"

"Philip—where are the others? The old man. Get them to help you."

"They've gone. They went yesterday, I told you." I let the box fall onto the table. The lid broke off, spilling the ribs tied together like a bundle of firewood. "Quinton knew what was happening—why the Army is here. They're trying to warn us."

"What do you mean?" Judith sat up, the focus of her eyes sustained only by a continuous effort. "Don't let them take Robert. Bury him here somewhere. We'll come back later."

"Judith!" I bent over the bed and shouted hoarsely at her. "Don't you realize—there was a *bomb* on board! Robert Hamilton was carrying an atomic weapon!" I pulled back the curtains from the window. "My God, what a joke. For twenty years, I put up with him because I couldn't ever be really sure. . . ."

"Philip. . . ."

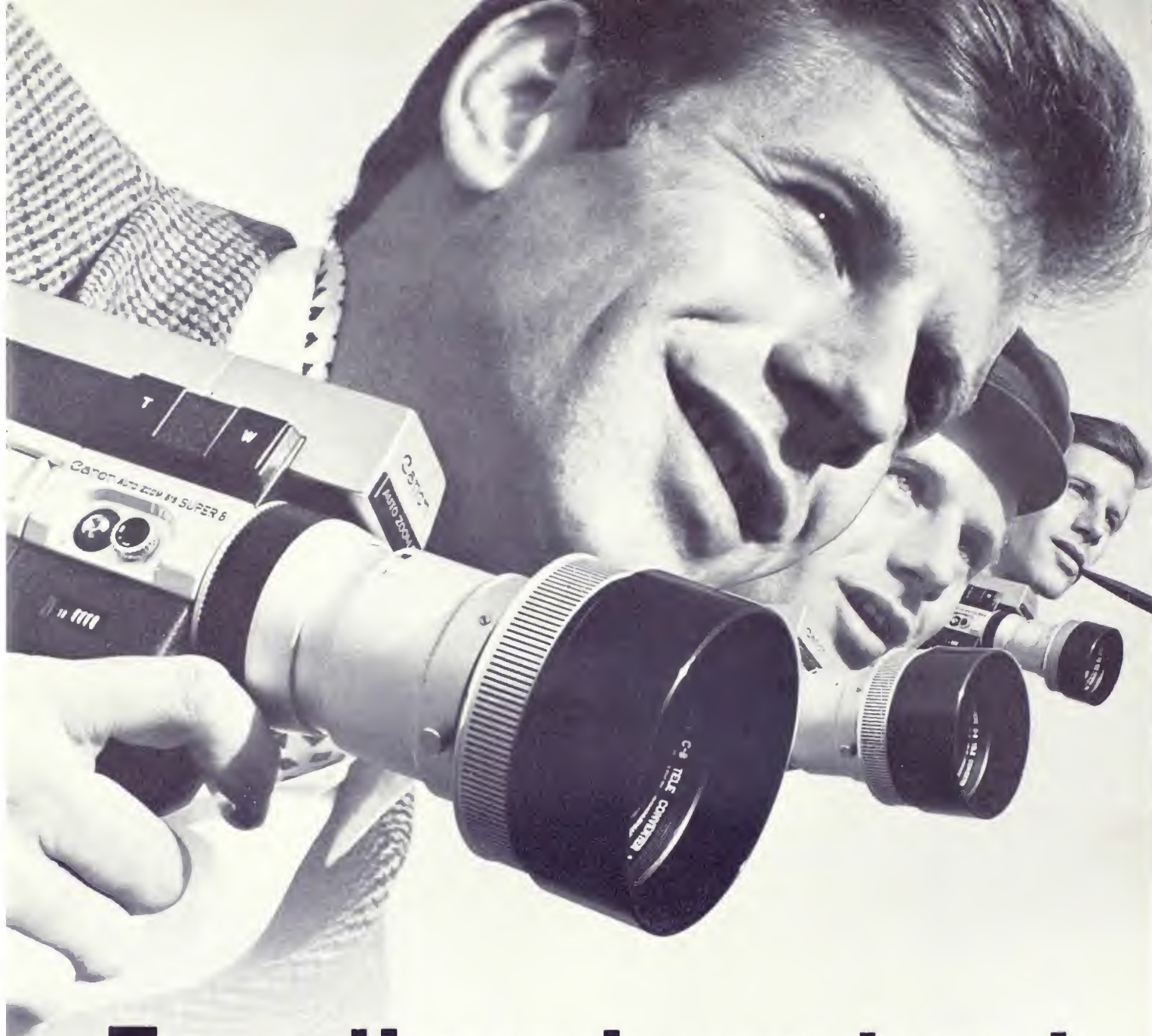
"Don't worry. I used him—thinking about him was the only thing that kept us going. And all the time, he was waiting up there to pay us back!"

There was a rumble of exhaust outside. A half-track with red crosses on its doors and hood had reached the edge of the basin. Two men in vinyl suits jumped down, counters raised in front of them.

"Judith, before we go, tell me . . . I never asked you—"

Judith was sitting up, touching the hair on her pillow. One half of her scalp was almost bald. She stared at her weak hands with their silvering skin. On her face was an expression I had never seen before, the dumb anger of betrayal.

As she looked at me, and at the bones scattered across the table, I knew my answer.



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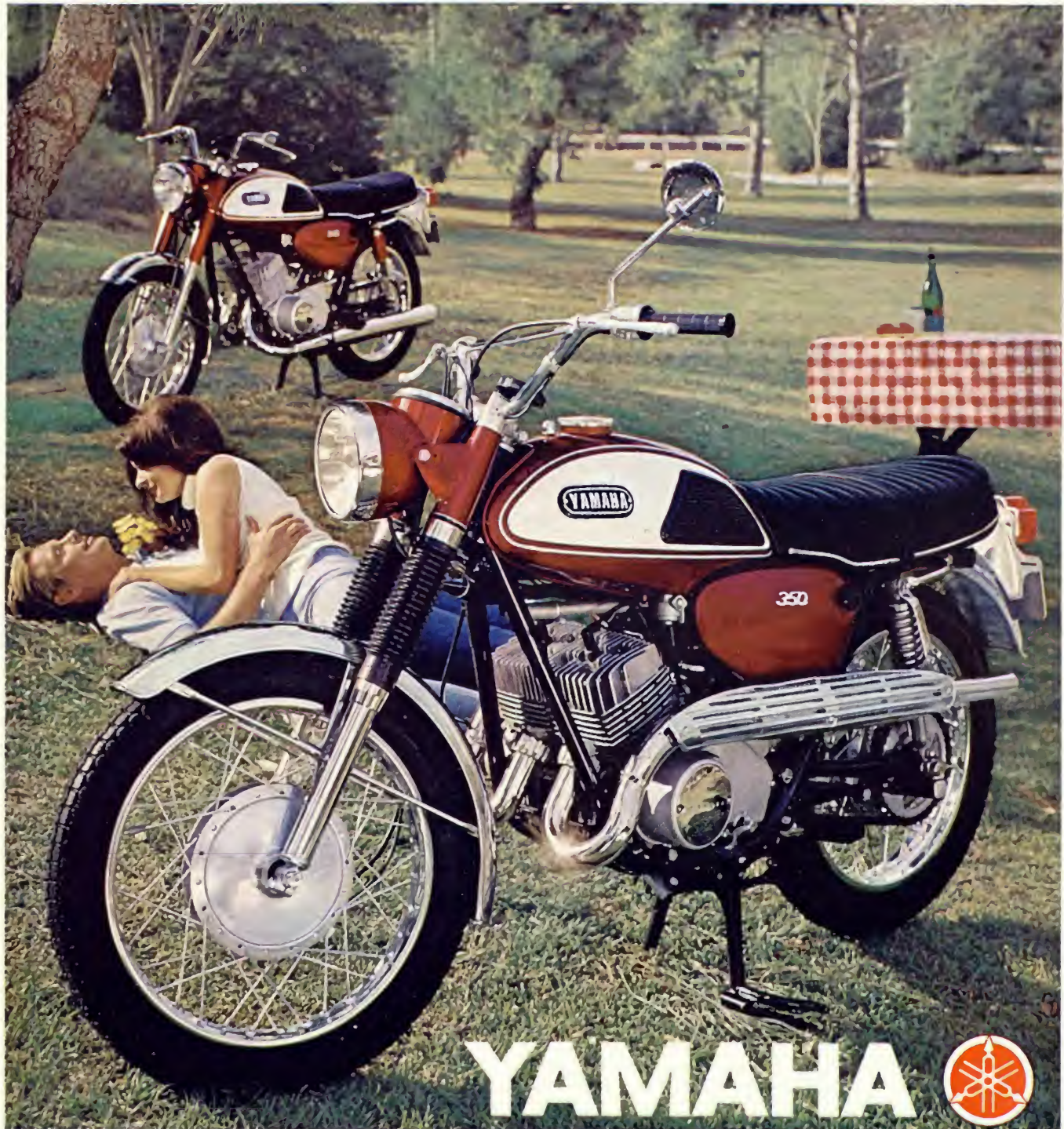
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"She says she wants to give her body to medical science now."

Continental Holiday

(continued from page 142)

first-class passengers their royal treatment. Since then, the airlines of the world, using the excuse that flight times are shorter, have lowered their standards year by year. "What the public has got to understand is that flying is as ordinary as a bus trip," they say. It will be a lot easier for the public to dig that subtle point when the fares are correspondingly lowered. The airlines have, of course, taken great care to maintain the differentials between first and tourist treatment by lowering tourist travel standards, too. Where is an airline that *wants* to give tourist passengers first-class service and first-class passengers something that could set new standards in the whole travel industry?

The Confrérie de la Chaîne des Rôtisseries, founded in 1248, is the oldest and most renowned culinary society in the world. BEA is honored to have been appointed a member.

It says on the menu. Then along it comes—a plastic tray of warmed-up meat and two veg. with canned fruit and processed cheese.

. . .

How does one write a PLAYBOY travel article that in one installment provides a sweeping and comprehensive view of the Continent? Answer: One doesn't. Or at least not unless the author is very brave or exceedingly reckless, and I have never been accused of being either.

The Continent, a generalization in itself, defies broad analysis; despite the onrush of De Gaulle's nastiness, of technological and social revolution, of political and economic union and of the globe-shrinking effects of transportation and mass communication, it still consists of villages whose inhabitants live their threescore and ten without venturing into the nearby city, of towns whose inhabitants speak a different dialect from that used in the nearby city and of cities whose inhabitants are indifferent to and often contemptuous of the way in which life is lived in other parts of the same country. Traditional and usually petty prejudices nurtured by one nationality for another have not been swept away by satellite television, nor are they very likely to succumb to the age of the upcoming jumbo jet and the SST.

Thus, it would be misleading to suggest that what follows is an exhaustive report on Continental travel today. It is not. At best, it is my sampling of three selected regions of *ambiance* chosen as much for their diversity of history, language, countryside, culture and cuisine as for their accessibility by air. Obviously, I don't recommend that you attempt to cover all three areas in a two- or even a six-week vacation, for anyone who did

would spend too much of his time riding to and from airports and sitting in departure lounges.

For those of you who wouldn't dream of crossing the Atlantic without visiting the major cities of the Continent not covered in what follows, the ones you've heard so much about—good and bad, accurate and inaccurate—we've provided the chart on pages 124 and 125 that gives you succinct comments on what we consider to be the best hotels, restaurants and night life, what to purchase and what not to miss. This chart is intended only as a brief Baedeker to where the urban action is; with a little adventuresome initiative, you're bound to discover that there's far more to Europe than meets the eye, even in these fact-filled pages.

I don't profess to "know" a great deal of the Continent. I have lived most of my life in one country—Britain—and I certainly don't even know *it* in the sense that I could thoroughly explain it or even thoroughly understand it; and it would be difficult to persuade me that the most eloquent and critical Frenchman or American could do much better for his country. All that I can do is explore and, I hope, discover; and what I discover I shall attempt to pass on to you as PLAYBOY's Travel Editor. The rest is up to you—and the bloody weather.

LISBON—MADRID

Madrid, the capital of Spain, is only an hour by air from the Portuguese seaport of Lisbon—an hour that serves to lessen the separation of the two cultures these cities typify, but not to merge them. Culturally, physically and in almost every other imaginable respect, Lisbon is a total contrast to Madrid. Madrid, for instance, is inaccessible by sea and retains a peculiarly Spanish insularity: *Madridenos* believe their city is the very birthplace of urban sophistication. Cosmopolitan Barcelona, on the Mediterranean and closer to the cultural influences of France and Italy, would disagree, but few could deny Madrid its status as one of the world's great capitals. Emotionally, as well as geographically, it is the very heart of Spain. Lisbon, older and more worldly wise, has fewer pretensions; it is languorous, pristine, Moorish, unassuming. But with Madrid, Lisbon shares both a subcontinent and a special attitude. The attitude is one of splendid isolation—more by preference than by geography—from the stereotyped mainstream of European life. A tour of that fat, sausage-shaped section of lower Spain and Portugal, bounded at the ends by Lisbon and Madrid, will give the American visitor a taste of southern Europe that the London-Paris-Rome-and-home sight-seer will never know.

The starting point, of course, should

be Lisbon, the most westerly capital in Europe and a logical landfall for Americans bound for a Continental holiday. Its leisurely life style provides a perfect setting for recuperating from the time-change trauma of an eastbound transatlantic flight; and it's just a short drive from some of the finest, least spoiled and most relaxing beaches in Europe.

From the southern bank of the Tagus river, Lisbon looks like a cluster of wedding cakes perched upon the hills; tier upon tier of ocher-roofed white houses, marble palaces, battlements and huge monuments raised by republicans to honor dead kings and noblemen. It has the slightly ripe smell of North Africa, but it's cleaner than most Western capitals.

Its broad squares and boulevards are lined with outdoor cafés; flower stalls stand in the spray of fountains and the black-and-white-mosaic sidewalks are maintained by gangs of city employees who lever up the broken bits and bang new ones into place with mallets. There are special drinking troughs for pigeons, and Lisbon's waiters are among the few who do not share the universal waiter's weakness for one-upping the customer.

Of all the capitals of western Europe, Lisbon is probably the least expensive to live in and live in well; it's easy to get into and out of; and it's remarkably honest in its dealings with visitors. Yet, for all this, after you've toured its ancient sights, eaten in its great restaurants and listened to the melancholy wailing of its *fado* singers, you come away feeling that something is missing—guts and nonchalance, elements only too evident in most other capital cities. Arrogance or surliness is as rare here as it is omnipresent in, say, New York or Paris; to meet it in Lisbon comes almost as a relief. Perhaps the city is too civilized.

If you go in for liberal nit picking in a big way, you might as well stay away from Portugal, because the truth is that you're not going to change things. But for every debit that may be applied to the Portuguese way of life, there are a dozen credits. This tiny country (Maine is only a little smaller in area) explored three continents at a time when the rest of the world thought there was only one; it gave its language to more than 100,000,000 people, from Brazil to Timor; it survived occupation and subjugation by Celts, Carthaginians, Romans, Visigoths and Arabs; it kicked out the French and the British; and it's lived through civil war and earthquake. As a visitor, you have no news to take the Portuguese; they've already been there.

Make a hotel reservation before you arrive, or you may find yourself without a room. Be prepared to present your passport when you check in and don't expect it back for an hour or so; many hotels will keep it overnight. There is

only one luxury-class hostelry in town: the Ritz, where for \$13 you can get a huge room, a bathroom like a private marble quarry and a terrace. Get a room on the Edward VII Park side; the views across the city are magnificent. Specify that you want room-and-breakfast rate only, or you may end up eating all your meals in the hotel. Though this would be no hardship, since the food is excellent, you would miss the opportunity to sample Lisbon's first-class restaurants.

Among other good hotels: the Avenida Palace—old-fashioned, central and a bit noisy, because it's on the Rossio, the main square. The Florida—rooms aren't too big, but it's quiet and the room service is prompt. Music is piped to the rooms (vintage Inkspots). The Tivoli—big, fairly modern, bustling and right in the middle of everything.

There is one luxury-class A hotel in Lisbon, ten first-class A and six first-class B, classifications courtesy of the Portuguese State Tourist Office. They can be depended upon for comfortable accommodation and for service that is generally more attentive than that received in the average American luxury hotel. Breakfast-only rates for single-room occupancy start around five dollars or less and increase according to the class of hotel.

When you get settled, the first thing you should do is get an excursion bus and take in the sights. One of the biggest tour outfits in Lisbon is Europeia (phone 53 61 21), which runs city tours that seldom last more than a few hours and cost

two dollars and change. Avoid the "Lisbon by Night" tour (for that matter, avoid all *Anytime-by-Night* tours), because you'll probably end up with a busload of German drunks singing the Horst Wessel song. But any of the other tours should be tried. Europeia classifies each excursion: artistic, ancient, panoramic, etc.

You'll find the State Tourist Office (at the Praça dos Restauradores) helpful, informative and abundantly supplied with tourist literature. You should also get hold of a copy of the "Monthly Tourist Guide" that's available at Portuguese tourist centers abroad, as well as in Lisbon itself. Replete with maps, a guide to resorts, hotels, restaurants and museums, it's generally a lot more explicit and useful than any five-dollar guidebook.

Since Portugal is England's oldest ally, it's not surprising that much of what you will first see in Lisbon is British. The streets are filled with Leyland double-decker buses; the mailboxes are red and round, as in England; and the telephone booths are of ancient British lineage. But that's as far as the resemblance goes.

The Portuguese are what a visiting San Francisco hippie (mistaken by the locals, with his beard and bush jacket, for a gypsy) described as garden freaks—which is to say that you find gardens everywhere, green and opulent, splashed by fountains, shadowed by palms and vivid with color. Near the foot of Avenida da Liberdade, one of the finest boulevards in Europe, there are ponds with

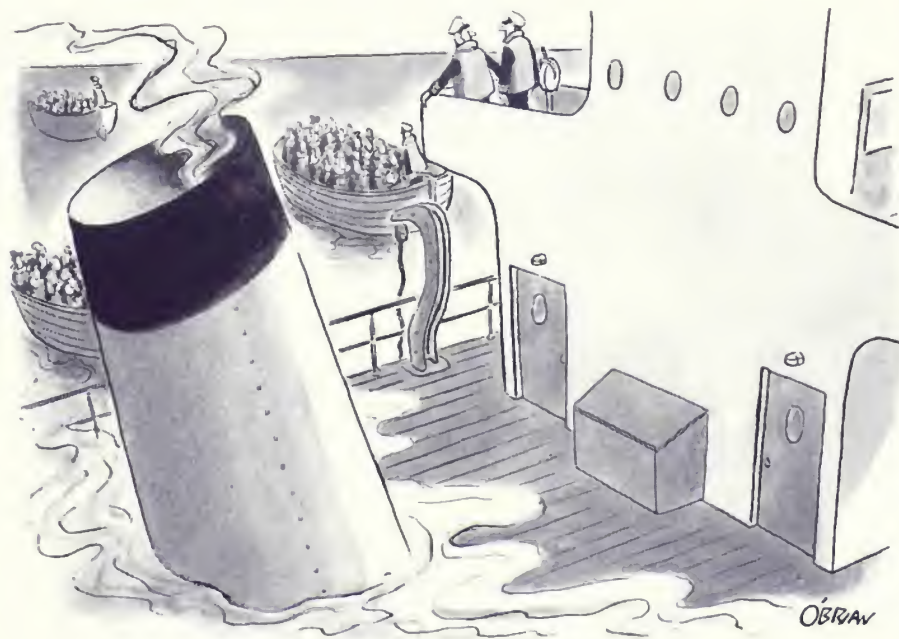
white and black swans, big, fat goldfish and carp, waterfalls and ornamental iron bridges, all overlooked at one end by a statue of Neptune sitting on a pile of mossy rocks and pouring water out of an urn. This bucolic oasis (there are actually two, one on either side of the street) is situated on a blocklong island surrounded by traffic, for Liberdade is one of the busiest—and widest—streets in Lisbon.

There are too many museums, castles, monuments, parks and districts of varying degrees of interest to list here. But make a point of seeing the Coach Museum, which houses an enormous collection of gilded and silken-pillowed state coaches, including three of the biggest Baroque models ever built; and—forgive me this personal indulgence—the Naval Museum, with its royal galleys, state barges and the Portuguese seaplanes that crossed the Atlantic in 1922. See the splendid Jeronimos Monastery, which was founded in 1502 by King Manuel I, who gave his name to the architectural style—Manueline—of the period; and the Monument to the Discoveries, a gigantic memorial that was unveiled in 1960 and reminds me of a tail fin on a 1958 Dodge. Near here is the Torre de Belém, a 16th Century fortress that marks the spot from which Vasco da Gama set out to look for India. If you're a boat freak, take a stroll past the yacht basins that lie between the Torre de Belém and the Monument to the Discoveries; you'll find there some of the largest privately owned sailing vessels afloat.

At the opposite end of Lisbon is the Alfama, a district that dates back architecturally and culturally to the Eighth Century and must be seen on foot, because it's full of stepped, cobbled streets. To get a sweeping view of the city and the river, climb from the Alfama to the walls of St. Jorge Castle, which was built by the Visigoths, held by the Moors and subsequently taken over by the Portuguese and some passing Crusaders in the 12th Century. It's a magnificent panorama.

If you want more places to see, there are plenty of other sights, including zoos, palaces, an indoor botanical garden called the "cold greenhouse" (full of tropical plants and rocky streams and very refreshing on a hot day) and the bullfights. If you're the squeamish type, you may watch one in Portugal without fear of seeing the bull die.

The Aviz is still the most outstanding place in the city for food and service, closely followed by Tavares, which is a couple of streets away in one of Lisbon's older districts. Founded in 1784, it was redecorated in 1861 and, except for the occasional touch-up jobs, has retained a heavily Victorian appearance, with crystal chandeliers and gilded mirrors around the walls. For less than four dollars—expensive, by Portuguese standards—you can have a first-rate meal of four



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Swing into summer



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courses, accompanied with wine and followed by the excellent house brandy that is poured from venerable, unlabeled bottles.

Other worthy tables will be found at: Solmar, a shellfish joint specializing in huge Portuguese crayfish and *percebes*, a repulsive-looking limpet-type shellfish (known in France as goose barnacles) that have a sweet and salty flavor. Delicious. The Ribadouro Cervejaria is another spot for fresh crayfish—and also for lobster, *cachorros* (Portuguese frankfurters wrapped in a crusty bread roll and toasted) and clams (slightly smaller than Long Island cherry stones) that are lightly steamed and have a sweet and nutty taste. Draught Sagres beer is served here and you'll probably be given a dish of *tremçoços*, crisp, cold beans, to munch while you drink.

Fish is what the Portuguese cook and prepare best; they do serve other dishes, but not with the same love or expertise they lavish on seafood. Most restaurants and quite a few bars and night clubs serve very appetizing meals of steak and eggs, but the meat is not of top quality. So unless you loathe any kind of fish, you'll eat very well, indeed.

New York-Las Vegas-style night life is nearly nonexistent in Lisbon: no big-name rock groups and no jazz, either; so if that's your craving, you've come to the wrong place. Here you eat out at night; you go to movies (they're screened in the original language and the last show is around 9:30 p.m.); you drink; you dance; and you go to bed. There are so-called night clubs, but the standard of entertainment is lamentable, consisting mainly of

third-rate Continental comedians and a troupe of clumsy dancers who wear national costumes and laugh a lot. You'll have to pay a minimum (usually around two dollars) whenever you enter one of these establishments. One of the biggest in Lisbon is Maxime's (in Praça da Alegria), which is decorated like a Baltimore clip joint of the Thirties and is very popular with the better type of Lisbon's golden-hearted hookers. Interestingly enough, the same building houses the Lisbon bureaus of AP, UPI and *The New York Times*. A few of these places have strippers, but most of them aren't worth a first look. There's a reasonable striptease, however, at Nina's, and a passable floorshow at the Cave; both places have a band and a dance floor.

Discothèques have opened throughout Lisbon, but the most swinging are in Cascais and Estoril—nearby resorts—and most of the girls there are likely to be German or Scandinavian. Some *discos* have live groups, most of which are terrible, but they all play a fair selection of the latest pop hits from both sides of the Atlantic. The Pop Clube on Avenida Estados Unidos da America is one of the liveliest *discothèques* in the city. There's also Galeria 48 on Liberdade. (In Cascais and Estoril, you'll find the Forte Velho, the Vão-Gogo and half a dozen others, as well as the new ones that no doubt will have opened by the time this appears.)

There's a word in Portuguese that won't easily translate: *saudade*. Take the first syllable of this and you have a word that says soul, and this is what the *fado* is: soul music. Gutbucket blues, passionate, haunting and, once heard,

unforgettable. The singer may be male or female (the most famous is Amália Rodrigues, who rarely appears in public) and the accompaniment is usually the Portuguese version of the mandolin and a 12-string guitar. In the city's best *fado* places, such as A Severa, Lisboa à Noite and O Faia (all in the same neighborhood, the Bairro Alto), the singers are professionals; but at the Galytos in Estoril, anyone in the audience is welcome to sit there and wail. It's not uncommon to walk into a Lisbon night club and hear a prostitute singing a *fado*. It won't matter that you don't understand the words; you'll know the song's about a love that ended, about loneliness, longing, melancholy, nostalgia and eternal regret.

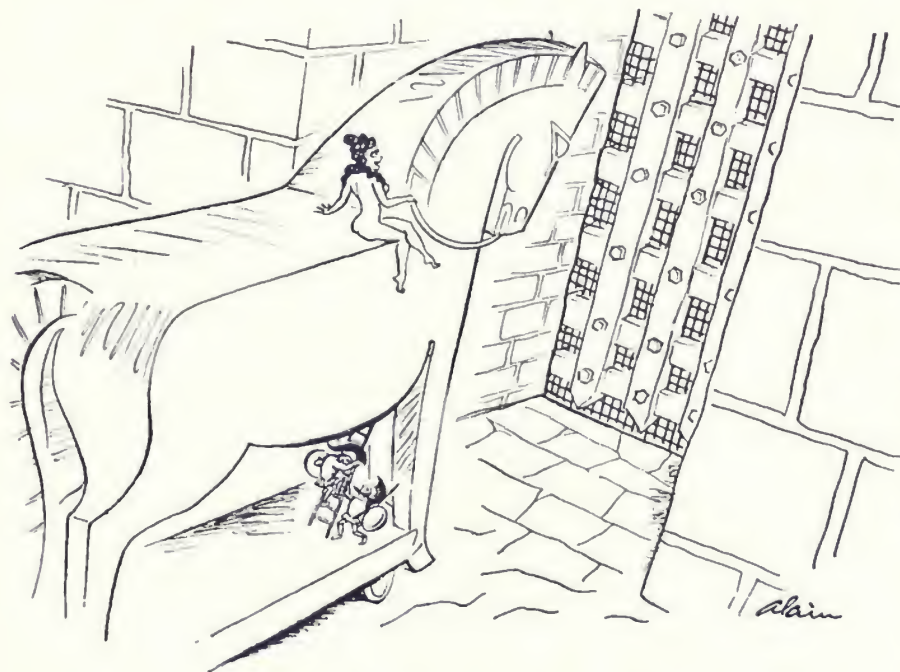
Along the waterfront on Rua Nova do Carvalho, the most popular sailor joints are the Europa Bar and the Lusitano, both of which have bands and jukeboxes. The Europa has what may be one of the most unique rock groups ever assembled, a quartet of 70-year-olds led by a very wizened, very little and tone-deaf lady pianist who has no right performing in public. When the ships are in (every day during the summer), the bars along Carvalho are awash with drunken merchant seamen, Swedish, German, American and British.

Depending on where you meet them, in sailor joint or classy night club, prostitutes have a fairly standardized method of accosting men: "Ello, German, you want focky-focky?" Unless you speak Portuguese or she speaks English, there will be little conversation beyond this, which can be tedious, as many of the girls mistakenly believe focky-focky to be a form of dialog in its own right and are liable to keep repeating it. Focky-focky once or twice is all right; but when it's used as a question, an endearment, an explanation and a statement, the charm wears off quite rapidly.

The city has an excellent public transportation system, but taxis are so inexpensive (a half-hour trip from the airport costs about a dollar) that it's not really necessary to use the bus or the Metro on your various nocturnal excursions. The Metro, incidentally, smells of warm newspapers and musty socks, like London's underground. The electric trains to the beaches at nearby Cascais and Estoril are swift and frequent and should be tried, because the tracks run along the edge of the Tagus and you get views of the river and the huge Salazar Bridge that was opened in 1966.

If you plan to spend several days in Lisbon (four days on an intelligently planned schedule is enough to give you a good flavor), rent a car. Both Hertz and Avis have offices there, and there's a wide selection of independents.

The roads are good and well marked out of the city and the traffic-sign system



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conforms to the usual Continental standard. This, of course, is entirely different from the American system; so it's best, if you're not familiar with European road signs, to glance through one of the free driving-information booklets available at most tourist offices in the U.S. All you'll need to get a car is an international driver's license and, if you have one, an appropriate credit card or a \$100 deposit. You should make a reservation in advance if you're traveling between June and September; but otherwise, you'll be all right.

Driving in a westerly direction along the Auto Estrada from Lisbon will take you to innumerable resorts, beaches and scenic delights. You can lunch in what used to be the royal kitchen at the palace in Queluz, where you'll dine among great old copper pans and intricate floral arrangements. Afterward, you can walk through the citrus groves in the gardens. Then stop off at Pena Palace in Sintra, which is situated among hills dotted with bubbling springs and covered with camellias; it's literally a Victorian castle—built by the cousin of Prince Albert, Victoria's husband. Go south and you'll see the incredible beach at Guincho, which looks something like Big Sur. South will eventually take you to Cascais and Estoril, neighboring resorts that are slowly approaching St.-Tropez in the international popularity league but which still have many unfrantic attractions for the newcomer. Hotels are modern and—in Portuguese terms—expensive (four dollars a night and up at the biggest places); you'll find first-class food at most of them and will probably never want to leave.

One of the best restaurants in the region is the Pescador, right behind the Cascais fish market, where you can watch them laying out the catches of tunny and swordfish. Next door to the Pescador is a fisherman's bar where, if you're very brave, you can order a shot of the local poison, *bagacho*. It's like being struck by a laser beam and the fishermen drink it by the tumblerful before they put to sea. A chic place in Cascais, though you'd hardly guess it from the name, is Suobissimo, a restaurant chiefly notable for its cozy atmosphere and expertly mixed drinks. Taken singly, none of these places is more than an hour's drive from Lisbon, but you should plan on stopping overnight en route if you want to see them all.

It's no easy matter to find a bad beach or a bad vista on this section of the Portuguese coast. You can water-ski, swim, skindive, take in staggering views, sleep in converted fortresses, tilt at windmills and generally do your thing, whatever it may be. The air is clean, hot and dry; it never rains, or hardly ever; the people are warm and honest; and you'll see any number of well-filled bikinis capering in the coves, nooks and crannies dotting

the coast line. It's the sort of place that should have been ruined by real-estate developers a generation ago and perhaps one day it will be, but not yet. The colors are vivid, the sea is crystalline and the tires on your car make a nice noise when the sun is on the road. It's all here; this is the place. Hurry while it lasts.

For another worthwhile trip, drive out of Lisbon across the Tagus via the Salazar Bridge. If you take the Auto Estrada from the top end of town, you'll pass through a wide and impressive valley bounded at one end by an aqueduct and leading finally to the bridge approach itself. You turn off where it says Ponte Sul. Once you pass over this fantastic span (the longest in Europe and fifth longest in the world), you'll be surrounded by more views than you can absorb. Stop your car and get out, and from some far-off hill you may hear the tinkling of sheep bells. You'll hear very little else, in fact, apart from passing traffic, as silence is one of the local industries.

Follow the road to Sesimbra through the dark forests of pine, through the villages and past the squat windmills on the hilltops. Before you drop down into Sesimbra, turn off and drive up the steep hill to the castle that overlooks the village and the sea. This coast is famous for its lofty vantage points. It's desolate, awesome and utterly beautiful, and when you stand there looking out at the limitless horizon, you can easily understand why such a tiny nation as Portugal produced so many world-ranging discoverers. If you can tear yourself away, head down into Sesimbra and check in at the Hotel do Mar, which is built into the hillside and has a private terrace for every room. Lovely place, nice smell of sea, highly polished terracotta tiles, friendly bar and good food.

Leaving Sesimbra, you might tool down to Portinho d'Arrábida, where you can dine in a converted coast guard fort and laze around at the edge of the bay. Super drive up the slopes of the ridge, where I'd stop and have a look at the old monastery. I wouldn't really, but what the hell. The road continues along the ridge with more of those knockout vistas all around you and goes on to Setúbal, which is worth visiting, if only to eat in its lovely converted fort-type restaurant, the Estrategem de sa Filipe, where you can lunch and stare across the Sado river to the tremendous beaches at Troia.

It's a good land to drive through, and if you park, picnic or doze, there's no fear of blocking traffic; there isn't any. Drive all the way south and, as you cross the range of hills that the Portuguese call mountains, you'll enter another world: the Algarve. It's a sunny land of beaches and almond blossoms, where the Arabs have left their mark on everything from architecture to the flavor of the local vino, which is pressed in jute sacking

and has the same resin flavor as many Greek wines. Along this coast are resort towns and beach hotels with year-round sunshine and scuba-diving blondes. And here, also, at Sagres, is the school of navigation from which Prince Henry the Navigator watched his ships set off to the ends of the world.

If you drive a rented car to the Algarve and want to fly back to Lisbon, you can leave the car at Faro, which is the principal town in the region; but be sure to make these arrangements before leaving Lisbon. The flight takes half an hour by jet; if you schedule it right, you should be able to make connections to Madrid with no more than a two-hour layover. You may need one of them for the ponderous Portuguese ritual of passport and customs inspection; the other hour you can use to reread the following description of your next destination. If you think you'll be briefed well enough by then, of course, you might take a little siesta instead; once you arrive in Madrid, you'll have better things to do than sleep.

In midsummer of 1938, the Spanish Civil War had another nine months to go before Franco's Nationalist armies could claim victory over the Republicans. The Republicans still held most of Madrid and a large, roughly square-shaped pocket that extended inland from the Mediterranean coast line between points outside Almeria and Valencia, and they still controlled Catalonia in the northeast corner of Spain. By July, Franco's troops were in sight of victory; and on the first of that month, evidence of their leader's confidence was to be seen in the form of a bus carrying three French nuns and a British journalist. They were tourists, the first to respond to an ad campaign mounted by Franco's newly reorganized Spanish State Tourist Department, which billed the excursions as "*Rutas Nacionales de Guerra*." The first trip was to Civil War battlefields along the northernmost border of Spain; it lasted nine days; and when the British journalist got back to Fleet Street, he wrote with some justification that most tourists in Spain were nuns.

As the War progressed in favor of the Nationalists, the itineraries gradually moved south and the travelers began arriving by the hundreds and then by the thousands. A civil war, one of the bloodiest in history, had helped create what would become the country's biggest industry. Last year, there were some 17,000,000 of these pilgrims—more than one for every two Spaniards. There are still those who go to Spain to retrace the battles of vanished armies; others are drawn by the ghosts of Manolito and Hemingway; and some arrive because a travel agent tells them they can make a free stopover in Madrid if they hold a round-trip ticket from New York to Rome. But most come for the mountains, beaches, salmon rivers, skiing, food, sun,



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castles, desert, silence, action, solitude, the *corrida* and the parade of the *cuadrillas*, the bullet holes in the walls of the University of Madrid, La Mancha and a people who give the impression that even if they were invaded by 60,000,000 tourists a year, they would remain Spaniards, unchanged and unchangeable; perhaps not proud and arrogant in the way they are depicted by most travel writers, but independent, impervious and ironic, and ironic usually about the matters that Spaniards are reputed to regard as the most sacred. In a Catholic state such as Spain, which has a concordat with the Holy See, the religious processions wend their gloomy penitential route through streets thronged with the faithful and littered with empty wine bottles. A man dressed as a shepherd in the live tableau of Christ's birth, which is staged annually on the steps of the cathedral in Toledo, leans down to give a passer-by a light from his own cigarette and then nudges one of the Three Wise Men to point out a leggy blonde who is trying to struggle out of a tiny car.

Try to avoid going to Spain in August—it's a madhouse: late May, early June or September are perhaps the best months to dodge the golden tourist horde. The bullfight season runs only from late March to October; but if you don't mind missing that, you can go in the winter—especially to the south, where you'll always find sun, even if the water's not warm enough for swimming. If swim you must, there's a daily flight from Barcelona to Minorca.

Iberia, Spain's national airline, leaves much to be desired in its service. Recently, I flew with them four times, once to London and three times within Spain itself. Every one of the flights was delayed for at least two hours for mechanical reasons; and on the last flight, the passengers were disembarked after boarding because of "trouble in the electrical system." I've never flown Iberia transatlantic, so I don't know what it's like; but I don't recommend them unless you're as unhurried as the Spanish.

Upon arrival at Madrid airport, you may be approached by a friendly, smiling man who will offer you a taxi and take your bags. Retrieve them immediately and tell him no thanks. He's a limousine driver and the fare into town will be three times the usual amount. Taxis are black with a red stripe and they have meters; you'll have to walk outside the terminal to find one, but it's worth the inconvenience. Unless you're very unlucky, this will be one of the few occasions in Spain when you'll be likely to meet that familiar figure, the tourist con man. Later, you may also be approached by people who will offer you "genuine gypsy entertainment." Surprisingly enough, it is—performed with great verve and authenticity by job-holding

professional gypsies who live in comfortable flats: it won't cost much and it can be an enjoyable experience. But you might wait until you get settled in your hotel before taking them up on it.

On first sight, Madrid can be a drab, cheerless, dirty city that looks as though most of it was built in eastern Europe and shipped to Spain bit by bit. Don't be fooled. You have to do some digging to discover this city, and when you do find it, you'll be handsomely rewarded. It may not have the ordered cleanliness and Continental sophistication of Barcelona—Spain's second city, which carries on a perpetual feud with Madrid similar to the New York–Chicago pattern—but it has immense vitality, many surprises, some of the best restaurants in Europe and many of the louisiest hotels.

Don't stay at the Castellana Hilton unless you are overcome by a sudden yearning for some good old-fashioned indifference. In the winter, you'll be briskly poached by the inaccessible, and therefore uncontrollable, central heating, which maintains a steady clanking and groaning through the night; and if your bed is too close to the wall, you may hear your next-door neighbor taking off his socks. You'll possibly find yourself surrounded by great flocks of middle-aged ladies who look as though they're on the way to a D. A. R. convention. The Castellana Hilton is also noisy, depressing, inconvenient, inhospitable, expensive and dull. I would like to put in a good word for the chocolate milk shakes they serve in their coffeeshop, however, and there are airline offices and an American Express branch located off the lobby. Also on the plus side, the Castellana Hilton magazine is one of the finest hotel publications I've ever seen and it publishes a first-rate free guide to Madrid, very informative as to where everything is. At the Luz Palacio, another deluxe mausoleum just up the street, the only object of fascination I found was the water supply in the sinks of the men's room off the main lounge. It's operated by electric eyes that turn the water on when you lower your hands below the rim of the sink.

If I were going to Madrid tomorrow, I'd book a room at the deluxe Madrid Meliá, which opened last December and is one of the few Spanish hotels that has remote-control television and a fridge in every room. It also boasts a sauna, a Turkish bath and "eggs cocked to your order," to quote from a hotel menu. Very modern, bright and friendly. In the Meliá, I watched on my telly a cartoon program produced in Germany, with subtitles in German and English. One of the characters, a very small baby, was credited with the remark: "Oh, shit!"—followed by the parenthetical explanation: "Popular English word."

Madrid's most fashionable hotel is, of course, the Ritz, sister to the Lisbon Ritz and one of *les grands hôtels européens*.

If you can get in, you'll find it a luxurious cocoon, smallish, civilized and indisputably one of the world's memorable hotels. Almost next door is the Prado museum and, beyond that, the Botanical Gardens. A friend once told me that he checked in at the Ritz wearing T-shirt and Levis; if true, this speaks volumes for the unflappable equanimity of the front-desk staff. A lesser, more pretentious hotel would have refused to let him in the lobby. The largest and, in my opinion, the best-managed deluxe hotel in Spain is the Palace. It's nearly always full, winter and summer. When you make your reservation—and do it before you leave home—ask for one of the restored, modernized suites.

Once installed, you have a choice of restaurants that ranges from supersnob to what the Spanish call *tipico*—and some of the typical restaurants, predictably, are a hell of a lot better than the deluxe. I would reserve a table at Casa Botin's (adjacent to Plaza Mayor, a vast colonnaded square that is being excavated for an underground garage). Though it has been universally scorned for its popularity with tourists, Casa Botin's serves delicious food in surroundings that look as though they were left over from a Three Musketeers movie set. Their specialty is roast suckling pig; they've been cooking this delicacy over the same open oven since 1725. The fuel is evergreen oak, and if you take a look inside the tiny kitchen and glance up at the ceiling, you'll see washing hanging out to dry over the heat from the oven. The Jockey Club, one of the most elegant restaurants in Spain (it's so elegant it closes in August), serves impeccable food with impeccable taste; and O'Xeito, another luxury joint, specializes in seafood. Unless you have a yen for a particular vintage, ask for the *vin de la maison*; you'll seldom be disappointed in either place.

Horchel, one of Madrid's top-rated restaurants, is open all year round. No guide to Spanish restaurants would omit mention of this establishment, and no gourmet in his right senses would fail to pay it a visit. But—and this doesn't say much for me as guide or gourmet—I've never been there in my life, not because I doubt the quality of the Horchel cuisine but simply because whenever I've been in Madrid, I've been too preoccupied investigating the taverns in the old quarter. I understand, however, that its visitors' book contains the signatures of everyone who was ever anybody, so I suppose that should be recommendation enough.

Along the small streets adjacent to Plaza Mayor there are numerous bars and *tascas* that offer stand-up snacks if you're not in the mood for a sit-down dinner with all the trimmings. It's quite easy to turn one of these tavern excursions



"Beat it—don't you know a bull dyke
when you see one?"

into a full meal, for the variety of dishes is both wide and tempting. Some places specialize in only one dish; others offer a selection of meat, fish and fowl cooked in many different ways.

At the Mesón de la Tortilla, for example, the specialty is—appropriately enough—Spanish omelets, made with eggs, onion and potatoes and cooked in front of you by the most nonchalant chef in the Western Hemisphere. Nothing deters him from the stirring, chopping, mixing and pan-flipping stages of the operation. Eggs may break unexpectedly; the pan may suddenly burst into flames; a finished omelet may slither to the floor; a gasoline truck may explode on the street; but the maestro carries on, whistling, scowling at his fingernails, mixing, chopping and flipping with a style more fitting for the bull ring than the kitchen.

At the Mesón del Champignon, you get mushrooms, hot and sweet and cooked in the finest olive oil; and at Mesón de la Guitarra, everything from hard-boiled eggs to legs of roasted chicken. These places are real taverns, lively and lusty late at night and filled with shouting and song. I went into one of them about two in the morning. One man was punishing a guitar; another was making that wild honking sound peculiar to a certain kind of Spanish flamenco singing and a nice fat lady was dancing on one of the tables. At the very next table to this happy trio, a group of American Servicemen was playing a fierce game of poker,

oblivious to the noise around them and to a sign that some student had scratched into the wall over their table: PAZ EN VIETNAM.

There are certain traditions in Spain that should be exported immediately. One of these is that when you order a drink, the waiter brings the bottle to your table and pours until you tell him to stop. (One of the few places I visited where this was not done was an English-owned bar on the Costa del Sol, where the bottles are attached upside down to the wall and capped with automatic measuring devices that release just enough alcohol to dampen the glass.) This generosity may be due to the fact that until quite recent years, hardly anybody drank hard liquor in Spain. It was all wine.

At night in Madrid, there are movies, *discothèques*, night clubs, symphonic concerts, outdoor-dancing gardens, flamenco houses and taverns. English-language movies are now screened with the original sound track and the Spaniards are eagerly catching up on what they've missed. *The Prisoner of Zenda*, with Stewart Granger and Deborah Kerr, and *Night and the City*, with Richard Widmark—relics both—were being held over in their second week while I was there. New releases may be seen all over town, but don't look for anything naughty. This being Spain, censorship is all part of the new liberty. A Madrid publisher of art books was ordered to remove a picture

of the *Nude Maja* from a showcase window, although the same painting is on daily view at the Prado. This deficiency of sex in print and on films, however, is compensated for by the abundance of sex in the flesh, as represented by the prostitutes who ply just about every bar in the vicinity of Avenida de José Antonio, or Gran Vía, as the main shopping street of Madrid is usually known.

In the summer, there is open-air entertainment at the Pavillon and the Florida; and throughout the year, there is *discothèque* and flamenco all over town. Piccadilly Club usually has the best rock groups in town (it's located around the corner from an excellent little steak restaurant, the Zum Zum) and you'll have to pay a small minimum to get in. All flamenco places are what is known as touristy; but since they're also filled with Spanish fans, they can't be all bad. The Zambra, near the Prado, is one of the leading flamenco houses, and the best time to go is around midnight. There's also the Corral de la Morería, where press agents take their celebrity clients (recent visitors included Robert Mitchum, Fabian and French rock-'n'-roll star Johnny Hallyday), and El Duende, one of the owners of which was a matador on the same bill the day Manolete was killed. Flamenco is *my* groovy if you have a thing about tap dancing like I have.

En route back to your hotel after all this late revelry, you may notice a man walking the streets wearing a uniform and carrying a long stick. He is the *sereno* and his job is to open doors for the tenants of houses. He carries a chain of keys around his waist, and if one of his clients wants to get out his front door, he must lean out of the window and attract the *sereno's* attention by whistling or clapping his hands. The *sereno*, if he hears this summons, will respond by rapping on the sidewalk with his stick—after which he will open the door. I have not been able to obtain a satisfactory explanation as to what happens if he doesn't hear your call nor, for that matter, have I been able to find out why the tenants can't have keys of their own. It seems to be one of those customs buried, as they say, in the tradition of an ancient and incomprehensible past.

Culture? It's all around you: The Royal Palace, monumental in size and design, rich with Goyas, carpets, vast salons and chandeliers; the Prado, stacked with the works of El Greco, as well as Italian and Flemish masters; and too many buildings and museums of interest to list here. At the Spanish Tourist Office, ask for a copy of their informative booklet "Spain for You" and get maps and pamphlets on all the places you intend to visit. There you'll get all vital data about museums, galleries, hotels, excursions, etc. Also get a copy of the 1968 Tourist Calendar, which gives dates

and locations of every festival in Spain.

If you're staying only a short time in Madrid (two days, say), and plan to leave by air, don't rent a car. Taxis are cheap, though sometimes scarce, and you can see all you'll have time for by taking one of the many sight-seeing bus tours of the city. Driving in Madrid can produce an instant coronary. All the traffic cops seem to be on the verge of breakdowns; the traffic lights are placed in unexpected positions and angry little cars ricochet at you from all directions across the open squares. One of the reasons taxis are scarce in Madrid is that so many of the drivers have passed their maximum accident level and are now uninsurable. Another hazard is the condition of some of the city streets, a few of which have holes big enough to qualify as grottoes.

But none of this should put you off if you intend to use Madrid as a base for short trips to the attractions outside the city, and you'll find all the major car-rental companies represented. It's best not to get one of the bigger models, or you may find yourself in the position of the tourist whose Buick Riviera got jammed in one of the arches at the Roman aqueduct in Segovia. It would be best to rent a Renault, a Simca or a Seat, the Spanish licensee of Fiat.

There is a multitude of trips to choose from, but my first choice would be a circle tour of Segovia, Avila and Toledo.

It's possible to make this round trip from Madrid in a day. I've done it, and I got back to Madrid in time for dinner; but I don't recommend a one-day effort, because you'll spend more time in your car than on your feet. I would go to these three places for these reasons: Segovia has a superb aqueduct that was built by the Romans and is still used to carry water; Avila is surrounded by huge, battle-mented walls; and Toledo is a city of great beauty, situated high above the Tago river, which runs almost from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic. If you don't find these compelling reasons to go, I'd still recommend the trip for the scenery between the cities, especially between Avila and Toledo. The mountains through which you'll pass en route from Madrid to Segovia are filled with ski resorts, hotels, lodges, restaurants and a plenitude of snow-capped vistas. And on the road from Avila to Toledo, you'll see tiny castles perched on inaccessible crags; shepherds, skinny sheep and barking black dogs; peasant faces, blank and faceted like Stone Age axheads; villages of midget houses in the shadow of gigantic churches; roads that wind along mountainsides and across semidesert; dams and dry rivers and, as you get closer to Toledo, forests of holm oak, which, seen as you descend from the hills, look like carpets of voluptuous green sponges.

The Hostal de Castilla, just outside

the gates of Toledo, houses a restaurant and a factory that makes swords, souvenirs and damascene art objects. At late afternoon in the smallest room of this cavernous restaurant, the sunlight pours through the leaded and tinted glass and bathes everything with an ethereal golden glow. Excellent food and warm, prompt service. In the high-ceilinged factory that leads off the restaurant lobby, a score of men work over benches and vises, hammering and working steel, which they fashion into rapiers and cutlasses, some new and gleaming, others "antiqued" with rough edges and dull metal. They made the swords here for the movie *El Cid*. Other men hammer gold leaf into damascene jewelry and ashtrays. They work with the light that comes in the windows. It's true that these swords and objects are fake, in the sense that they're for tourist consumption, but they're made in the same way they were made two centuries ago—by hand. Some of the equipment may be more advanced; the steel may be of a better quality, but it's still laborious, skillful work. The big workroom and the smithy next door ring to the sound of hot metal hammered on old-fashioned anvils, and an old leather bellows regulates the open tempering furnace.

I found it very moving to watch these men at work. I suppose because they did

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it so well and with such concentration. None of that shop-floor chitchat you find on a car assembly line or in a canning factory; just silence and deft fingers turning a lump of metal into something fantastic. It's a bit incongruous to watch these dark, impassive-faced men swish a rapier to test its flexibility and think that the object of his skill and care will end up on some wall in Cleveland or Toronto. It was the first and only time that I think I understood what people mean when they talk about Spanish pride; what they really mean is prideful humility.

There are great things to see in Toledo: the Alcázar, scene of a bitter siege in the Civil War; the streets themselves, five feet wide and narrower in some cases; the views from the lookout by the Alcázar; the cathedral; and the prospect of Toledo by moonlight or at sunset from the Hermitage of the Virgin del Valle. El Greco lived in Toledo; his house is there and many of his works remain there and in the adjacent museum. There are no sensational hotels in Segovia, Ávila or Toledo, but comfortable accommodation in either small hotels or government-owned inns is available. Try to make Toledo the last stop on your Spanish itinerary before returning to Madrid—and drive out of this fortress city at sunset, even though you'll have to journey the 43 miles back to Madrid in darkness. Some cities are best seen in bright sun and others are best not seen in any light. But Toledo has neither category and certainly not the latter. At sunset, its grim walls are softened with pink; its spires and gables, copper-edged against a sun that hangs low in the sky like an open wound, cast deep black shadows across the rooftops. Except for the tumult of the Tagus, far below, it is still and silent, as still as the plains that lie between Toledo and Madrid, as silent as the mountains in the north. It is not an easy city to leave.

For trips farther afield from Madrid—the Spanish Costas, for instance—it's best to forgo the rigors of driving and take to the air, with the hope, when you do so, that Iberia is operating on time for a change. The Costas were the subject of an extensive PLAYBOY feature (May 1966), but I'd like to add a few observations of my own just to update the scene.

Along this sun-baked Mediterranean coast line, you'll find everything from gaudy pleasure oases to drowsy fishing villages. Some regions, notably on the Costa del Sol, have been devastated by deranged real-estate developers, while others are comparatively untouched. Málaga, unofficial capital of the Costa del Sol, and its neighboring eyesore, Torremolinos, have been transformed in the past ten years from quiet town and sleepy village, respectively, into a small-scale version of Miami Beach. If Torremolinos has anything to recommend it

—beyond its beautiful name and the fact that it provides one of the happier hunting grounds for unmarried girls—it is the roads that lead out of it to the mountains in the east. The third-highest peak in Europe, after the harsh Alpine giants, is not too far off in the Sierra Nevada: Mulhacén, 11,420 feet and capped with year-round snow.

There's little evidence that anyone has exercised much discretion or control over building or zoning in Torremolinos. It's full of cheap souvenir and postcard shops; the reek of hamburgers and French fries hangs like a greasy smog over the smell of jacaranda blossom; and the streets are filled with large, square-bottomed English matrons and natty pimp-type youths in tricky clothes.

The Pez Espada, the most expensive hotel in Torremolinos, deserves special mention because it is possibly the nastiest hotel in Spain—overpriced and underserved and full of wealthy cadavers, who might have been drawn by Gerald Scarfe in an ugly mood. There's a night club in the Pez Espada that has lights set in the flower box outside the picture windows; when lit, their bilious green color glows on the people inside, making them look like denizens of some grotesque aquarium. Entertainment at the club runs the gamut, as they say, from mediocre to terrible; but the performers—trick cyclists, singers, belly dancers—almost glow with talent when compared with the Spanish rock group I heard there. The people get up and dance, anyway, wagging their fingers and smirking oafishly, hyperthyroid businessmen who make unpleasant decisions in London, Brussels and Berlin, accompanied by wives with brittle hairdos who cackle when the belly dancer does her number. What I mean is, don't go there; stay away; you'll be an unwanted guest at a wake. The Pez Espada was the only place in Spain where a hotel employee, a bellboy, asked for a bigger tip than the one I gave him.

Once out of Torremolinos, there are great things to see on the Costa del Sol; but whether you get to them will depend on the time of year you go. Even in the summer, you might find an isolated little beach set between huge rocks; and you should have little trouble finding beaches jammed with Scandinavian sun worshipers. There are also night clubs, *discothèques*, adequate restaurants, little villages, no big cities—but no really impressive stretches of sand.

Along the entire Costa del Sol, from Gibraltar to Almería, which mark its limits and which will probably be joined one day into one long (220-mile) resort, there is no lack of the good life. Not too many Spaniards about, however, except in the villages. I would go farther north, to one of the other coasts—the Costa Blanca or the Costa del Azahar—which

are not as spoiled as either the Costa del Sol or the Costa Brava. I'd also recommend a flight to either Ibiza or Minorca, the beautiful Balearics.

If you do base yourself in Torremolinos or any of the villages between Málaga and Marbella, drive through the mountains to Ronda, where you'll find the oldest bull ring in Spain. Ronda is one of the most romantic towns in Andalusia. Take the road just west of Marbella; you'll find Ronda perched on a volcanic cone overlooking a deep gorge cut by the Río Guadiaro and spanned by three soaring arched bridges. If you want to stay overnight, there's the Queen Victoria Hotel, antiquated but adequate, just like the old girl herself.

About ten miles to the southwest of Torremolinos are the resorts of Los Boliches and Fuengirola, which are like Torremolinos but on a smaller scale. If you don't feel like eating in a restaurant, buy some bread, ham, wine and cheese at one of the stores and find you and yours a quiet bit of beach farther along the coast. It's a lot cheaper than eating at a table and it's always more fun, especially with company. Most of the local wines have snap-off caps, so you won't need a corkscrew or an opener.

Farther along to the east is the Costa Blanca. There are beautiful stretches of beach, rugged mountain scenery and great water for sailing and skin diving off Cape Gata, Cape Palos, Mazarrón and Águilas. You'll find hospitable hotels and inns all along this stretch of coast—and not so many people by the water's edge, because the road doesn't hug the shore line. There are dazzling light and vivid colors inland from the orange groves, vineyards and groves of olive and palm. Go to Alicante, either by air or by rail, and rent a car when you arrive, for coastal trips.

Costa Brava means rugged coast. It is, Rocky inlets and steep promontories, spectacular mountains that drop into the sea and a tourist to every grain of sand. You turn a bend in the road high over the sea and catch a quick glimpse of beach that seems deserted, and when you finally arrive, you find half a dozen neat trailers parked in the shade with half a dozen neat families cooking their respective national dishes over small stoves. If you charter a yacht, Blanes offers good mooring facilities as well as a long beach that may provide you with a new load of passengers, should the previous load prove unfriendly. There's excellent seafood everywhere, as, indeed, you'll find from one end of Spain to the other.

MILAN—MONTREUX

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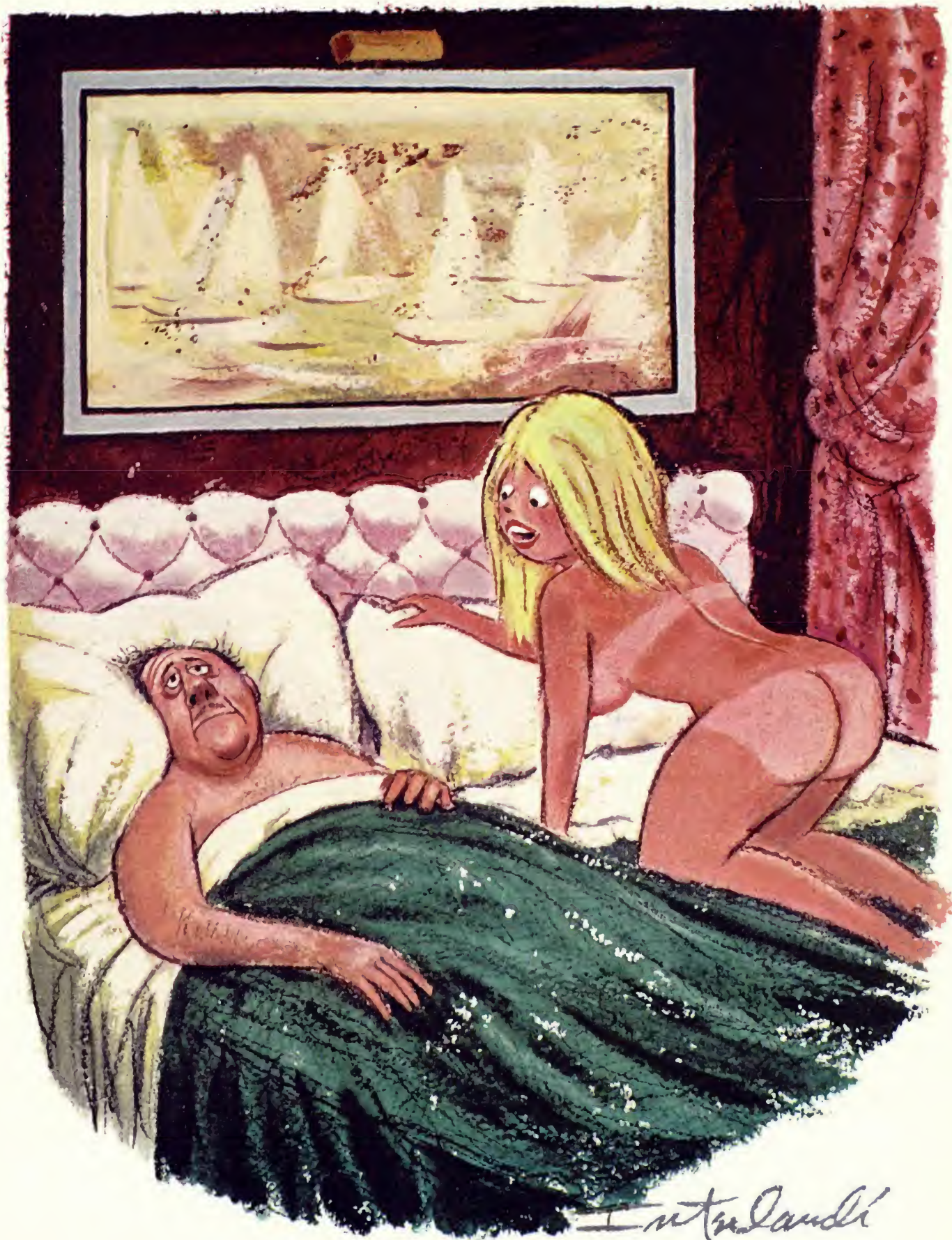
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"It's a poor workman who blames his tools. . . ."

distance seems vast. It's difficult to imagine—in Europe or anywhere else—more dramatic contrasts in such a small span of territory. Passing through the St. Gotthard rail tunnel into the Tessin, the Italian-speaking canton of Switzerland, brings you from winter to summer in a matter of minutes. A tour of this region, starting at Milan and ending at Montreux, at the east end of Lake Geneva, will give the traveler contrastingly unique flavors of both Italy and Switzerland.

Milan is the commercial, industrial and banking center of Italy and, after Rome, the country's most sophisticated and expensive city. As a business capital, it has never sought to pamper tourists, even though it attracts thousands, partly because of its location—in the heart of Lombardy and close to the great Italian lakes and the Swiss border—and partly because of its function as a major terminal for air, road and rail travel. It is not a city that sells itself on first glance. Its treasures, though plentiful enough, must be excavated with diligence.

The principal enticements are cultural: music, architecture, sculpture and painting. There would be little point in adding Milan to a vacation itinerary if these elements were of secondary importance to the traveler. Pilgrims come here to pay homage to Leonardo, to gaze at the collection of his visionary drawings in the Leonardo da Vinci National Museum of Science and Technology and to marvel at his fresco of the *Last Supper*, which fades year by year from the walls of the refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie, after centuries of exposure to Milan's none-too-temperate weather and the ravages of war and invasion. I've often thought that if the fresco had been painted in any other Latin city, there would probably be a local legend to the effect that when it vanished altogether, terrible plagues and scourges would be visited upon the populace; but this is Milan—dynamic, realistic and hard-nosed—and if there are any such legends, I've never heard them. On the contrary, the fresco is periodically retouched, which must make the *Last Supper* one of the world's oldest continuing Happenings.

There are two good hotels in Milan—the Principe e Savoia and the Palace, both on Piazza della Repubblica and close to the main railroad station and the shopping-business district. A recent addition is an air-conditioned 200-roomer, the Jolly Hotel. I haven't stayed there, but I hear it ranks with the best Milan has to offer. Don't waste your time on the Excelsior Gallia, however, which, though ranked as a luxury hotel and located even closer to the station than the Palace or the Savoia, is dull beyond belief and as noisy as hell if you get a room

overlooking the construction site in the square.

Nobody could make a very strong case for Milan as a vibrant focus of night-life activity, and I don't intend to try. However, there is dancing in the roof gardens at the Palace and Cavalieri hotels, and the Astoria Club has a floorshow that, although the best in town, is not exactly sensational. There's cabaret and more all-fresco dancing at the Rendez-Vous, which is operated by the management of the Piccolo Bar, a minute and expensive night spot in which every clique of customers seems to know every other clique; so if you're traveling solo, you may feel left out of things.

Much more informal—and a lot more fun—is Aretusa, a cellar-cum-junk shop-discothèque, very popular with the younger Milanese and a relief after the sterility of its more mature competitors.

Fortunately for those on a hurry-up schedule, the majority of Milan's most notable monuments—the massive Duomo, a Gothic cathedral from the roof terraces of which you can see the plain of Lombardy and the far-off Alps through a forest of spires; and La Scala, rebuilt since its destruction in the last War—are located in a surprisingly small area almost exactly in the center of town. Here also are the city's famed glass-enclosed shopping arcades; these and the adjacent streets are lined with stores of every type, ranging from Messaggerie Musicali (for books and records) to newspaper stands that hawk Italian-style *fumetti*, a lukewarm "pornographic" product in comparison with the Scandinavian variety, in that it mixes the sexes without combining them. Try Franzi or Gucci for leatherwear, Fragiaco for shoes, Peter Sport for casualwear, and Red and Blue for menswear. Rinascente is a well-stocked—and air-conditioned—department store; and Baratta's sells stylish custom-made fashions for both men and women.

When you've bought all you want, seen everything you have time for and sampled Milan's restaurants (see chart on pages 124 and 125 for recommendations), about all that is left is to pick a route out of the city—a monumental challenge in itself. In summer—often unpleasantly humid in northern Italy—those Milanese who can afford it head north for the hills and lakes of Lombardy, which are transformed overnight from tranquil stretches of water into churning maelstroms by cruising powerboats that roar past the bikini-burdened diving floats. No two people who know the region will agree as to which is the most beautiful of these lakes; but my own favorite is Garda, which lies in a great cleft between mountain ridges. Plan to spend at least a night in one of the lake-front towns—

they spring to life as soon as the sun starts to drop in the west.

Garda, Maggiore and Como can all be reached by *autostrada*, a superb network of highways that runs almost the entire length of Italy; few driving experiences could be more exhilarating (or nerve-tangling) than to find oneself being tailgated by a convoy of drivers who appear to have taken religious vows never to drop their speed below 100 miles an hour. From Milan, the northernmost junction of this network, the *autostrade* reach out like concrete fingers: Venice, Florence and the Italian Riviera, with its miles of sheltered coves and beaches, all lie well within a morning's drive and every route offers beguiling diversions. It would be difficult, for example, to drive to Venice without stopping at Verona en route for an unhurried view of its almost perfectly preserved Roman amphitheater (open-air operas are performed there in the summer) and to take a look at Juliet's balcony, that legendary and almost inaccessible fixture that leads the cynic to marvel at Romeo's prowess more as athlete than as lover.

On the way from Milan to Florence is Bologna, another center of great wealth and learning (it was here that Marconi was born and Galvani discovered how electricity flowed) and—more important—a shrine for lovers of good food and wine. If you have time and it isn't too crowded, have lunch at Pappagallo's and leave the choice of food and wine to the waiter. All you need do is order *un pranzo* (luncheon) *alla bolognese* and prepare yourself for a stupefying banquet.

One of the hazards involved in making such detours from a planned itinerary is that the diversions tend to become destinations. The first time I planned a trip from Milan to Florence, I detoured to see Bologna, intending to stay overnight before getting back onto the *autostrada*. Once there, however, I learned that if I continued south toward the Adriatic, I would pass through the town of Savignano, the chief landmark of which is a parched stream you've probably heard of—the Rubicon. It was about this now-humble trickle that the Roman senate, frightened by the increasing power of their own legions, issued their sonorous edict: "General or soldier, veteran or conscript, armed person whoever you may be, stop here, and let not your standards nor your arms nor your army cross the Rubicon." I never did get to Florence.

For a dramatic exit from northern Italy, nothing matches the spectacular rail route through the Alps. There are five train stations in Milan, but only one—the Stazione Centrale—serves the main route north to Switzerland. Book your seat as far in advance as possible (before you leave home, if you can) and, if you're

in a hurry, book it on Trans Europe Express.

Where to go in Switzerland? It depends, as the travel truism goes, on what you're looking for. I happen to prefer Montreux, the international resort and wine center, which is just two and a half hours from Milan by Trans Europe Express. Unlike many Swiss towns—especially those in the German-speaking parts of Switzerland—it combines mountains and lake as well as the right sort of night life. From Milan, the tracks skirt Lake Maggiore before plunging into the 12½-mile Simplon Tunnel and emerging into a mountainscape that beggars adequate description. One's first feeling on seeing these awesome crags is envy: it seems almost unjust that one country, Switzerland, should be so rich in economic wealth and even richer in natural beauty. In fact, it's long been fashionable in Europe to suspect the Swiss. People say they are too clean, too clever, too busy and—crime against nature—too wealthy. Visitors sometimes go home with the uneasy feeling that the sole function of that precision apparatus known as the Swiss Tourist Industry is to instill a sense of inferiority in the visitor.

"The other day," said an American lurching on the terrace of a lake-front hotel outside Geneva, "I called the desk at my hotel and told them I wanted to get to Gstaad immediately. I asked them to check on the fastest route and told them not to worry about expense, because it was urgent business. I figured they'd get me a fast car and a good driver. Ten minutes later, I hear this whirling noise outside and the desk clerk phones to say there's a goddamn helicopter waiting for me."

But efficiency isn't the whole story. If you scratch a Swiss, you'll be reassured to find that he's not the superhuman efficiency apparatus described in the travel folders. The difference lies in the country he inhabits. Swiss life is magnificently orchestrated, not by chance but by design. Organization, a Zurich concierge assured me, doesn't necessarily lead to regimentation. It just makes life more pleasant and usually easier. But still, I was to discover, it creates occasional problems.

The Swiss railway system, for instance, is one of the most efficient in the world; but for the baggage-laden traveler, this can be a highly mixed blessing. Changing trains often consists of throwing your gear out a window before your train has properly halted, dashing out yourself, retrieving everything, then stowing it aboard another train as it pulls mercilessly out of the station precisely on time. All this must sometimes be accomplished in less than three minutes, without the help of baggage porters; and if you pause to tie your shoelace, you may have to wait an hour or two for the next train. (Members of the American ski team, sitting last winter among a forest of skis at the station in Montreux, complained that they'd never made a successful train connection during their entire tour of Switzerland.) To avoid all of this confusion, the Swiss railways offer the same baggage facilities as airlines. If you check your baggage ten minutes before departure time, it will travel with you, no matter how many times you change trains, and may be claimed upon arrival at your destination.

Most people in Switzerland travel by

train. In the winter months, when the roads are impassable and the airports all but invisible under ten feet of snow, there's literally no other way to get around. Even in summer, rail is faster than road and (except when traveling between the major cities) far handier than air travel. Swiss trains are swift and comfortable—and eminently civilized, thanks to uniformly gratifying cuisine and a steady flow of beer and wine, consumed amid flashing Alpine panoramas. In Italian, French and German trains, the coaches are compartmentalized, as in England, which means you're thrown willy-nilly into semi-intimacy—sharing cigarettes, wine and anecdotes—with your *compartmentmates*. The most interesting passengers—especially from the point of view of the unattached young male—will be traveling second class, and you're well advised to do likewise.

Companionship aside, a train ride across Switzerland, which you can make in one long day, will give you a fine sampling of the kaleidoscope of vistas that this remarkable country offers. From the placid lakeside lowlands around Geneva, through the mountainous grandeur above Montreux, on into the semi-industrial starkness of Swiss German Zurich, you will have seen as much natural variety as you could expect on a coast-to-coast train ride across the U.S.

Even the lowliest Swiss has an acute awareness of the loveliness of his land, and the national consensus is to preserve this beauty at all costs, even at the cost of what we call progress. A factory will not be built on the shores of Lake Geneva simply because that's the most efficient place to build it. Factories are ugly and they taint the landscape; the Swiss insist, therefore, that they be hidden, or at least disguised. A superhighway will not be built along the banks of the Rhone simply because that's the cheapest place to build it. Rivers are for people and they should be accessible to those who like to stroll along the banks. You can travel from one end of Switzerland to the other and never see a billboard, a plastic drive-in or a telephone or electric cable. Even pneumatic-drill compressors are muffled with rubber padding to reduce noise. For this reason, a tour of Switzerland can be a refreshing revelation to Americans, as well as Britons; because, no matter how much they love their own country and deplore its desecration, many of them still think that private enterprise has a God-given mandate to uglify.

Montreux itself, a fine departure point for train trips all over Switzerland, is one of the liveliest summer resorts in the country. It's set in an amphitheater of mountains, vineyards and rolling meadowland, overlooked by the great peak of the Rochers-de-Naye, 6700 feet above (at



"Hi!"

the top of which is a restaurant that can be reached by cogwheel train).

Montreux faces south across a lake of crystal clarity; the mountains behind the town protect it from the *bise*, the dry wind that cuts in from the northeast. Byron, Shelley, Dickens, Tolstoy, Wagner and Tchaikovsky all fell in love with the place, and today the mountains around Lake Geneva and above Montreux are studded with the villas of resident celebrities: Taylor and Burton, Bardot, Chaplin, Nabokov, David Niven, Noel Coward and William Holden, among them.

In Montreux, as in most Swiss resorts, the tourist office is financed partly by private investment and partly by contributions from local businessmen who depend on tourist trade. The result is that instead of a civil service staffed by indolent deadbeats whose only function is to hand out leaflets notable mostly for their tedious repetitiousness, the office is a tightly organized, superefficient corporation. Claude Nobs, its assistant director, will do everything short of moving an Alp for a visitor. He (or one of his staff) can tell you where to rent a yacht or a pair of water skis, can set up a private winetasting session, provide a plane to land you on a glacier for summer skiing, put you in touch with a guide for a scramble up the Matterhorn or have you driven to one of the ten 18-hole golf courses within an hour or so of town. When you get to Montreux, visit his office.

There are more than 60 hotels in and around Montreux, the best of which are the Montreux-Palace, the National and the Excelsior. The newest hotel in Montreux is the Eurotel, where every room has a refrigerator stocked with liquor; you pay for what you drink and settle when you check out. Stock is replenished daily. All rooms have staggering views, of either the lake or the mountains, and fast, ultra-courteous service. Swimming pool, sauna and massage rooms are at your disposal. Rates start around \$8 for room and breakfast and go to about \$18 for full board.

If you really like the place, incidentally, you can buy your suite. Eurotel belongs to a chain of resort hotels operated on a principle similar to American co-operative apartments. For anywhere from \$15,500 to \$17,000, you can own an apartment in the hotel and either occupy it yourself full time or have it rented out to paying guests. As an investor in the Eurotel chain, you get a discount ranging from 20 to 50 percent every time you stay in any link of the chain. There are now 15 of these in some of the finest resorts in Europe, and others are in the works in Taormina, Tenerife, the Algarve and Cap Ferrat. Well worth considering.

Youthful night life abounds in the area. There's the Museum, named for its location—a 13th Century monastery—which features top rock groups but whose



main attraction is a floorful of saucy-lipped girls from the finishing schools that dot the area. In June, there will be a new *discothèque*, Le Strobe, decorated in *Bonnie and Clyde* style, which plans one of the most ambitious light shows on the Continent, using equipment purchased by the indefatigable Claude Nobs earlier this year on a trip to London and Los Angeles, twin centers for the manufacture of psychedelic electronics. There's also dancing at the Hungaria (beware of the exorbitant and predatory B-girls there), at the Casino and at numerous other cabarets and night spots in town and along the lake front.

You can, of course, gamble at the Casino, but the only game is roulette and the maximum stake is five francs (about one dollar) a throw. For stronger stuff, go to Divonne on the French side of Lake Geneva or to one of the neighboring casino towns in France. There's also an international television festival in April, an international jazz festival in June and a music festival in September; if you plan to go there in any of these months, make

sure to reserve your room well in advance. And when shopping in Switzerland, bear in mind that the retail prices on all goods are established and enforced by the manufacturers.

A one-and-a-half-hour train ride (or a 15-minute helicopter hop) east of Montreux is Gstaad, one of the most popular watering spots for the international jet set. You haven't won your jet set wings, incidentally, until you can unblinkingly—and correctly—pronounce Gstaad ("Staad"). Skiing in Gstaad is superb from December well into March; the *cognoscenti* flock there in February because the sun warms the slopes longer as the winter wanes. Summer is sedate and relaxing. Whatever the season, Gstaad is a village of perfect beauty, studded with gingerbread chalets, quaint barns and charming little craft shops staffed by multilingual local girls. The town resembles a full-scale Disneyland creation without the saccharine coating. There are more than a dozen fine hotels in Gstaad and, if you avoid the seasons, you can stay at any of them without a reservation. By far the

best known is the Gstaad Palace, rated one of Europe's top hotels—a huge, faded fortress strategically commanding the village below. Rooms are smallish and a bit austere, but the service—like the French cuisine—is lavish and impeccable. Tariff is somewhat steep, beginning about \$26 a day full fare, with the inevitable extras running your bill up to \$40–\$50. No credit cards, please, but the Palace will unhesitatingly accept your personal check. If you're willing to settle for something less than the grand manner, the Park-Hôtel Reuteler is charming and modestly dignified; and the handful of hotels in the village itself (L'Arc-en-Ciel, for instance) offer honest accommodation at moderate cost. M. Ernst Scherz, who owns the Palace, seems to control much of the available real estate around Gstaad; and if you fall in love with the town—as many do—he might be persuaded to rent you a chalet.

Returning to Montreux, you'll find that Geneva is just an hour down the lake—in any season, one of the most beautiful waterside train trips in the world (make sure you take a window seat with a southern exposure). Geneva's international airport connects with all the major European cities and now offers almost as many transatlantic flights as the airport at Zurich. Geneva's airport has been modernized to include satellites and moving sidewalks that transport passengers from the plane to the terminal.

STOCKHOLM—COPENHAGEN

When asked for his preferences among the Scandinavian nations, the more aged travel snob invariably names Norway and Finland, presumably because these rugged and empty lands have remained relatively untainted by plastic, concrete, exhaust fumes and frozen dinners. I'll certainly concede that the blessings of urban civilization are mixed, but I can't bring myself to romanticize the virgin wilderness. And this simplistic conceit, I think, does a gross injustice not only to Oslo and Helsinki, which are among Europe's most gracious cities, but also to Denmark and Sweden, which boast a countryside as unspoiled as any in Europe and a pair of capital cities as stylish and alive as any in the world. This isn't to say, of course, that Stockholm and Copenhagen are sister cities—except in antiquity, architecture and geographical proximity. It's their differences rather than their similarities that provide real insights into the charm and complexity of the Nordic nature. But, happily, both cities do share an attitude of hospitality toward foreigners that assures the visiting American a warm welcome in either capital.

Let's begin our tour in Stockholm—a city of unexpected beauty, a city on the water, larticed with islands, bridges and great green rolling parks, fresh and

warm and crowned in summertime by fluffy clouds set in a pale-blue sky. Ferries steam to and from the island suburbs, sending frothy wakes across the broad waterways to lap against the columns of low-lying bridges. Hundreds of swans glide along the canals and noisy families of moor hen and ducks argue over the scraps that children throw from the river-front promenades. You'll find the swans there even in the winter, because instead of making the long trip south when it gets cold, they stay in Stockholm at a winter feeding station near the Opera House, where, along with the gulls, ducks and other water birds, they feed in royal abundance: Eleven hundred pounds of bread and 440 pounds of wheat and corn are issued by the city each day.

Whenever I'm in Stockholm, I'm surprised to rediscover that the city's hotels don't live up to the quality of Stockholm itself. Not that the hotels are bad, exactly. They just don't match the standards of efficiency, progressiveness and sophistication that have come to be expected of Scandinavia, and of Stockholm especially. The Grand Hotel is best recommended because of its view; if you stay there, make sure to ask well in advance for a room overlooking the Royal Palace. The Grand has the reputation as the best and most fashionable hotel in Stockholm, but it leaves a lot to be desired in its standard of service and efficiency. On a recent stay, it was impossible to get a jacket pressed or a button sewed on after seven p.m. The shower didn't work and nothing was done to repair it, and a further inconvenience was that the Grand does not accept American Express cards. (Fortunately, if you run out of money, you can always present your card at the local American Express representative's office—there's no full-time Amexco office in Stockholm—and draw up to \$500 in traveler's checks.) Only two hotels in Stockholm do take American Express cards: the Diplomat and the Strand. This is hardly sufficient basis on which to recommend them; but one, the Strand, in the center of town facing the water, has been recently renovated. It has a handful of corner suites that are both spacious and reasonable—around \$36, *service compris*. Besides the normal hotel offerings, the Strand has a roof garden, an excellent seafood restaurant and a minicasino. Most of its rooms, though, are small and rather dark; make sure you inspect your room before you accept it. Other hotels worth considering are the Foresta, a cab ride from the center of town, and the Carlton, on the Kungsgatan, near the shopping district. But there are over 30 large hotels in Stockholm, many of them currently being improved, so perhaps you'll stumble on a good one I don't know about.

Once you're comfortably established,

instead of taking a bus tour such as I recommend on our other itineraries, see the city by boat; you can appreciate Stockholm's lambent beauty best from the water. Boats leave throughout the day from the quays near the Opera House and the Grand Hotel. Take a day to see Drottningholm Palace, nearly an hour by steamer; or take a boat ride by night to beautifully lit-up, idyllic Djurgården Island, in Stockholm's Lake Mälaren, which boasts an amusement park and open-air theaters.

You should plan to spend at least a week in Stockholm; but even that won't be long enough, because it is one of those cities that won't let the visitor go; there's simply too much to see and do. There's an old quarter, a maze of medieval streets lined with tiny shops and restaurants, and there's a modern shopping center in the heart of the city, featuring a car-free mall (Sergelgatan) and restaurants that provide every cuisine from Cantonese to French. The city museums alone need a week: Skansen, the outdoor museum in which is displayed every architectural style known in Sweden, covers 75 acres. Here you can listen to a recital of chamber music in a manor house or you can watch demonstrations of glass blowing, pottery, baking, weaving, butter churning and cheese making. There's also a printing works, a goldsmith and all kinds of other handicraft demonstrations. At Solliden, Skansen's first class restaurant, there's an immobilizing smorgasbord at lunchtime and (from mid-May to August) open-air dancing for those who can still stand afterward.

You don't have to be a boat fanatic to go to see the Vasa and the accompanying museum. This mighty old oak-hulled wreck, once flagship of the Royal Swedish Navy, was raised from Stockholm harbor in 1961, its first exposure to air since August 1628, when the Vasa sank on her maiden voyage. Restoration work on the proud old vessel will take years; meanwhile, she is housed in a special prefabricated building and shrouded in a perpetual spray of preservatives to prevent the onset of the drying and molds that could destroy her. Regular films in the adjacent Vasa Museum explain every stage of the recovery and restoration that still go on. One museum room has a gallery of ornate wooden carvings taken from the wreck; another has a reconstruction of Vasa's lower gun deck, including one of the massive 24-pounders whose weight probably contributed to the disaster.

Though it costs only a couple of kronor (about 40 cents) to see the Vasa—like most of the major museums in town—Stockholm can be a somewhat expensive city. A simple dinner for four—consisting of one round of beer and schnapps, an appetizer, fish course and coffee—can

run to nearly \$50 in a place like Den Gyldene Freden, an old inn and tavern that opened three centuries ago. Fortunately, there are scores of restaurants in Stockholm that serve excellent food in less exotic surroundings for around three or four dollars. In the best of these, such as Riche, Operakällaren, Stallmästaregården and Berns, reservations are recommended. Order the pickled salmon with fresh dill.

At the Opera House, there is a series of remarkable restaurants that vie with one another for sheer stylishness. You can eat lavishly under the great painted ceiling in the main dining room or you can enjoy a first-class simple meal at the Back Pocket snack bar. Or you might wish to visit the wine cellar; admission is by key, but if you tap on the metal door and speak nicely to the doorman, he might let you in. Inside, you'll find a fantastic selection of wine and great slabs of Swedish cheese, with an old music box supplying background melodies. Adjacent to the Back Pocket upstairs is the Opera Bar—beautifully decorated in *art nouveau* style—where you can drink draught Tuborg from a hallmarked silver tankard. Some of the finest wines produced in France are, oddly enough, obtainable only in Sweden. This is because the state liquor authority sends its wine tanker to France periodically to buy an entire year's output from a single vineyard. This government monopoly is the world's biggest single customer for French wines. A fifth of Scotch, should you insist on a taste of home, will cost you at least ten dollars in Stockholm and may climb to \$20 if you order it in your hotel room after hours. It's best to buy your own on the plane at duty-free rates—or acquire a taste for Swedish aquavit, which isn't difficult; it comes in more than 15 different flavors. Some Swedes develop their own personal brand by adding dried flowers and herbs to pure aquavit.

As far as night life is concerned, it's best to ask the younger employees at your hotel which places are currently the most swinging. If they don't know or if your hotel doesn't have any young employees, inquire at any airline office. You can find big-name entertainers at Berns (Belafonte, Chevalier, et al.), but most Stockholm night life consists of standard cabaret acts, some jazz clubs, striptease joints and *discothèques*. Along with everybody else in the world, the Swedes are dance-crazy. It's quite all right to ask unattached Swedish girls to dance; many of them, in fact, go out with their girlfriends solely to meet guys in the *discothèques* and night clubs. There's a lot of coming and going in the Stockholm *discothèque* scene; clubs change hands and names overnight and the ones we recommend may be out of business by the time you read this, but a current favorite



"Rub me."



"Thanks."



is the Lord Nilsson, small and informal: records only and bevy of unaccompanied girls. It's open till three. You can get in either from the street or from a spiral staircase that leads up from the Ambassadeur, one of Stockholm's oldest established night clubs. At the Ambassadeur, the entertainment is of unchanging simplicity: Big blondes take their clothes off—to the accompaniment of a bubble machine, smoke and colored lights; there's even a Las Vegas-style walkway extending from the stage. The night I went, an Amazonian honey-blond stripped down to a shred of shorty nightie and belted out the latest pop hits; legs all the way to her ears and the best matched pair of back dimples in Scandinavia.

Other *discos*: The Domino, for the younger set between 16 and 20. The Cecil, another Stockholm fixture, recently renovated to cope with the pop era, which boasts two *discothèques*, one with live groups, the other with records. Lots of single girls float around here and there's also a roulette table. Maximum stake is one krona (20 cents) and you are not allowed to exchange your winnings for cash, though you can pay your check with them.

Other night spots worth a visit: Skåpet, Bacchi Wapen, Hamburger Bors. In summer, there's outdoor dancing at the Tivoli, and at the Opera House a huge veranda is opened.

If you've had a wet evening, you'll

find merciful resuscitation the morning after in a sauna, Turkish bath or massage room at the Sturebadet and Centralbadet—but don't expect anything naughty in the massage rooms, because you'll be quickly disappointed. Think clean in both mind and body. The Sturebadet is nearly always crowded and there's often an hour's wait for a Turkish bath. My own choice is the Centralbadet, which is located in a delightful courtyard with ornamental pond and fountain.

The Centralbadet is on Drottninggatan, close to the Stockholm pornography center. There is no censorship of printed matter in Sweden and there are so-called "sex shops" that make Soho's dirty-book stores look like Christian Science reading rooms. One nice touch is a sex I.P. of two people making love issued by the Pornophone Company. Browse in them at will—but you'd be well advised not to buy for taking home: it's strictly illegal to import pornography into the U.S., and Customs inspectors are trained to keep an American eagle eye out for such contraband. No such restrictions, fortunately, will inhibit your shopping expeditions along the Hamngatan and the Kungsgatan, Stockholm's main commercial thoroughfares. Go to the NK department store, the best in Sweden; you'll find good buys everywhere. See particularly the Tre Tryckare prints of ships, planes and boats; fine lithographs by modern artists at

fairly reasonable prices; and the hand-crafted leatherwear in fine suede and soft calf. If they haven't got what you want, go to one of the specialty leatherware shops: Malugs is one of the best.

But Stockholm, of course, is far more than an agglomeration of shops, night clubs, hotels, restaurants, theaters, museums and sauna baths. To the east of the city stretches the Archipelago, a labyrinth of some 24,000 islands ranging in size from uninhabited clumps of rock to verdant land masses big enough for villages, farms and silent forests of pine. The Archipelago is a relatively new feature of the landscape, geologically speaking, since its highest points started to surface only 5000 or 6000 years ago; it grows at the rate of more than a foot and a half a century. Beyond the comparatively civilized and long-inhabited Inner Archipelago lies the Middle Archipelago, where the sea wind blows and Stockholmers make their summer homes, and the waters are filled with pleasure craft of every description. Beyond is the Outer Archipelago—low, rugged islets, wild and isolated, the seaward barrier that bears the onslaught of the Baltic breakers.

Sandhamn, a pilot station on the eastern edge of the Archipelago, is summer headquarters for the Royal Swedish Yacht Club, scene of annual sailing regattas and races. Saltsjöbaden, in the Inner Archipelago, is another popular yachting center, also good for water-skiing and boat rental and charter: it's less than a half hour's drive from town. In summer, questing bachelors cruise the Archipelagoes in rented boats, making frequent additions to the crew, depending on the availability of land-bound fauna along the waterways. Ask at the downtown tourist center about boat-rental fees.

It's hard to imagine tiring of Stockholm and its Archipelago; but if you do, Swedish State Railways offers seven-day tours of northern Sweden, through the spectacular lake and mountain scenery of Dalarna, Jämtland and Lapland, north to the Norwegian fjord country and then back to Stockholm. Swift, clean electric trains, equipped with observation car, diner, bar, showers, telephones, library and even a movie theater, transform this formidable-seeming journey into a sumptuous and relaxing overland cruise. Though it's probably impractical for a traveler on a two-week junket, it's the best way to see the remarkable north country.

A less ambitious but equally worthwhile side trip from Stockholm is the eight-hour rail-ferry journey to the walled medieval town of Visby, on the Baltic island of Gotland. You'll find there miles of deserted beaches, coastal waters that stay warmer longer than the mainland shore line, flower-filled meadows, deep, dark woods, castles and slate-roofed

farmhouses nestling among thatch-roofed barns.

Once you've returned to Stockholm—it's a 45-minute plane hop from Visby—you're just an hour from Copenhagen by air; but there's an alternative route of such charm and beauty that it should not be missed if you arrive between May and September: a three-day cross-country boat cruise, beginning at Stockholm and meandering through an intricate system of lakes and canals to Sweden's second city, Göteborg, on the opposite coast, some 350 water miles southwest. If you're lucky with the weather, few excursions anywhere can compare with the serenity of the Göta Canal cruise. Besides touring the largest lakes in Sweden, the ship negotiates 65 locks, giving you ample time to jump ashore, stretch your land legs and look around a bit as the ship waits for the water level in the locks to equalize. Cabins for the cruise must be booked 14 days in advance: doubles—including all meals aboard—cost 475 Swedish kronor (about \$95). Some of the boats have side-by-side beds; others, one above the other. If you have a preference, make sure you say so when you buy your ticket.

Once in Göteborg, spend some time at the Liseberg amusement park, sparkling with lakes, fountains, girls, outdoor restaurants, dance pavilions and all the usual attractions of a Scandinavian fun fair. If you plan to stay a few days, stop in at

the Ferd Lundquist department store in the center of town and chat with one of the delightful tourist hostesses at the information center there. She'll tell you what's happening, when and where, and she can advise you on hotels, restaurants, car rentals and routes. From Göteborg, you can rent a car and head north for the rocky coves and quiet fishing villages of Bohuslän, or you can drive south, following the line of beach resorts that will eventually take you to Malmö (Greta Garbo's home town), the southernmost big town in Sweden and springboard for the ferry trip across to Copenhagen. If time doesn't allow this drive—and it takes a couple of days, if you want to stop and explore—you can get a direct flight from Göteborg to Copenhagen. There are upward of eight flights daily and the trip takes 45 minutes.

Denmark is the only Nordic country with a direct road connection to Europe proper, and the result of this proximity, a decidedly European "feel" to the place, is apparent from the moment you step off the plane or ferry. Compared with Stockholm—which is an open city, full of light—Copenhagen seems rather dark and dour. But I have spent many happy times here, for the Danes are a kind and cheerful people, courteous to visitors and efficient at running things—and nowhere more so than at the Royal Hotel, which, though one of the more

expensive in town, is the only one in Copenhagen that I would unreservedly recommend. The rooms are big, bathrooms are full-sized, service is flawless and friendly, the view is terrific (the Royal has 22 stories) and there's a sauna and massage room. It's also built over the downtown air terminal. The Imperial, which is rated as a first-class hotel, has decidedly third-class service and gloomy, midget-sized rooms. If you can't get into the Royal, try the D'Angleterre or the Palace. Be warned, however, that hotel accommodation in Copenhagen is very scarce during the summer months—so scarce, in fact, that the tourist office runs a special emergency service (kiosk P at the central train station) that will put tourists in touch with private homeowners prepared to rent a room. I took advantage of this service a few years ago and stayed in a most pleasant large apartment not far from the center of town.

Once installed, try to get hold of two very handy booklets; one is called "Up and Down Strøget," the other is "Welcome to Wonderful Copenhagen." Both are free, from any Danish tourist office; they're also available at the front desk in most of the better hotels. Strøget is the city's busiest shopping thoroughfare, reserved for pedestrians after 11 A.M. The "Welcome" booklet is a compact and comprehensive guide to hotels.



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restaurants, museums, shopping, sight-seeing and entertainment. Don't expect to find in it, however, any useful information on the subject that's foremost in the minds of most visiting males on arrival in Denmark for the first time. Other people worry and argue about sex; the Danes accept it. At least the younger Danes do. Danish girls are not more brazen or less moral than others; they are simply more honest, and it is unfortunate that this honesty has helped create one of the more durable myths of our generation, the myth of the Scandinavian woman. In a short visit to Copenhagen, there is little chance that the globe-trotting male will have any more or any less success than he would in any other world capital. This might be a frustrating experience, because in Denmark's population of less than 5,000,000, there are more stunningly beautiful girls than in most countries on earth.

Whether dining alone or with a new-found friend, at a private apartment or a 200-table restaurant, abandon hope, all ye calorie counters who enter Copenhagen's portals. This city will be torture if you can't enjoy the goodies that garnish the tables of even the humblest cafe-

teria. The Danes love to eat and there's nothing they love to eat more—and more of—than the national specialty, *smørrebrød*, succulent open-face sandwiches of such infinite variety and opulence that their consumption has become almost as competitive a contest as their preparation. The tallest creation gets the prize—provided the diner can get his mouth around it. Oskar Davidsen's is the most famous *smørrebrød* restaurant in Copenhagen, with 178 varieties available—if that isn't overdoing a good thing. I would unhesitatingly recommend Krogs Fiskerestaurant (near the fish market on Gammel Strand) for great seafood; also the Stephan a Porta, where you can dine in the open, and the Langelinie Pavillonen by the harbor. Or you might like the idea of eating freshly caught fish in a restaurant on a canal and then taking a ferry from Kongens Nytorv to Christianshavn for a walk along streets lined with Renaissance- and rococo-style merchants' houses. When you return, take a stroll through Nyhavn, which has been the sailors' quarter for nearly three centuries. On the second floor of number 67, Hans Christian Andersen sat and dreamed about en-

chanted castles and cunning witches while in the taverns around him, many of which still stand, seafaring men from every port in the world boozed and brawled over Copenhagen whores. For a reasonable sum you can have a map of Scandinavia etched into your chest at a Nyhavn tattoo parlor, or you can stop at an old ship's chandler and pick up a couple of decorative handmade brass-pinned tackle blocks. At Gammel Strand, you can join a tour of the canals and harbor; there's no more appropriate way of getting the feel of this tough old seaport than from the water.

With a fair amount of ingenuity and the stamina of six Vikings, it's not too difficult in Copenhagen to stay awake for 24 hours without once leaving that twilight world known by the generic term of night life. The Danish capital doesn't just swing until sunrise, it *roars*. Clubs, *discothèques* and many restaurants and bars stay open until five and some reopen an hour later. I have to admit to a certain fondness for bed and to an aversion to being awake when it gets light; but if you like a 24-hour scene, it's waiting for you in Copenhagen.

There are places to avoid, however, on your round-the-clock rounds; and chief among them are the Kakadu and the Wonder Bar, unabashed pickup emporiums for pros that—wonder of wonders—are actually listed by the Danish Tourist Bureau. These and similar establishments should be shunned because they are both seamy and, I would have thought, unnecessary in a town like Copenhagen. Try the Star Club, where the atmosphere is pleasant, though noisy, and the crowd is young. Live music downstairs, records upstairs.

The Prius Henrik features dancing and striptease, and the Valencia, one of the biggest night clubs in town, offers the same, plus cabaret entertainment; I can't really recommend either. There's also the tiny Club 10 (admission by membership only, or by good will of the doorman if you're a visitor). The only times I've been there, it was full of Nordic giants and bodybuilders, three of whom, with partners, filled the minuscule dance floor. If you want something bigger (and better), try the Ambassadeur in the Palace Hotel, or the Adlon, which close on Sundays.

Tivoli Gardens is open May 1 to mid-September. As everyone on earth knows, it's an amusement park; but it bears as much resemblance to Coney Island as the Lincoln Memorial does to a jukebox. The lake in Tivoli was once joined to the city moat; almost the entire area, in fact, formed part of Copenhagen's ancient fortifications. Today, the park is an open-air festival of concerns (the concert-hall symphony orchestra gives one or two nightly, starring leading soloists and conductors). Also on the grounds, you'll find pantomime, dancing pavilions, beer

gardens, side shows and eating houses, ranging in style from snack bars to first-rank international restaurants. Only in Tivoli would you find, as I did on my first visit there, a string quartet playing its collective heart out for an audience of two; and they were necking. In the large glass-covered hall, you can hear anyone from jazzman Dexter Gordon to Marlene Dietrich and Sammy Davis Jr. To go to Copenhagen and not see Tivoli would be a wasted journey.

Last June, the Danish Parliament ended all censorship of literature written in Danish. They acted upon the recommendations of a committee that said pornography seemed to have no dangerous psychological effects upon readers. Immediately, there was an avalanche of pornography. Books of illustrated erotica are now displayed openly in some of the better Copenhagen bookshops. Leo Madsen, a 35-year-old photographer, has become rich and famous as a result of the law's change. He owns four porno shops, prints and publishes books and magazines and has gone into production of big-budget blue movies. Although the sale of written pornography has slumped, illustrated material is in ever-increasing demand, perhaps due to its more exportable nature, for few foreigners can read Danish, even Danish pornography. (Although I knew a man who learned to read French by reading French pornography. He explained it as having a "built-in incentive factor.")

If your inclination runs toward the better-known products of Danish design, drop in at the Illums Bolighus, a super-modern department store on the Strøget, featuring house and apartment accessories straight off the boards of the best designers in Denmark. You should also visit the exhibition of Danish arts, crafts and contemporary furniture at Den Permanente; everything on display is for sale.

It would be a sorry error to miss a chance to explore the Danish countryside, which is neat and rectangular, like a lot of Mondrian paintings stretched end to end with cows walking across them. Take the 30-mile trip up the coast from Copenhagen to the mighty castle of Kronborg in Elsinore. It's touted as Hamlet's castle, although Shakespeare's Hamlet died many centuries before Kronborg was built in the 16th Century. Authentically Shakespearean or not, it's a majestically melancholy sight and one well worth the pilgrimage. If you can't spare the time for a two- or three-day tour, then at least go by train to the Open Air Museum at Aarhus, where houses and shops from all over Scandinavia—each complete with furniture and even chinaware—have been reassembled in a huge park that captures in microcosm not only the look of this bucolic and industrious land but the warmth and cheerfulness of the singular people who live on it. It will

make a fitting final chapter for your visit.

But it isn't over yet. Be sure to leave a little room in your luggage, for Copenhagen's airport (Kastrup) has an enormous duty-free store that sells Cuban cigars (but, since they are illegal in the U.S., smoke them in the airport while waiting for your plane, which is bound to be delayed), liquor, cigarettes, perfume and pipe tobacco. Don't be startled, while you're walking along the corridors leading from the check-in desk, if you see soberly dressed businessmen zipping past on foot-propelled scooters. They are simply taking advantage of the novel form of transportation thoughtfully provided by SAS for that long trek between the terminal and the plane. Grab one and have a go. You'll have to leave it behind when you climb on board for the flight home, of course; the airlines take a dim view of scootering up and down plane aisles.

• • •

If you elect to explore any of my suggested three regions of *ambiance*—or any other parts of Europe, for that matter—give thought to your own inner *ambiance*. The mood you're in will play an even more important part in your enjoyment. But even if you read every available guidebook and travel article about the place you intend to visit, none of this information will prepare you for the single element that makes all vacation travel worth while: surprise—by which I mean the astonishment and delight that comes when you discover something that nobody has told you about. It might be an inn tucked away in the Pyrenees or a

bookshop full of English-language publications that you stumble across just when the rain is in its second day and getting heavier. It might also be another kind of enlightenment—like the discovery that Leningrad has had TV-phones for years or that *both* European color television systems have color far superior to the U.S. variety. Or you might be walking through Central Station in Copenhagen and come across a magnificent model-train layout, complete with miniature town, street lights, boat marina and mountain villages. But there—I've told you about it.

My opinion is that travel writing at its best can supply only a foretaste of the wonders—and the disappointments—of traveling. And you may find on returning home that you disagree with the author; a restaurant that sends me into ecstasies of appreciation might, because of poor service or a change in management, throw you into a dyspeptic rage. And you might find that the place you enjoyed most was at the head of my "Don't Go" list. But it doesn't really matter whether we always agree, as long as I've persuaded you to go and find out for yourself—keeping in mind that there's only one immutable rule for travelers: Never order fish in a strange restaurant on a Monday.

For further information on any of the countries covered in this article or in the accompanying travel chart, use the REACTS card at page 27.



"Phoebe, you don't know a thing about golf!"

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW (continued from page 82)

profession has never been able to establish a satisfactory definition of pornography. **JOHNSON:** And they never will, because that which is forbidden is changing all the time. As far as I'm concerned, it's a matter of taste.

PLAYBOY: Many people become sexually aroused by stimuli less obvious than the human body or graphic portrayals and descriptions of it. Can you tell us anything about these indirect erotic stimuli?

JOHNSON: We think nonspecific erotica—as we call it—is an expression of the fact that we are total sexual beings; we are male and we are female, and we have many reminders of this that are not just sociocultural or psychosocial. Each sex wears certain clothing—though this is up for grabs now—and there are certain signals that remind us of the fact that we are sexual beings. To answer your question more directly, a nonspecifically erotic stimulus is something that gives visual, tactile or other sensory pleasure. It isn't pelvically oriented. It could be a hand that evokes a memory and a sensation. It could be a fragrance, a color, a movement, a musical strain—any stimuli of the senses. But it has to be translated through the individual's unique experience in order for it to have sexual connotations. Being nonspecific, it might be meaningless to someone else.

PLAYBOY: We've been discussing your research; valuable as it appears to be, some of your critics maintain that it is academic, that it doesn't really teach people how to improve their sex lives. Do you have some practical or clinical application in mind for your findings?

MASTERS: In order to talk about that, I'll have to explain the total concept of our Reproductive Biology Research Foundation: There are three major areas of interest—all related to reproductive biology—and each has a laboratory and a clinical purpose. In 1947, research began in conceptive physiology; shortly thereafter, the clinical application of this work was developed by treating married couples who had difficulty in conceiving and/or maintaining their pregnancies. In 1952, our work in contraceptive physiology was originated, with obvious clinical application to population control.

The year 1954 marked the beginning of our research in human sexual physiology. The clinical application began in 1959 as a long-range program for the treatment of human sexual inadequacy. By this we mean such basic complaints as frigidity, impotence and premature ejaculation. We can talk to you only in general terms about this material, because we feel that the specifics should not be released until we have ten years of statistical follow-up. Our tenth year is 1968, and by the end of this year, our basic formal research design will have been completed. The findings will be incorporated in a

medical text called *Human Sexual Inadequacy*, which is tentatively scheduled for publication in 1970. This text will deal not only with the concepts of treatment of sexual inadequacy developed during these years but also with the psychology of sexual response as developed, described and evaluated in the original research population for *Human Sexual Response*. We are greatly encouraged by the results of the clinical programs and by the long-range statistical evaluation of these results. There is a great deal of hope in the future for people who suffer from those sexual inadequacies I mentioned. These individuals can have every real confidence that there is a good chance for a reversal of their symptoms.

JOHNSON: We never lose sight of the fact that the underlying commitment of this research is to replace fallacy with fact, with the hope that less sexual distress will occur in an enlightened society.

PLAYBOY: Taking these inadequacies in the order in which you mentioned them, let's talk about frigidity. Do you mean it simply to describe the condition of a nonorgasmic female?

MASTERS: Frigidity means many things to different people. It *can* mean a nonorgasmic female. Many a husband has sent his wife to a physician with the complaint that she is frigid, when actually she is orgasmic only once a week and he is interested in a high level of response two or three times a week. Sometimes the word orgasm doesn't enter into it at all. It may be simply that a woman just doesn't have much interest in sex. Frigidity means one thing to a Freudian analyst and has entirely different meanings to other concerned parties.

PLAYBOY: What are the basic causes of female failure to have orgasm?

JOHNSON: Primarily, they're attitudinal. But failure to achieve orgasm is attitudinal for thousands of different reasons, so it's really impossible to generalize.

PLAYBOY: Is there such a thing as a physiologically unresponsive woman?

MASTERS: Maybe two or three percent of nonorgasmic women have enough basic pathology in the pelvis to account for pain during coital activity. As a result of the pain, these few may not be totally responsive. But lack of response is, in more than 90 percent of the cases, psychogenic rather than physiological.

PLAYBOY: Do you go along with the psychiatric notion that nymphomania is really a manifestation of frigidity?

JOHNSON: We think that nymphomania is a much abused term. There are many manifestations of sexual tension that could be described by this word. Take, for instance, the woman who is psychologically satisfied with the sexual activity in her life; she does not feel deprived. Yet this particular woman subsequently

may have experienced one or more pregnancies or other conditions that increase the pelvic blood supply. This causes a condition that often produces a genital sensation identical to the sensation produced by sexual stimulation. Because she has experienced sexual response, the woman identifies this feeling as being sexual, even though sexual need is not on her mind at all; but she has a physical reminder that can be translated into sexual need. You could call this nymphomania. The same condition could develop for a woman who stands on her feet for hours. She may notice the same sensation and translate it within her experience as sexual stimulation. She may not feel emotionally in need of sexual activity; she may not really be deprived in any way, but the physical feeling is there. For some women this is an annoyance, but for others it may become a signal to seek an increase in their frequency of sexual outlet. This, too, could be called nymphomania.

As for the specific question you raised, I suppose there is a category of woman who stays at high plateau and rarely or never achieves orgasm but develops and sustains a level of sensation so intense as to produce a desire for an unusual frequency of sexual activity. This situation resembles the psychiatric definition of nymphomania.

MASTERS: If you want our favorite definition, we agree with Wardell Pomeroy—one of the co-authors of the Kinsey reports—that a nymphomaniac is a woman who has just a bit more sex tension than her partner.

JOHNSON: Exactly. The concept of nymphomania is purely relative. Response comes to mean more to one woman than it does to another and either more or less to the same woman at different times.

MASTERS: Many of the misconceptions about nymphomania stem from the lack of understanding that the female can be multiorgasmic.

PLAYBOY: What about prostitutes? In your experience, are they generally as frigid as is widely believed?

MASTERS: The notion that as a group they are frigid is a misconception. In our in-depth interrogations of prostitutes, we found that the second greatest motivation for moving into or continuing in prostitution was sexual desire. The first motivation, of course, was economic.

PLAYBOY: The second sexual inadequacy you mentioned as part of your long-range research program is impotence. What is your definition of the term?

MASTERS: Like frigidity, impotence is defined in many ways. We classify it as two types. In primary impotence, the male has failed at his first opportunity at penetration and continues to fail at every exposure thereafter to achieve and/or to maintain an erection for the length of time sufficient to accomplish mounting. In secondary impotence, the male has



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not failed his first time or his first thousand times, but then begins to develop difficulties in achieving or maintaining an erection.

PLAYBOY: What is the chief cause of impotence?

MASTERS: Fear. Regardless of why or under what circumstances the male fails to achieve or maintain an erection the first time, the greatest cause of continued sexual dysfunction thereafter is his fear of nonperformance. Those who have had an instance of failure due, let's say, to fatigue or excessive alcohol intake and do not attach special significance to it, rarely develop this fear. But those who elevate an occasional failure out of context and dwell on it retrospectively can go on to develop severe cases of secondary impotence.

JOHNSON: Alcohol is probably the greatest single cause of secondary impotence.

MASTERS: Shakespeare showed great psychological insight when he had the porter in *Macbeth* tell Macduff that alcohol "provokes the desire but it takes away the performance." It disinhibits the desire to perform, but it inhibits those physical reactions that lead to successful performance.

JOHNSON: If the male realizes that a failure because of alcohol—or any number of other factors, such as untoward circumstances, the wrong person, the wrong place, or what have you—is not meaningful in terms of his masculinity, that it is not a signal for continued

incapacity, then he can be home free.

PLAYBOY: Is it possible, as some critics have suggested, that the female's sexual emancipation—and the consequent increase in her sexual demands on the male—is a significant cause of impotence?

MASTERS: Any situation conceived as threatening by a particular male may tend to make him fearful about his performance and thereby lead him to try forcing the situation. But one doesn't need female emancipation to do this.

PLAYBOY: The final sexual inadequacy you mentioned is premature ejaculation. Is this as difficult to define as the others?

MASTERS: Well, I've never heard a satisfactory definition—and that includes our own. But as a working definition, we describe a premature ejaculator as a male who can't control the ejaculatory process long enough to satisfy his partner at least 50 percent of the time. Obviously, such a definition does not hold up if the partner happens to be nonorgasmic. As for the causes, they vary. I suppose one of the greatest causes in a 40-year-old male is exposure to prostitutes in his late teens and early 20s, with its pressure for speed and performance and lack of regard for time, place and circumstances. There's also the back-seat-of-a-car type of exposure, in which a quick response pattern develops when the young man is just learning. In all these situations, there is rarely any concern for the female's satisfaction.

PLAYBOY: Many men try to overcome

their problem of premature ejaculation or that of orgasmic failure on the part of their partners by developing a self-conscious sexual technique. Assiduously memorizing sexual lore and following the suggestions of many marriage manuals, they recite the multiplication tables silently during intercourse, or think of the stock market, in order to postpone ejaculation. Don't you think this preoccupation with technique defeats its intended purpose?

JOHNSON: Of course. It shouldn't be necessary to recite multiplication tables in order to withhold ejaculation. It's the quality of the sexual encounter, the attitudes that one brings to it regarding the *desire* for control, that are important.

MASTERS: Fundamentally, the greatest mistake the male can make is to feel that because he has a certain amount of technical competence, he is therefore an effective sexual entity. Technical competence, as sexual information becomes more available, will almost be *presumed*. It's the male's approach, his concept, his expression, his giving of himself, the personal relationships he establishes, that get the job done for him *and* for her.

PLAYBOY: Many marriage manuals rhapsodize about the simultaneous orgasm—which a great number of couples find difficult to achieve. Is this another aspect of the self-consciousness we're discussing?

JOHNSON: Yes, it's an intrusion on the spontaneity that is the secret of sexual response. It's a lovely thing when it happens. It certainly produces a greater sense of sharing, which should heighten the experience. But to deliberately try for it would be an imposition of technique.

PLAYBOY: You also mentioned research by your foundation in conception and contraception. Have you made any revolutionary discoveries in solving the problems of infertility?

MASTERS: I don't know how revolutionary our discoveries are, but we have learned that a knowledge of when to have intercourse, how to have intercourse and how often to have intercourse could solve one out of every eight infertility problems in this country. In 20 years of evaluating infertile marriages, we have found that at least 60 percent of the difficulty, when the problem is unilateral, has been on the male side. It makes one think about the queens in history who were beheaded because they produced no heir to the throne.

And just one final point about fertility that would be apt for PLAYBOY's large male audience. It is a common fallacy that frequency of performance is likely to induce pregnancy. But the fact is that it takes the average fertile male 30 to 40 hours after an ejaculation to return the sperm production and seminal-fluid volume to his normal range. If a male happens to have a low sperm count, it may take him as long as 48 hours. So if his performance during his wife's fertile period is too frequent, she is less likely to



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become pregnant, because his sperm count will never get the opportunity to reconstitute itself.

PLAYBOY: In your studies, have you reached any conclusions about the relative effectiveness of contraceptives?

MASTERS: Yes, but our conclusions don't differ substantially from what is already known. Far and away, the most effective contraceptive aid is the pill; second, in terms of statistical security from pregnancy, is the intra-uterine device—the I. U. D., or coil. In our experience, the chemical intravaginal contraceptives, together with recently developed foams and creams, are next in line, followed very closely by the diaphragm/jelly routine and the condom. The suppository and foam tablet are not as adequate as these other contraceptives.

JOHNSON: They don't cover the right places at the right times.

PLAYBOY: Do any of these birth-control devices affect sexual response?

MASTERS: Some women reject the intravaginal chemical contraceptives on an aesthetic basis, and that might interfere with sexual responsivity. In some women, the pills create a feeling of nausea; this detracts from the users' sense of well-being and, in turn, may blunt sexual response. The intra-uterine device sometimes causes cramping and bleeding. All of these factors are relevant. On the other side, some males find that condoms interfere with erectile adequacy during intercourse. This is rare, but it happens.

JOHNSON: And a few men are irritated by chemical contraceptives. We've had very few reports about this, but the reports we have seem quite authentic.

MASTERS: We can't discuss this subject in further detail, because our research isn't yet complete. And much of what we have discovered about conception and contraception hasn't been released yet to the medical press. There's an old medical saw—with which I happen to agree—that says, "Doctors don't like to read their medicine in *The Reader's Digest*."

PLAYBOY: Apparently there has been very little definitive sexual information circulated among physicians. For example, we noted that you devoted several paragraphs of your text to an explanation that masturbation doesn't cause insanity. Did you really think it necessary to stress this obvious fact in a book written for doctors?

MASTERS: Yes—simply because many times we have been asked that particular question by members of the medical profession at professional meetings. This isn't surprising when you consider that, with a few exceptions, medical courses in the basic area of sexual response were not initiated until as recently as 1964. Physicians who graduated from medical school before that time had no opportunity to be oriented specifically to the subject. Since 1964, it is my understanding that somewhere between 40 and 50 medical schools—out of a

possible 92—have begun teaching courses in sexual response. This represents a real revolution in medical education.

PLAYBOY: What are the significant areas of sexual ignorance among medical students and physicians?

MASTERS: They know no more and no less about the subject than other college graduates. They share most of the common misconceptions, taboos and fallacies of their nonmedical confreres.

PLAYBOY: A common medical taboo—which has recently come under fire in sex-education circles—concerns the prohibition of sex during certain stages of pregnancy. Some doctors forbid intercourse for as long as three months before and three months after birth. Did your research confirm the wisdom of this prohibition?

MASTERS: Most doctors we know of don't go this far in their prohibition of sexual activity—although in our interrogations we did hear of some. We found no reason for such long-continued abstinence, particularly during the last trimester of pregnancy—providing the female partner has no pain and providing the membranes aren't ruptured and that there is no postcoital bleeding. We firmly believe that there is no real reason not to continue sexual activity up to the very terminal stages of pregnancy. After childbirth, of course, the situation varies tremendously. Usually, any prohibition of a month to six weeks is reasonable because of the trauma to the vaginal canal occasioned by the delivery and/or the episiotomy—the surgical incision of the vulvar orifice—that accompanies childbirth.

PLAYBOY: Another area of medical uncertainty and misconception relates to sex among the aged. What can you tell us about your research on this subject?

MASTERS: There are two fundamental constants necessary for the human male and female to maintain effective sexual function into the 80-year age group: One, the individual must be in a reasonably good state of general health; and two, he or she must have an interested partner.

For the female, an effective sexual function in her earlier years encourages continued successful functioning as she ages, primarily because she isn't contending with fears of nonperformance. If the female has not been particularly effective before menopause, then the added concerns of the aging process may make her totally ineffective thereafter. But if she has been responsive and well-oriented sexually, she usually sails through the menopausal situation with no significant variation in her sexual-response pattern.

As for the male, if he has had satisfactorily active sexual experience during his teens, 20s, 30s and 40s, there's no reason he can't maintain sexual effectiveness into his 50s, 60s and 70s, if he meets the criteria already described.

JOHNSON: The only thing I'd like to add is that aging may cause some reduction in the urge to ejaculate—that is, in the need for *frequency* of ejaculation. But, contrary to popular belief, this has nothing to do with the older man's ability to achieve and maintain an erection.

PLAYBOY: Is any progress being made in training physicians to assume a responsible role as sex counselors?

MASTERS: The concerns of sexual behavior have probably received more attention in the medical profession than has any other topic in the past five years. The profession is making a massive effort at self-education and is to be congratulated for it.

PLAYBOY: How about sex education for laymen? At what age do you believe it should begin?

MASTERS: It should begin as soon as youngsters are old enough to observe their parents relating to each other.

PLAYBOY: What can you teach children about sex at such an early age?

MASTERS: I don't think you have to "teach" them anything. If there is real warmth and interpersonal exchange in the marital relationship, the kids absorb it.

PLAYBOY: Do you think sex education should be restricted to the home?

MASTERS: No. It should be taught in the church and in the school as well. I don't think you can teach it any one place and do it well. Most homes can't teach reproductive biology—apart from unsophisticated "where babies come from" answers. At the other extreme, some homes teach all the biology in the world, but the kids never see mom and dad holding hands. The point is that parents can and should demonstrate to children the importance of an effective and outgoing sexual relationship.

JOHNSON: There's a kind of pseudo-avant-garde parent who wants so much to be "in" that he or she will overtalk the subject of sex. There will be great freedom with terminology and a studied, self-conscious atmosphere will be created, but no values will be imparted.

MASTERS: Religious authorities should present their views, of course; and as for the schools, sex education should be a part of the curriculum, but I don't have any definitive opinions about how that should be done.

JOHNSON: One of the problems that hasn't been solved yet is who should do the teaching. A good teacher of sex education has to impart some of his personality. He has to teach that sexuality is good and that there is a place for it. He has to teach values that are realistic, that make sense in the context of how things really are. It seems sad to me that we feel it necessary to design sex education "curricula" and put formidable barriers around the subject. We have not yet learned how to treat the subject naturally.

PLAYBOY: A. S. Neill makes a similar point in *Summerhill*—that once we are



"Why don't we go somewhere and unwind?"

faced with a concept of sex education, we have already failed at it. In other words, sexuality should be learned naturally, from life experience. Don't you agree?

MASTERS: Yes; but, of course, Neill was dealing with a controlled environment in his progressive school. As American society is constituted today, we have to make the best of a sorry bargain, which means some sex education on a formal basis, at least for the foreseeable future.

JOHNSON: You know, there is a kind of natural sex education in the communication of children with one another.

MASTERS: The kids spread a lot of fallacies and misconceptions, but they have one thing going for them: They learn to talk about sex. Even if it's hush-hush or snicker-snicker, there's value in communication.

JOHNSON: The pitfall in this is that knowledge picked up from the peer group frequently works as a barrier to sex education from adults. Often a good job can't really be done at home because one has to contend with misinformation conveyed by other people's children, not to mention teachers who insist on making judgments.

PLAYBOY: What qualifications do you think are desirable for teachers of sex education?

MASTERS: A sense of confidence and a non-

judgmental approach to the concerns of sexual response. A certain amount of academic orientation is in order, but all the academic orientation in the world won't amount to a row of beans if the teacher isn't comfortable with the subject.

JOHNSON: Besides being well-informed, he or she should have *lived* the subject—in other words, should have had the experience of a stabilized sexual relationship.

PLAYBOY: When you say that teachers should be nonjudgmental, do you mean in terms of teaching when it's right and when it's wrong to engage in sex?

MASTERS: No, we don't mean that. Everyone has a right to teach his own basic concepts; but sexual activity must be taught as a perfectly natural, normal phenomenon of human expression and not one that should be hidden, avoided or discussed in whispers.

JOHNSON: If you're really going to guide and direct young people, you have to be willing to listen to and accept their experiences as they express them in a classroom situation. If you express any condemnation there, you can turn off a young person, as far as communicating his or her sexual experiences is concerned, and thereby lose a vital opportunity to provide guidance.

PLAYBOY: Do you think sex education should include contraceptive information?

MASTERS: Depending on the age group, certainly. To my mind, the greatest tragedy in the dissemination of contraceptive information is that it's usually disseminated after the young person has started having intercourse. Rarely is there pregnancy protection at the first opportunity.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Wilhelm Reich's claim that society's taboos on infant, child and adolescent sexuality are responsible for impotence and frigidity in adults?

MASTERS: I think in some instances he is quite correct. This is a contributing cause in many of the cases we have seen.

JOHNSON: And the effect of these taboos is frequently a factor that has had to be overcome even by those who don't develop problems because of them.

PLAYBOY: Do you think masturbation plays an important role in an adolescent's sexual development?

MASTERS: That depends on the individual. There is a large number of people who have never masturbated and yet have developed into sexually responsive adults. So you can't say it's a requirement. But, obviously, it has played a major role in the sexual development of most individuals.

JOHNSON: I wonder if the negative side isn't more important. The fact of masturbation is nowhere near as dramatic a concern as the misconception that it's dirty, objectionable or what have you. Of course, this starts the individual out with a concept of guilt. A permissiveness about early genital expression is not nearly so important as the *absence* of a negative approach.

PLAYBOY: On the whole, how well do you think sex education is being handled in America today?

MASTERS: We have no scientific knowledge as to whether it's worth a damn. There are a lot of people who climb on the sex-education band wagon and say it's great. But somebody is going to have to take the time and effort to find out whether there is any real value in the entire concept of formally disseminating sexual information to youngsters. I don't mean to say that I think sex education is valueless; I just want to emphasize that there is absolutely no objective study that has been done in this area to determine its real value.

JOHNSON: Yes, but the fact that sex education is being done at all has greater value—at least at this point—than the actual material being disseminated. Wouldn't you agree?

MASTERS: Of course. The mere fact that one can talk about the subject and consider it with some degree of objectivity—all this shows incredible progress.

PLAYBOY: The kind of progress you're talking about is part of what's been called the Sexual Revolution—a revolution that is defined in many ways by many people. Can you give us your own definition?

JOHNSON: To begin with, we don't call it a revolution; we call it a renaissance. People tend to forget that the greatest deterrent to female freedom of sexual expression in this country was the invention of the steamboat—in other words, the Industrial Revolution.

MASTERS: It was this that pulled the men off the farms and into the city. In an agricultural community, female sexual equality never became an issue. Time and time again, men—in order to avoid the kids—would take pop's lunch out into the back field. They had lunch—and something more—by the creek under a shade tree. Fulfillment was thus taken for granted. Sex in this culture was presumed, valued, enjoyed—and lived. Then, as we became an industrial culture, puritanism spread and eventually Victorianism took over. With it came the repression of female sexuality that has existed until very recent years—the "thou shalt nots," the double standard, and so on.

JOHNSON: So you see, we're talking about a *rebirth* of natural sexuality. We're beginning to hark back to a time when there was an early acceptance of oneself as a sexual being, when sex was taken for granted as a healthy part of life. If I may inject a personal note, our work is very much a reflection of this renaissance. Even though people have been somewhat shaken by it, society has still *permitted* it.

MASTERS: Precisely. We have not existed in spite of our time; we have existed *because* of it.

JOHNSON: Actually, Kinsey was a pioneer—and so were R. L. Dickinson and Havelock Ellis before him. But they reflected a deep cultural need. We have emerged as a reflection of society's changing attitudes. For example, Bill started as a gynecologist—a physician—and I know that his early interest in the basic science of sex research developed almost parallel with the maturation of society's attitudes toward the subject. Kinsey, on the other hand, pioneered this renaissance; he helped lead it and make it what it is.

PLAYBOY: Many critics of this sexual renaissance, as you know, think that the pendulum has swung too far in the direction of permissiveness, that the new emphasis on sex has inflated its importance out of proper proportion. Are we correct in assuming that you disagree?

MASTERS: If the importance of sex was ever overemphasized—by its obsessive and moralistic negation—it was in the Victorian period, not now. It was then, not now, that sex could not be accepted and that sexuality was denied as a dimension of the total personality. If the pendulum has swung too far, I'm sure it will swing back. Let's put it this way: A certain amount of healthy objectivity needs to be injected into the field. We hope that something like this interview—appearing in the magazine I regard as the best available medium for sex educa-

tion in America today—will help do it.

PLAYBOY: You are obviously pleased to see the double standard disappear. But many clergymen fear that the vanishing "thou shalt nots" are being replaced by libertarian "thou shalt's" that may deprive young women, by virtue of a kind of reverse puritanism, of their freedom of choice. Do you see this happening?

MASTERS: Absolutely not. What has developed with the use of contraception is a new sense of selectivity for young women. They now have more freedom to say no than they ever had before. It may have something to do with the fact that the female no longer makes her decisions on the basis of fear—fear of pregnancy, fear of disease, fear of social ostracism. In no sense does this imply a rejection of elective chastity, but chastity based on the innumerable fears is entirely a false premise; an objective decision cannot be made on this basis. Today the young woman is free to make her choice, pick her time, her place, her circumstance, without the old fears. With all the druthers now available to her, we have a hunch that the intelligent girl tends to be more sophisticated in her selection—simply because it is *her* selection.

JOHNSON: If effective contraception is being used, then a woman must be honest with herself and realize that she is engaging in sexual activity as an expression of herself within a relationship. She is not, consciously or unconsciously, playing the old game of sex for marriage entrapment nor is she using sex to represent her femaleness by "willful exposure to unwanted pregnancy"—to quote Dr. Hans Leifeldt's tongue-in-cheek but accurate comment.

PLAYBOY: Do you think it's possible, as some clergymen predict, that the elimination of fear will break down all the barriers?

MASTERS: Is it possible? Yes. But there is no reason to believe that removal of fear inevitably results in the destruction of value systems. In fact, there is some evidence that modern young men and women are much more concerned with the quality of interpersonal relationships than with sex per se.

JOHNSON: What I'm about to say may not go over well with some **PLAYBOY** readers, but the fact is that for the first time in many decades, the girl is running the sexual show. She is not a victim; she doesn't have to put up or shut up. Although this issue is still in limbo, we're on the right road toward placing value on sexual activity within a human relationship as opposed to simple emphasis on natural drives—you know, "Let's do it, even though the timing is wrong, the people are wrong and the place is wrong; we have to satisfy a natural human need." The young woman now has many things to contemplate in making her choice. She can decide, after proper self-evaluation, whether her goal is



"I can't make out the two lines in the middle, but the first one reads, 'Find 'em'; and the last one seems to be, 'Forget 'em.'"

reproduction and homemaking or whether she wants to express herself in some other fashion while deferring—or even rejecting—marriage. There are so many options to consider, and the concerns of venereal disease, pregnancy or social ostracism need no longer be the foremost factors in influencing her decision.

PLAYBOY: Then you don't think that the pill culture necessarily leads to promiscuity.

MASTERS: It depends on what you mean by promiscuity.

PLAYBOY: What do you mean by it?

JOHNSON: In our concept of the term, someone who exploits another person sexually is promiscuous, regardless of the circumstances.

MASTERS: Sexual expression to me is either mutual orientation, satisfaction, enhancement and stimulation or it's promiscuous—inside or outside marriage. The old concept of sexual promiscuity, meaning excessive interest outside of socially approved channels, leaves me cold. A woman who adequately serves three different men sexually and enjoys all of them, and gives each as good as she gets, is more honest than the "faithful" wife in her own bedroom who serves one man but thinks of another. I think there is both mental and physical promiscuity—the latter being the old concept. The more dishonest concept, and the one that offers the least hope of effective development of mature sexuality, is mental promiscuity. Let me give you another example. Take the young male who makes seven chalk marks on the wall in one night. As far as I'm concerned, he may be promiscuous—mentally rather than physically—if he is interested in his partner only as a proving ground for his sexual athleticism.

PLAYBOY: There have been predictions that another by-product of increasing sexual freedom will be the proliferation of homosexuality. What do you think?

MASTERS: If the majority of reasons given by scientists and by homosexuals themselves for turning to homosexuality are true, a liberalization of sexual attitudes would remove some of these reasons; it would help lessen the homosexual's self-rejection. This is, of course, only theorizing. We have no evidence to support it.

PLAYBOY: Marshall McLuhan predicts that the gradual blurring of stereotyped psychosexual roles for men and women will soon make the differences between the sexes less significant than the similarities. Add to this the influence of the pill, he says, and it will become "possible for sexual woman to act like sexual man." Do you think we're heading toward a kind of unisexual society?

JOHNSON: "Unisex" is a rather unappealing term, but McLuhan is obviously correct in predicting that the old stereotypes of male and female will disappear; to an extent, they already have. We no longer require a stronger sex to go out

and kill the tigers and to defend the home. Most of us know that the football hero and the physically well-endowed woman are not necessarily more effective sexually than the rest of us. So why don't we turn to the important things—like real communication and reinforcement of one another's reason for being? Why concentrate on wearing ruffles to prove we're women and unadorned clothing to prove we're men? It hardly seems important to have a program to tell the players apart; the players know very well who they are—or if they don't, clothing will hardly solve the problem.

PLAYBOY: One more prediction related to the sexual renaissance is that it will weaken and perhaps even obsolesce the institution of marriage. What are your views?

JOHNSON: Society has not yet come up with any social grouping more functional than marriage and the family. Quite obviously, we think the renaissance of sexuality will strengthen it, not weaken it.

PLAYBOY: How so?

JOHNSON: One of the most threatening things to the marital relationship is the separation of sex and sexuality—sex being the physical expression of sexual activity and sexuality being a dimension or expression of the total personality. The Victorians negated sexuality and thereby made sex a behind-the-stairs, in-the-dark sort of thing. Communication regarding sexual matters most likely did not exist. There may have been people who worked this out in the privacy of their own one-to-one relationship, but all the evidence tells us that this was the exception, not the rule. The point is that sexuality can hardly flourish in a forbidden atmosphere. If two people enter into a sexual relationship, they have to let it live on a 24-hour basis. Sexual response can be sparked by the fact of its being forbidden, just as it can be triggered by hostility—but that's hardly a lovely way to live and it certainly doesn't create an aura of love, of affection, of warmth to be conveyed to children. So I think that marriage has endured in spite of the Victorian attitudes, not because of them. I should add that, in my opinion, marriage is not a static institution; in the future, it may be constituted differently. It's undergoing change today, but I don't think it will be altered in a noticeable way during our lifetime.

PLAYBOY: What can you tell us about the future of sex research—specifically, your own?

MASTERS: At the moment, we're working on the biochemistry of reproductive fluids—that is, such things as vaginal lubrication. Bartholin's and Cowper's glands secrete. No work has ever been done in these areas. We're also doing a great deal of work in homosexuality and have been since early 1963. We're studying the female homosexual in particular, as we feel she has never been examined in

depth. We want to learn as much as we can from the sociological, physiological, biochemical, endocrinological—and, ultimately, the therapeutic—points of view. But any concept of therapy is far beyond our current concern and we won't have anything to report for perhaps a decade or more. At the moment we're merely learning about the subject.

PLAYBOY: What is your goal in the homosexual research?

MASTERS: We hope eventually to move into some concept of sexual reversal for those who wish it. From what we know now—which is very little—we can't conceive of homosexuality of itself as an inversion or abnormality. It seems to be a basic form of sexual expression—a minority form but a very definitive one.

We also want to continue working in sexual physiology, but hopefully we're well past the nose-counting stage of experimentation reflected in *Human Sexual Response*. Our future projects in this area are quite specific and include investigation of sexual response as it relates to the damaged heart—that is, the coronary, the hypertensive and rheumatic hearts. We're also particularly interested in studying the sexuality of the aging population, in terms of understanding metabolic, endocrinological and physiological changes involved, with the ultimate goal of enhancing the effectiveness of sexual response among the aged. And we certainly hope to do some work on the massive problem related to the sexuality of the physically handicapped.

PLAYBOY: What do you think the future holds for sex research in general?

MASTERS: Sufficient maturity and controlled expansion, we hope, so that research may be done in the total area of sexual behavior—not just from the psychological and physiological points of view, the "why" and the "what," but also, for example, from the sociological and theological perspectives.

Human sexual behavior is of vital concern to every single individual throughout his or her life. Aside from the instinct for self-preservation, it is the most forceful response we know. Yet it is the response about which we know least. Look at the massive amount of time and effort that has been spent on the control of poliomyelitis, for instance—an effort that was worthy, since it brought the disease under control—but compare the occasional individual who contracts polio with the daily concern of every individual about his or her sexuality. Although we are obviously in favor of any medical approach that helps eliminate the major pathologies, it must also be realized that the one physiological activity, after eating and sleeping, that occupies the greatest part of human life is no less worthy of definitive and objective research. We intend to devote the greatest part of our lives to that research.



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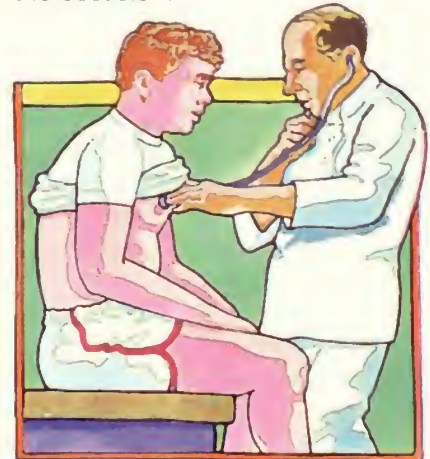


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HENNE FIRE

(continued from page 94)

does a single person need? Henne was provided with an iron bed, a pillow, a straw mattress and a feather bed. She didn't even watch the builders. She sat in the rabbi's kitchen on the lookout for fires.

The house was finished just a day before Passover. From the poor fund, Henne was stocked with matzoh, potatoes, eggs, horseradish, all that was necessary. She was even presented with a new set of dishes. There was only one thing everybody refused to do, and that was to have her at the Seder. In the evening, they looked in at her window: no holiday, no Seder, no candles. She was sitting on a bench, munching a carrot.

One never knows how things will turn out. In the beginning, nothing was heard from Henne's daughter, Mindel, who had gone to America. How does the saying go? Across the sea is another world. They go to America and forget father, mother, Jewishness, God. Years passed and there was not a single word

from her. But Mindel proved herself to be a devoted child after all. She got married and her husband became immensely rich.

Our local post office had a letter carrier who was just a simple peasant. One day, a strange letter carrier appeared. He had a long mustache, his jacket had gilded buttons and there was an insignia on his cap. He brought a letter for which the recipient had to sign. For whom do you think it was? For Henne. She could no more sign her name than I can dance a quadrille. She daubed three marks on the receipt and somebody was a witness. To make it short, it was a letter containing money. Zeinvel, the teacher, came to read it and half the town listened.

"My dear Mother, your worries are over. My husband has become rich. New York is a large city, where white bread is eaten in the middle of the week. Everybody speaks English, the Jews, too. At night, it is as bright as day. Trains travel on tracks high up

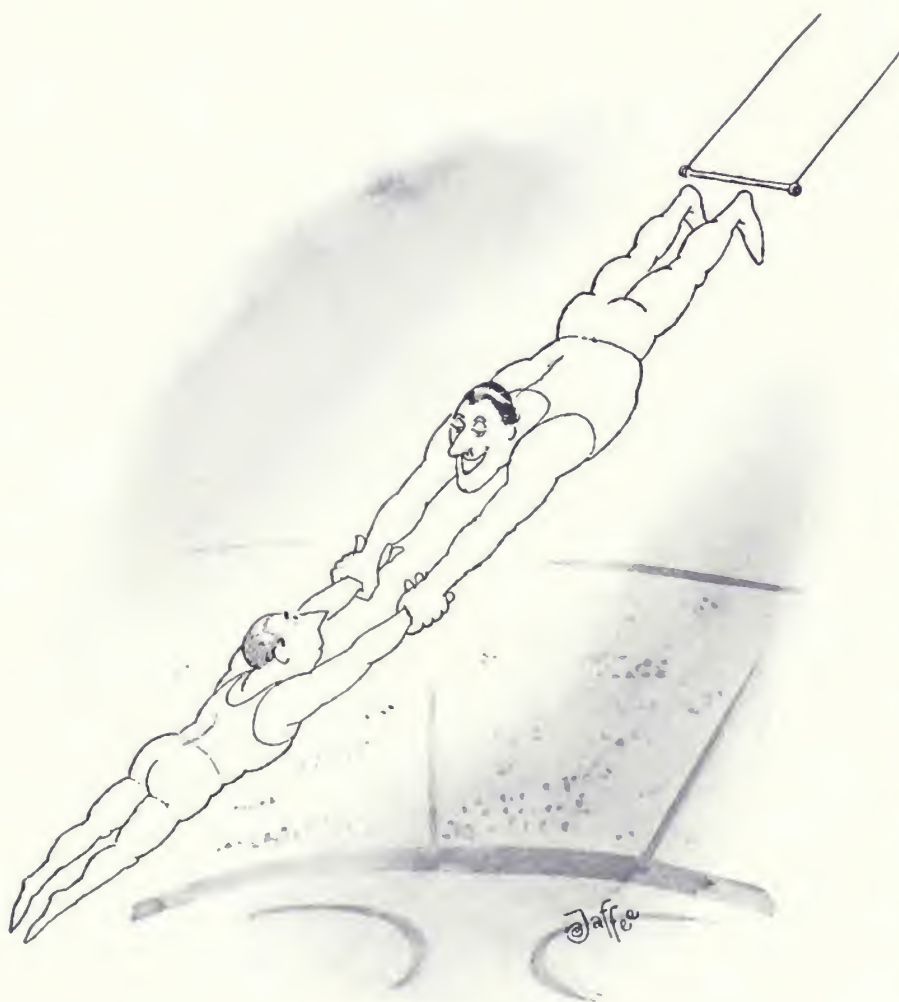
near the roofs. Make peace with Father and I will send you both passage to America."

The townspeople didn't know whether to laugh or to cry. Henne listened but didn't say a word. She neither cursed nor blessed.

A month later, another letter arrived, and two months after that, another. An American dollar was worth two rubles. There was an agent in town and when he heard that Henne was getting money from America, he proposed all kinds of deals to her. Would she like to buy a house or become a partner in a store? There was a man in our town called Leizer the messenger, although nobody ever sent him anywhere. He went to Henne and offered to go in search of her husband. If he were alive, Leizer was sure he would find him and either bring him home or make him send her a bill of divorce. Henne's reply was: "If you bring him back, bring him back dead, and you should walk on crutches!"

Henne remained Henne, but the neighbors began to make a fuss over her. That is how people are. When they smell a groschen, they get excited. Now they were quick to greet her, called her Hemely and waited on her. Henne just glowered at them, muttering curses. She went straight to Zule's tavern, bought a big bottle of vodka and took it home. To make a long story short, Henne began to drink. That a woman should drink is rare, even among the gentiles; but that a Jewish woman should drink was unheard of. Henne lay in bed and gulped down the liquor. She sang, cried and made crazy faces. She strolled over to the market place in her undergarments, followed by catcalling urchins. It is sacrilegious to behave as Henne did, but what could the townspeople do? Nobody went to prison for drinking. The officials themselves were often dead-drunk. The neighbors said that Henne got up in the morning and drank a cup of vodka. This was her breakfast. Then she went to sleep and when she awoke, she began to drink in earnest. Once in a while, when she got the whim, she would open the window and throw out some coins. The little ones almost killed themselves trying to grab them. As they groped on the ground for the money, she would empty the slops over them. The rabbi sent for her, but he might just as well have saved his breath. Everyone was sure that she would drink herself to death. Something entirely different happened.

As a rule, Henne would come out of her house in the morning. Sometimes she would go to the well for a pail of water. There were stray dogs in Butcher Alley and occasionally she would throw them a bone. There were no outhouses and the villagers attended to their needs in the open. A few days passed and nobody saw Henne. The neighbors tried to peer



"Don't worry—I've got you."

into her window, but the curtains were drawn. They knocked on her door and no one opened it. Finally, they broke it open and what they saw should never be seen again. Some time before, Henne had bought an upholstered chair from a widow. It was an old piece of furniture. She used to sit in it, drinking and babbling to herself. When they got the door open, sitting in the chair was a skeleton as black as coal.

My dear people, Henne had been burned to a crisp. But how? The chair itself was almost intact: only the material at the back was singed. For a person to be so totally consumed, you'd need a fire bigger than the one in the bathhouse on Fridays. Even to roast a goose, a lot of wood is needed. But neither the chair nor the linen on the bed had caught fire. She had bought a chest of drawers, a table and a wardrobe, and everything was undamaged. Yet Henne was one piece of coal. There was no body to lay out, to cleanse, to dress in a shroud. The officials hurried to Henne's house and they could not believe their own eyes. Nobody had seen a fire, nobody had smelled smoke. Where could such a hell-fire have come from? No ashes were to be found in the stove or under the tripod. Henne seldom cooked. The town's doctor, Chapinski, arrived. His eyes popped out of his head and there he stood, like a figure of clay.

"How is it possible?" the chief of police asked.

"It's impossible," the doctor replied. "If someone were to tell me such a thing, I would call him a filthy liar."

"But it has happened," the chief of police interrupted.

Chapinski shrugged his shoulders and murmured, "I just don't understand."

Someone suggested that it might have been lightning. But there had been no lightning and thunder for weeks.

The neighboring squires heard of the event and arrived on the scene. Butcher Alley filled with carriages, britskas and phaetons. The crowd stood and gaped. Everyone tried to find an explanation. It was beyond reason. The upholstery of the chair was filled with flax, dry as pepper.

A rumor spread that the vodka had ignited in Henne's stomach. But who ever heard of a fire in the guts? The doctor shook his head. "It's a riddle."

There was no point in preparing Henne for burial. They put her bones in a sack, carried it to the cemetery and buried her. The gravedigger recited the Kaddish. Later, her daughters came from Lublin, but what could they learn? Fires ran after Henne and a fire had finished her. In her curses she had often used the word fire: fire in the head, fire in the belly. She would say, "You should burn like a candle," "You should burn in

fever." "You should burn like kindling wood." Words have power. The proverb says: "A blow passes, but a word remains."

My dear people, Henne continued to cause trouble even after her death. Kopel, the coachman, bought her house from her daughters and turned it into a stable. But the horses sweated in the night and caught cold. When a horse catches cold that way, it's the end. Several times, the straw caught fire. A neighbor who had quarreled with Henne about the washing swore that Henne's ghost tore the sheets from the line and threw them into the mud. The ghost also overturned a washtub. I wasn't there; but of such as Henne, everything can be believed. I see her to this day, black, lean, with a flat chest like a man's and the wild eyes of a hunted beast. Something smoldered within her. She must have suffered. I remember my grandmother saying, "A good life never made anyone knock his head against the wall." However, no matter what misfortunes strike—I say, "Burst, but keep a good face on things."

Thank God, not everyone can afford constantly to bewail his lot. A rabbi in our town once said: "If people would not have to work for their bread, they would spend their time mourning death and life would be one big funeral."



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PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR (continued from page 134)

to save the now-sunk *Batman* series. "I'm glad I had the chance, though. It's not often a job is that much fun. We ad-libbed most of it and had a ball."

The day we called to tell Angela about her being chosen Playmate of the Year and about the far-from-fringe benefits that go with it, we found her done in by an attack of laryngitis and undone by the theft of her sports car. We were doubly pleased, therefore, to let her know that leading off her list of prize booty was a new AMX sports car from American Motors, fully equipped and colored—what else?—Playmate Pink. At first there was no response from the usually articulate Angela. Then, with the laryngitis lowering her velvet voice a few sexy octaves, she said: "You must be putting me on!" We assured her that nothing could be further from the facts and proved it by announcing some of her other regal rewards: a sparkling gold and diamond Lady Hamilton wrist watch, a lingerie wardrobe from Exquisite Form, a collection of Renauld International sunglasses, a 14-kt.-gold Rabbit Pin with ruby eye

from Maria Vogt (New York). By the time we reached the Playmate Pink Suzuki motorcycle, we were talking to a true believer. "It's too much," she said. "It's wild enough just being selected; but all this. . . ."

We'd only begun. For a girl who "lives in a world of music, constantly tuned in to either radio or records," there is a record library culled from the current crop of Capitol, Cadet and Mercury LPs that she can play on a custom stereo set with speakers from Channel Marketing. For auto audio, she can lend an ear to an AM/FM tuner cartridge from G. W. Electronics that fits neatly into her car stereo tape player. Angela, a "good cook" and, if she says so herself, "a more than fair hostess," can hypo her home entertaining with coffee urn, toaster and broiler rotisserie from Toastmaster. And she'll have more than enough bubbly to toast the occasion with a case of Paul Masson *brut* champagne—pink, of course. For afterparty relaxation, where better than in the comfort of a Burris recliner chair of Playmate Pink velvet?



"You want bread, go into the kitchen; you want money, ask for it!"

Aiding her artistic avocation will be a portable electric typewriter from Smith-Corona ("Now maybe I can put my poetry in shape for a publisher to look at"), a studio of art materials from Grumbacher Artists' Material Co., a Yamaha deluxe guitar and a Sony cassette Tapeorder to give her plenty of practice before taking up the offer of a crack at a recording contract with Monument Records ("It's a great opportunity to not only sing but compose as well"). And she can focus in on a Minox camera and an Auto-Pak Super 8mm movie camera from Minolta.

To satisfy the need for athletics, the lady can travel via Schwimm ten-speed bicycle painted pink to match her other modes of transportation. There are bowling gear and custom billiard cue with monogrammed case from Brunswick, Hart snow skis, Henke ski boots and ski poles from Peter Kennedy. For underwater explorations: snorkel, mask, fins, spear gun and knife, a calypso marina jacket, all from U. S. Divers, and a Swimaster scuba tank from W. J. Voit. A set of Jantzen swimsuits are perfect for sand or surf or trying out her pair of Voit water skis. Away from things aquatic, she'll enjoy a Spalding tennis racket with cover and press, plus a lifetime supply of Sea & Ski suntan lotion (which may total an amazing amount for sun-worshipping Angeleno Angela).

Her new wardrobe includes a cocktail ensemble in Playmate Pink from The Clothes Horse, with shops in Beloit, Wisconsin, and at the new Playboy Club-Hotel at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. For casual occasions, she'll sport attire from Mr. Raphael and slack outfits from Levi Strauss. On the slopes, Angela can warm up with ski duds by Ernst Engel, Inc., a ski jacket of, appropriately enough, rabbit fur, from Alper Furs (Chicago) and a Playmate Ski Sweater from Playboy Products. Also from Playboy, a Playmate Gold Charm Bracelet and Playmate Perfume. She can don a human-hair fall from Kayko Products; and a lifetime supply of Dep foam hair set will keep every genuine hair in place.

Between movie and TV assignments, Angela will take part in a nationwide tour, meeting keyholders in Playboy Club cities. "I can't wait. Seeing that much of the country will be a new experience for me, not only as an actress but as a person. And I'll get to visit St. Louis. I don't know why—I've never been there—but I have this *thing* about St. Louis. And I'll meet lots of people, which is fine with me. I'm an inveterate 'people watcher.'" No doubt; but as far as the delightful Miss Dorian is concerned, the view from the people's vantage has got to be much more rewarding.

INDY—THE GOLDEN BRICKYARD

(continued from page 100)

backing of the factory and made a team of new cars in 1911. They won almost everywhere they ran. They were radical: small engines, hemispherical combustion chambers, double overhead camshafts, four valves per cylinder. American engines of the day were slow-turning and big—a 1912 Simplex went almost 600 cubic inches. Peugeot sent two cars to the 1913 Indy, and once their drivers, Goux and Zuccarelli, had accepted some local advice on tires and average speed, it was all over, bar the shouting: Goux won, running at 80 miles an hour most of the way, with an occasional spurt at 90. He had killed four bottles of champagne during his pit stops—it was a very hot day—and said afterward, "*Sans le bon vin, je n'aurais pas pu faire la victoire.*" It was the last time the winning driver, not the engine, ran on alcohol, and it was the first Indy Revolution. After 1913, the big engines were dead.

The French came back in strength for 1914. Pengeot and Delage sharing the first four places; the first American, Berna Eli Oldfield in a Stutz, fifth, and four miles an hour off the pace. A Belgian Excelsior and a British Sunbeam chased him in, but foreign cars never did so well again. Quick to get the message once they'd really been shown, as they would again when the British invaded in 1963, the Americans came back. The Duesenberg brothers, Fred and August, to be, with Harry Miller, among the treetop legends of the golden 1920s, had run a car in 1914. Eddie Rickenbacker, who had appeared as a relief driver in 1911, drove it to tenth.

Engines were smaller in 1915 and, for the first time, starting position in the race proper was set on qualifying time. Ralph DePalma won. He broke another connecting rod, but only three laps from the end, and made it in. The next year, with few foreign entries because of the War, and the race cut to 300 miles, DePalma, irked at the serf-like stature of the drivers vis-à-vis the wealthy promoters, asked for appearance, or starting money. Fisher was appalled at what looked to him the thin entering wedge of socialism and refused indignantly. Dario Resta took the race in a Peugeot. (The 1911 Peugeot was the most-copied design in automotive history: Engineers took it apart, measured each part to the thousandth of an inch and built duplicates for Vauxhall, Straker-Squire, Humber, Premier, Delage, Opel, Naganu, Aquila Italiana, and the eminent authority Griffith Borgeson, author of *The Golden Age of the American Racing Car*, wrote "[the Peugeot] engine and chassis were the textbooks for Harry Miller and Fred Offenhauser.")

During the Kaiser's War, the track

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was used as a military aviation post and for farming.

Indiana patriots, still hot-blooded from the War to make the world safe for democracy, made noises about the irreverence of sports on Memorial Day, and the race was updated to the 31st. (In 1922, the local American Legion stuffed a bill through the state legislature to the same effect; but the governor, a white hat, vetoed it.) A Peugeot owned by the track, Howdy Wilcox up, won in 1919 before an audience that included Eddie Rickenbacker, a great war hero now, the number-one U.S. fighter pilot, his unblinking 1000-yard stare ranging on things other than race driving. (A few years later, he bought the place.) Three men were killed in 1919, and another, Elmer Shannon, nearly died in one of the freak accidents that racing produces every decade or so: Running ahead of him, Louis Chevrolet lost a wheel and the bare spindle severed the timing wire on the bricks; one end of it whipped around and razored an artery in Shannon's throat. In the time it took him to get to his pit, he nearly bled to death.

The Mad Twenties may really have been, as they're so often called, the golden years of U.S. sport, days of titans—Dempsey, Ruth, Jones, Tilden. They were surely big years at the Brickyard. Gaston Chevrolet, one of the monumentally unlucky Chevrolet brothers, had a good day that day in May 1920, winning in a Monroe, a Louis Chevrolet project engineered by Cornelius van Ransst; but most of the decade was to belong to Fred and Augie Duesenberg and, most of all, to Harry Miller among the builders, and to drivers still as well remembered: Jimmy Murphy, Tommy Milton, Peter DePaolo, Harry Hartz, Ray Keech, Leon Duray, Lou Meyer, Lou Moore and Frank Lockhart. Lockhart was the legend, a name as big as Jack Dempsey's, if over a far shorter time span.

Lockhart won the 500 the first time he drove it, in a car he didn't know, on a wet track. He was a dirt-track driver out of California, a tremendous natural talent, a near illiterate who never really learned to spell but almost certainly had genius, if genius is the obsessive drive to do superbly well something one has never been taught to do. Robert Millikan, Nobel Prize winner, told Lockhart's mother that her son was a born scientist who should at all costs be given a college education. Mrs. Lockhart, living by sewing, couldn't see how to make it. Lockhart had the real obsession: He never played with other children; instead, he took things apart and put them together again. When he was on his own, he had no time for anything but the machine. He married the only girl he ever dated. He had never heard the crushing dictum "If you won't sell your mother to buy paints, you are no true artist," but he believed it. He made his mother hock the family furniture to

buy tires. He drove flat out; sometimes he would kick the car into an entering slide yards before a corner. In the formal sense, his ignorance about engineering was profound, but he made many mechanical innovations in his cars; indeed, two 91-cubic-inch Millers that he set up were the most successful of even that exalted make. He won everywhere. He was up so tight before a race that he usually vomited. He broke track and straight-line records all over the place. He wanted the Land Speed Record, held then by H. O. D. Segrave of England at 203 mph, and in February of 1928 he went to Daytona with a car of his own basic design, two linked Miller engines stuffed into a chassis that was tiny, compared with the monsters the British used. The Stutz company put up most of the money, so the car was called the Stutz Black Hawk. At something around 225 mph he ran into rain, lost visibility for an instant, hit wet sand and lost the car. It flipped end for end, rolled into the Atlantic, landed on its wheels. There was a fair surf up. Fred Moscovics of Stutz got to him first, held his head out of the water to save him from drowning until he could be lifted from the car. He wasn't really hurt, and in April he was back at Daytona. He wanted the L. S. R. not only for itself but for what it could bring him: money, muscle, room to move, leverage to shove himself upward. His mother, sick and penniless, wired him for ten dollars. He wired back: "MA I HAVE THE WORLD BY THE HORNS. YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO PUSH A NEEDLE AGAIN. I'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORK ANYMORE." He blew a tire at about 220. His body landed at his wife's feet.

The pattern changed in the Twenties. The accessory people, the sparkplug, carburetor, nut-and-bolt makers, began to bring in money: \$23,550 in prizes in 1920, as against \$5275 the year before. Finding a potentially winning car wasn't any more a matter of cut-and-try: You needed a Duesenberg or a Miller or a Frontenac-Ford. During World War Two, the supremacy of foreign cars had vanished. The Americans had evolved a specialist vehicle for round tracks, superbly conceived and fined down just for that. It was good for nothing else. Suspension was hopeless, and on the Indianapolis bricks, drivers took a fearful pounding, sometimes they and the mechanics taped themselves belly to shoulders: the brakes were good for three hard stops in succession at most, and what of it, they were only for counting into the pits: you couldn't downshift at speed. But the engines were marvels: When top-rank U.S. passenger engines put out .75 horsepower per cubic inch, a Miller would do 2.75! It was Miller who originated, or at any rate said loudest and most contemptuously, "Detroit Iron."

Racing people said of Harry Armenius Miller that he couldn't design a rattrap

by himself, but they said, too, that he was an instinctive master who knew inside him how it should be done, who could see it there in his head, even if he couldn't do the mathematics. He was a carburetor man, a swinger who loved money but hated keeping it, a man who could attract talented people and bind them to him. Fred Offenhauser worked for Miller and Eddie Offutt, and there had been a day in the summer of 1919 when Leo Goossen had walked into Miller's little plant in Los Angeles. Leo Goossen, the American race-car designer, a world eminence, a quiet man, to the background born, whose hand was laid on every U.S. racing engine in the line that runs straight Miller-Offenhauser-Meyer/Drake-Ford. Goossen was a consultant on the Ford racing-engine project, and the Ford engines are assembled by Lou Meyer.

Miller's first success came with an engine built to the specifications of Tommy Milton and Ira Vail and drawing liberally in concept and detail from Duesenberg and Peugeot. (They took him blueprints and parts.) Jimmy Murphy won at Indy with it in 1922.

Miller shared an outstanding characteristic with Ettore Bugatti (who complimented him by plagiarism: Bugatti took his first overhead-camshaft design from Miller's layout). Like Bugatti, Miller demanded that his engines and his automobiles be aesthetically beautiful as well as mechanically efficient. A Miller race car could be identified as far as it could be seen. It looked like nothing else on wheels, lean, airy, light, purposeful. Griffith Borgeson, who restored a Miller with his own hands in the 1950s, marveled at what he found: every part an exercise in metal sculpture. Miller would not waste weight even on a gearshift knob by crudely turning it from the solid. His were hollow, thin-walled castings! He sold his cars for oddly flat-rate prices: \$5000 for an engine, \$10,000 for a rear-wheel-drive car, \$15,000 for a front-drive. He would see the day, in 1929, when two of his cars ran first and second at Indianapolis and were followed home by 25 others. Miller won Indy a dozen times. If he had lived, he'd have seen a day when every car of the 33 ran an Offenhauser, the Miller's direct descendant. But Miller couldn't make money as fast as he could spend it, and the 1932 Depression found him with no cushion. He went bankrupt. Fred Offenhauser took over the shop, and in time Lou Meyer and Dale Drake had it from Offenhauser, but it was really all the same engine, the Miller engine. It was all downhill from then until he died, in 1943, alone except for Eddie Offutt. He had forbidden his wife to live with him, because he couldn't bear her looking at him: He had cancer of the face. She had loved him, but she had been afraid of him, too, in a way: Harry Miller was clairvoyant and prescient. He could give her whole phrases she had been about to

Sometimes our hostesses take young men home with them.



The first time five-year-old Erich Schmidt ever flew he flew Lufthansa from Munich to New York to visit his grandparents.

And no one met him at the airport.

So while Lufthansa hostess Ortrud Behre took him sightseeing, we tried to locate his grandparents. But four hours later all we could show for our efforts was a little boy in tears.

Our hostesses can't stand to see a man cry... especially when he's only five. So Ortrud volunteered to take Erich home with her.

He was counting sheep in Manhattan when we finally located his grandparents with the help of the German Embassy. (They had expected him to arrive the following week).

When they came to the airport the next morning to pick him up, Erich told them that though he usually didn't like girls, Ortrud was the nicest one he had ever met. So it made us feel bad to turn down his request.

He wanted to take our hostess home with him.



Lufthansa
The German Airline



"Miss Gibson is out . . . but we borrow from each other."

speaking, he could predict death, and often did until, finally, spooked, she forbade him. Once he said to Leo Goossen, showing him one of his crude but startlingly pertinent drawings, "Leo, I don't do these things. I get help. Somebody is telling me what to do." Perhaps. But if they were reading him the future, they were holding out on him.

Louis Chevrolet was another wildly capable man and fatally flawed, too. He should have died a multimillionaire. He was gifted, full of drive and he could work good workmen into the ground. He gave his name to the Chevrolet car—it was detail-designed by Etienne Planche—when W. C. Durant was running General Motors. Chevrolet was a big man, quiet and gentle, but he had a fierce temper and when he quarreled with Durant—who may have tempted him deliberately—he not only broke off the relationship, he sold Durant all his stock. When he fell out with his next sponsor, Albert Champion of the sparkplugs, he beat him half to death. He was not only hot tempered—he even broke with his brother Arthur, finally—he was unlucky. Businessmen gulled him easily. His timing was terrible: He set up an aircraft-engine business with Glenn Martin, only to run into the Depression. He turned over his interest to Martin, who went on to glory. Chevrolet had been not only one of the great constructors of his time—Monroe, Frontenac, Chevrolet

—he had been one of the topmost drivers, but he didn't know how to make use of himself. In 1933, he was working as a mechanic in a Chevrolet plant. He died in 1941, heartbroken.

Fred Duesenberg, born in Germany and brought up in Iowa, was a self-taught mechanic at 17 and ran his own bicycle-manufacturing plant at 21. (He raced his bikes, and held the two-mile and three-mile records.) He and his brother August fell naturally into automobiles and by 1907 were building a two-cylinder car, called the Mason after the man who backed them. The brothers ran four Masons in the 500 race of 1913, one of them finishing ninth. The next year, Fred and August Duesenberg were on their own in their own plant in St. Paul, Minnesota. Their racing cars began to be noticed, and on the side they built excellent marine engines. They built aircraft engines, too. During World War One, they were commissioned by the Government to build the Bugatti 16-cylinder aero engine, a design failure. They built one of their own that produced a reliable 800 horsepower, but the War ended before it could go into production. By 1920, the straight-eight-cylinder engine that was Fred Duesenberg's hallmark was ready to show in a passenger car, and the firm was solidly set up in Indianapolis. Duesenberg brought out a supercharged car in 1920, reintroducing a thoroughly all-American idea. The super-

charger was invented by the Roots brothers of Connersville, Indiana, in 1859 and was used, in a modified form, on the Chadwick passenger car in 1906. Superchargers, or blowers, became standard wear on Duesenbergs and Millers. They have begun to show again: The eight Offenhausers that ran in 1967 had them and there will be supercharged Fords running this year.

Tommy Milton took the world Land Speed Record in a Duesenberg in 1920, at 156 miles an hour; and the next year, Jimmy Murphy won the French Grand Prix for Duesenberg, the first time an American car and driver had done it. (Murphy then bought the car from the Duesenbergs, stuffed a Miller engine into its chassis and proceeded to outdistance the 1922 500 field.) Duesenbergs won at Indy in 1924, 1925 and 1927. Those were the great years. But the Duesenbergs, like the Chevrolets, were poor businessmen in a trade in which even good businessmen fared poorly, and the company failed. The Duesenberg name and talents were bought by E. L. Cord (Auburn-Cord-Duesenberg), whose interests lay in passenger, not racing cars. And it is for passenger cars that the Duesenbergs are best remembered now, although they made only a few more than 1000. Of the Model A Duesenberg, their first effort, 667 were built, and 470 of the great S and SJ models, priced at \$14,750 to \$20,000 and to this day among the most sought-after automobiles ever made in America. In 1930, the Duesenberg brothers went separate ways. Fred died after a crash in the Pennsylvania mountains in 1932. August stayed on with Auburn-Cord-Duesenberg. The great Mormon Meteors—record-breaking cars run on the Utah salt flats by Ab Jenkins—were from his hands. He died in 1955.

Racing broke some people like dry sticks, but some laughed and loved it, like Wilbur Shaw, or loved it without laughing much, like Eddie Rickenbacker, and made it pay like slot machines. Wilbur Shaw laughed, but for all that he was a charming and civilized man, it was just as well to laugh with him, not at him. He came to the Bricks in 1927 in a Miller, ran fourth. He went on to be a fixture. He won in 1937 and 1939 and 1940, the last two times in a Maserati, the first foreign car to come first at Indy since 1919. Shaw was a charger. In 1931, he ran a Duesenberg airborne over the wall on the northeast turn. He walked back into the Speedway and took over another Duesenberg, nearly flipped it, too. When his new riding mechanic flinched, Shaw yelled, "You think that was something, you should have been with me last time." Eddie Rickenbacker took over Indianapolis the year Shaw first ran, when Carl Fisher finally tired, keeping it as it was, keeping the staff, the legend-wrapped T. E. "Pop" Myers, who

ran the place, Steve Hammagan, the press agent; and when Rickenbacker gave over, in 1945, to Anton Hulman, Jr., who still owns the plant, it was Shaw who set up the deal and served as president and general manager until 1954, when a private plane in which he and three others were flying from Detroit iced up and went in.

Shaw had seen a lot of it go by, he saw the Miller-Duesenberg era give over to the Offenhauser-powered roadsters. The year he went over the wall, a Cummins diesel ran the whole way without a stop on 33 gallons of furnace oil and finished 13th. He was second in 1933, when the iron-faced Rickenbacker put down another driver's rebellion. Five men died that year, two in 1934, four in 1935. Sometimes a car would come back, next year, and kill again. Sometimes a 50-cent bit would fall off a car and smash the driver; sometimes luck would spin around: In 1941, Shaw *knew* he'd win, but in putting out a big garage fire that year, firemen washed the chalked markings off his spare wheels and he couldn't pick out a bad one he knew was among the 12, hadn't time to retest them. A wheel broke in the race, put him into the wall and spilled 50 gallons of methanol all around him. For some reason, it didn't flash, a good thing, since Shaw had three vertebra fractures, was paralyzed from the waist down. By this time, the cars weren't going by

their right names, they were Something Specials, whatever the men who put up the money wanted to call them.

World War Two came and went, leaving the place weed-grown and ragged. Strange cars came up, like Lou Fageol's twin-engine, and the utterly unlucky but much-loved Novi cars, first run by Lew Welch of Novi, Michigan (tollgate Number 6 on the Grand River Plank Road out of Detroit). Mauri Rose, a careful, planning man, a superb driver, came up, won three times and went away whole and with the money. The drivers tried to get 40 percent of the gate receipts, which other tracks were paying them, but Shaw said no and won in the end, as Fisher and Rickenbacker had. They started giving the pace car to the winner. Great ones died, like "Shorty" Canton and Ralph Hepburn. (Heat exhaustion killed a driver in 1953, Carl Scarborough.) New hard-try owners like J. C. Agajanian came up, drivers like Bill Vukovich appeared from nowhere and ran wild. Anton Hulman, who doesn't need to make money on Indy, plowed hundreds of thousands back, in new stands, tunnels under the track, asphalt paving on the whole circuit except for a ritual yard-wide strip at the finish. A. J. Foyt and Rodger Ward, and Parnelli Jones, who were really to take money out of Indy, showed from the minor leagues. Offenhauser made all the engines, Watson, Epperly,

Kuzma, Kurtis, Lesovsky built the chassis. The form had been stabilized into the "roadster," beginning when George Salih, chief mechanic on Lee Wallard's winning car in 1951, modified an Offy engine to run lying on its side instead of straight up. This gave a lower center of gravity and smaller frontal area.

Came 1961, the Golden Anniversary Year. The definitive history of the race was published, *500 Miles to Go*, by Al Bloemker. Jack Brabham, a Grand Prix driver out of England via Australia, shipped in a Cooper G. P. car running a rear-mounted Coventry Climax engine. When he tested, he had road-race tires on and his engine was 85 cubic inches smaller than the Indy type. He lapped at a steady 145.144. The handwriting was up there, but few saw it. One who did was among the owners of the fleet of big standard Offy-engined roadsters, Art Lathrop. He said, "Gentlemen, you are looking at a million dollars' worth of junk." In the 1961 race, Brabham finished ninth. He wasn't bothered by the fact that his car hadn't been designed with a left-turn weight bias, like all the others. He could make ground easily on them in the turns, but on the straights, when the big four-cylinder Offies started to put out, he just didn't have the power. The track itself gave him no problems. He'd come off the back-country dirt tracks of Australia,



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he'd driven the wickedly demanding Grand Prix courses in Europe. All a driver needed to beat the roadsters, he knew, was a Grand Prix chassis with enough engine stuffed into its rear end.

The same idea had come to someone else: Daniel Sexton Gurney, a young California driver who was uniquely equipped to take the large view. Gurney had started driving sports cars early in the 1950s, had got a good ride in a Ferrari in 1957 and the next year ran at Le Mans. By 1961, Gurney's tall (6'2") and rather startlingly good-looking presence was a fixture on the Grand Prix circuit, and not only there. Alone among Americans, he is equally facile with sports cars, Grand Prix, track cars and stocks. He could bridge the then-tremendous gap between the Indy and the Grand Prix people. It really *was* a gap, and something more: Hostility and disdain were the watchwords in each camp. The Grand Prix drivers felt that theirs was the classic form of the sport, the form in which it had been born, driving on *roads* or winding circuits formed like roads, a new and different one every week, usually in a different country, from South Africa around the world through Europe to Australia. The Grand Prix or Formula 1 car, they believed, demanded a skill the American track drivers knew nothing about. The Americans, for their part, thought the G.P. people a gaggle of aesthetes in "sporty cars" who waved each other through the corners and would cave in the first time they came against hard-nosed wheel-to-wheel competition. Said the G.P. faction in riposte, "And these are drivers who run for the pits if there's a sprinkle of rain!" (Even a tropical cloudburst won't stop a G.P. race.) European drivers who had come to huddle down the years hadn't fared well: Rudolf Caracciola hit a bird; Alberto Ascari had a wheel collapse; Nino Farina and Juan Manuel Fangio tried with poor cars. A special race at Monza in 1957 that brought the two factions together for the first time did nothing to make them all buddies together. The race had been set up to make all concessions to the Americans: run on a banked track, counterclockwise, in heats to allow repair on the cars, called in case of rain, and so on. Needing nothing but straight-line power, the Americans won as they pleased.

But in 1962, the British designer Colin Chapman, taking up the rear-engine design John Cooper had revived, built a *monocoque* Lotus, very light, very strong, incredibly handy and full of sticking power. His number-one driver was Jimmy Clark, champion of the world and probably the greatest G.P. driver of all time—he has won 25 G.P. races, more than anyone else ever. But Chapman's Coventry Climax engines, built to the International Formula 1, could not deliver the 400-odd horsepower of

an Olly. The answer, Gurney thought, would be a Ford. Ford alone of U.S. makers was interested in racing. In 1962, Gurney brought Chapman together with Ford in the persons of Leo Beebe and Lee Iacocca, aggressive and forward-looking top-rankers in the executive echelon.

The Chapman-Gurney proposition was simple: The rear-engined car was now the world standard, whether the moguls of the Indianapolis establishment knew it or not (they didn't); the light, immensely strong Lotus, running on sophisticated G.P. suspension, could outstick any Indy roadster in the turns, and a 350-horsepower engine, running on gasoline, could beat the 400-hp Ollys that burned methanol and nitromethane at a much higher miles-per-gallon rate. On this factor alone, the Lotus would save a good deal of time on pit stops. In the autumn of 1962, Clark won the Grand Prix of the United States at Watkins Glen and then took the car to Indianapolis for testing. Leo Levine quotes him in *The Dust and the Glory*, a remarkable history of Ford racing:

Remember, the car had come straight from Watkins Glen so it was running on normal road-racing tires and was not set up for left-hand turns only and the banking. I did about 100 laps on that occasion and I remember thinking that it was all a bit dull. My fastest lap of 143 mph average made most people sit up and take notice but what made them even more interested was the speed at which I was taking the turns. The Indy cars rely on their acceleration between the bends to give them their high lap times and the fastest time an Indy car had recorded in the turns was something like 138 mph. Our Lotus was doing over 140 in the corners.

The project was put in hand at Ford. It was madly complicated, unbelievably difficult. Only the merest handful of the tens of thousands of Ford workers were concerned, and the priorities on the Indianapolis effort were not the highest. There were 48-hour workdays, hopeless frustrations spiraling on endlessly, temper explosions. When they did get a Lotus to Indianapolis for testing, they had one engine for it and it wasn't complete, pieces had to be cannibalized from stock Ford Fairlanes to make it go. But it did go. 146 for Clark, who then had to jet back to Europe to meet a racing commitment, 150.501 for Gurney, the second-fastest average in Speedway history. The establishment owners and drivers, fortunes in money, total careers tied up in the Olly-engined roadsters, were not happy. They didn't like anything about the car, including the color of it, green. Indianapolis people are superstitious, and green, like women in the pits or peanuts,

was held to be deadly bad luck for one and all. You had to get killed if you drove a green car. Standing next to Parnelli Jones and A. J. Foyt, Jimmy Clark, small, slight, boyish, didn't even *look* like a driver. His soaring reputation everywhere else race cars run meant nothing.

When qualifying time came around in May 1963, there were 200,000 people watching. Clark qualified his Lotus, to-like beside the big roadsters, at 149.7 and Gurney did a hair less, then they ran for the jet to Europe and the G.P. of Monaco. Parnelli Jones and A. J. Foyt ran their roadsters faster, 151 and 150. Came the day. Jim Hurtubise, in a Novi, ran away at the start, but Parnelli Jones came up hard and took over. Fifty miles into the race he was 22 seconds ahead. Gurney and Clark were tenth and eleventh and apparently content to stay there, but after the 67th lap, when Jones and Roger McCluskey, who'd succeeded him on top, had made pit stops, Clark and Gurney were first and second. At lap 93, Gurney had to come in for tires, an unlooked-for eventuality apparently due to a bad chassis setup. He was in the pits for a long 42 seconds. Clark came in for fuel and another very long pit stop: 33 seconds, but he came out second to Jones. Gurney had dropped to ninth. Jones came in again for more fuel (the alcohol-burning Ollys had to make three stops) and as he went out, an accident brought out the yellow caution flag, holding cars in position. The flags were out several times during the race and Clark was interpreting the Indianapolis rule literally: reduced speed and no passing *anywhere* on the track. (In Europe, yellow means caution only at the site of the accident or whatever has brought it on.) But Indy drivers habitually do pass other cars under the yellow if they're notably slower, and they do run fast down the backstretch where official observation isn't so tight. Jones made time under the yellow, but when he came out after his third and last fuel stop, Clark was only 11 seconds behind and charging. He got the interval down to 4.5 seconds on the 178th lap, with 22 still to go. Then The Great 1963 Oil Hassle started.

The drivers had been told that anyone dropping oil on the track would be summarily black-flagged, brought in, and when Jim Hurtubise's car had shown oil, it was done. Now Jones' roadster began to show a clear oil leak out of an out-board-mounted tank. Everyone saw it. Colin Chapman and J. C. Agajanian, Jones' sponsor, got to Harlan Fengler, chief steward, practically simultaneously, Chapman demanding the black flag, Agajanian denouncing the very idea. It was a rough spot for Fengler, the Ford Motor Company on one side and Indy's biggest, one of the mainstays of the establishment, on the other. Before he made up his mind, someone pointed out



*"My philosophy, Mr. Mathews, is to love everyone—
not make love to everyone."*

that Jones was no longer throwing oil, because the level in the tank had dropped below the end of the crack it was leaking through. They let him run on and he won by 39 seconds. Clark was second and Gurney brought the other Ford in seventh, held down by his tire change and by long pit stops. Clark said afterward that he thought he had been beaten by the yellow flag and the oil. Chapman figured Clark had lost 59 seconds under the yellow flag. "We should have lapped Parnelli," Clark said. Cries of "Foul!" rang through the land. The veteran Eddie Sachs, who felt that both he and Roger McCluskey had spun out on Jones' oil, called the winner a liar to his face and when, on Jones' request, he repeated it, Jones knocked him down. (Later, Sachs, a volatile and amusing man, obligingly posed for photographers flat on his back with a little black flag in his mouth.) But the point had been made. Rear engines were mandatory and the Offy roadsters were headed for the edge of oblivion's cliff. Jimmy Clark could drive with anybody and would take all but the topmost as he pleased. And a major American manufacturer was in big-league racing for the first time in decades.

A year isn't a long time as race-car building goes, but for the 1964 Indy, six rear-engined Offenhausers showed up, with 18 of the old roadsters, three of the perennial Novis and six Ford-powered cars. The Lotus entrants, of course, were Clark and Gurney; Ford engines had been made available as well to Bobby Marshman, Eddie Johnson, Dave MacDonald and Eddie Sachs. (At first, the V8 engines cost \$31,400 apiece to build; later, Ford got it down to \$22,800.) They were flying: Clark and Marshman had qualified at 158 and 157 and had the two top places; Gurney was in the second row at 154 beside Foyt and Jones, who had chosen to stick with the roadsters, at 154 and 155.

When the flag fell, Clark, long known in Europe as the fastest starter in racing, grabbed a 100-yard lead, with Marshman behind him. The rest of the pack, coming through the turn at the head of the straight, was led by Dave MacDonald, driving his first Indianapolis race. He was trying too hard, he spun, hit the inside wall, burst into flame, rocketed back into the straight in front of Eddie Sachs, who had nowhere to go and probably never got his foot on the brake. Sachs' fuel tank went up in a yellow ball of flame and a black mushroom of smoke towered into the sky to be seen miles away. Eddie Sachs died instantly, MacDonald, burned over his entire body, lived an hour. His father said later that MacDonald hadn't liked the car's handling and hadn't wanted to drive it. Many mourned Sachs, too. He had lived for Indianapolis. One year, sitting in his car

before the start, he was in tears. He wanted one win, then he'd quit. He had been second in 1961, third in 1962.

An hour and 45 minutes later, the 26 cars that could still run started in the order they'd been in when MacDonald spun. Bobby Marshman, running at 156 mph, challenged Clark for the lead and Clark let him go. On the 39th lap, diving for the infield to avoid a car ahead, Marshman knocked the oil plug off his engine and that finished him. Clark stayed in the lead for eight laps, until one of his tires threw a tread, wrecking his rear suspension. Parnelli Jones took over and led until his car caught fire in a fuel stop, and A. J. Foyt, in what he called his antique roadster, ran on to take the money: \$153,650. The unlucky Dan Gurney had been pulled in in fear that his tires, too, would let go.

Seventeen rear-engine Fords ran in 1965. Jimmy Clark and Colin Chapman and Ford now had everything sorted out. They were running on the right rubber, they knew the rules and every hair-line local interpretation of them, they had hired the fastest pit crew in the world, the legendary Woods brothers off the Southern stock-car tracks, and they had even designed a fuel nozzle for the required gravity system that actually accelerated the stuff as it poured through. Clark, who had qualified at 160, went as he liked, almost cruising—he drove hard only twice, and then briefly—and won at 151. Parnelli Jones, swerving his car from side to side to pump the last drops of fuel to the engine from a nearly bone-dry tank, came second, and the remarkably talented Mario Andretti, running for the first time in the 500, was third.

All but nine cars in the field of 33 were Ford-engined in 1966, which saw a spectacular 11-car pile-up on the first lap, with no one hurt but all 11 cars out of the race. After the restart, an hour and 40 minutes later, Andretti led, then Clark, who hit oil and spun. Lloyd Ruby led in one of Dan Gurney's new All-American Racers until the 166th lap. The Scot Grand Prix driver Jackie Stewart ran in front until his car lost its oil pressure with ten laps remaining. Graham Hill, a former world champion, came in to win, with Clark second. There were five Fords in the first six places and the name was up forever beside Duesenberg, Miller, Offenhauser.

The year of the Fiery Dragon was 1967. Gas-turbine cars had come to Indianapolis before: John Zink in 1962, Norman Demler in 1966. Neither made the race. The turbine engine, invented by Air Commodore Frank Whittle of the Royal Air Force in 1940, put the piston engine out of business as far as high-speed aircraft use is concerned. Running at a constant speed, in high altitudes where it is most efficient, the turbine, in

its jet form, is supreme. Compared with a piston engine, it's very simple: It takes air in at the front, compresses it with one water-wheel-like device, mixes fuel with the air, ignites the mixture, which blasts out the rear end with great force, using some energy on the way to spin a bladed wheel that drives the compressor wheel up front. The airplane goes forward for the same reason a blown-up balloon does if you let go of it: reaction. A gas turbine works the same way, excepting that, to put it crudely, most of the power is used to spin the second turbine wheel, which can be hooked to a propeller, or to wheels, and the jet effect is negligible. As long ago as 1950, the Rover Company of England ran a gas-turbine automobile 150 miles an hour and even competed successfully at Le Mans. The United States Automobile Club, anticipating the eventual appearance of turbines at the Brickyard, had laid down regulations for them, including the vital one of annulus, or effective air-inlet size, which governs the amount of power a gas turbine can produce. This was set at 23 square inches; and in 1967, Andy Granatelli, a former driver, speed-shop owner and perennial Indianapolis sponsor, entered a gas-turbine single-seater under Studebaker STP sponsorship, with Parnelli Jones nominated to drive it. The engine was by Pratt & Whitney, the designer a British-trained engineer, Ken Wallis. At first, no one in the establishment was much impressed: Previous turbine entries had done nothing and Granatelli had never had a winner. The fact that Jones was up to drive shook some people, though, since he could have almost any car he wanted. Then the word got around that his fee was a flat \$100,000, win or lose, and so there were those who thought he was doing it for the money. But when qualifying time came around, everyone who could hold a watch *knew* why he was doing it: Barring accident to the car or somebody shooting him as he sat in it, Jones was going to win. The STP had four-wheel drive, a modification of the British Ferguson system, so that the power went to the track from everywhere, not just the front or back wheels alone; it stuck in the curves as if it were nailed down, and Jones could pass anyone he liked anywhere he chose. And, the sad story ran, he was running at 65 percent of the available power.

The horsepower figure on the STP car—it was painted a Day-Glo orangey red that practically burned out the eyeballs—was cited as 550, nothing extraordinary and less than many other cars. But its torque, or effective twisting power, was 1000 foot-pounds, about three times that of the Ford and Offenhauser engines running against it. Further, while a piston engine has to be brought up to near-



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maximum revolutions per minute before it delivers its maximum torque, a gas-turbine engine of the free-turbine type can apply maximum torque from a standstill, within a second. There was nothing for the other drivers to do but hope the thing broke.

It went that way. Parnelli Jones jumped into the lead immediately, sitting comfortably alongside his big blowtorch, running almost in silence compared with the piston cars, and stayed there until the race was called for rain before it was well under way. For the first time ever, it wasn't restarted until the next day, when Jones ran in front monotonously, except for one little spin and two pit stops, straight to lap 197, when a six-dollar ball bearing in the transmission let go and sent it to the barn—probably forever. A. J. Foyt, riding a Ford rear-engined Coyote of his own and his father's making, was lying a canny second. He had a sure win, but he had a premonition, too: He was suddenly sure he was going to see another multi-car pile-up. He backed off to a crawl, around 100 miles an hour, and when five cars piled up in front of him on the finishing straight, he threaded through them and went to get the \$171,000.

Soon enough afterward, the U. S. A. C.

announced a change in gas-turbine specifications: a reduction in the annulus area from 23 to 15 square inches. Granatelli was outraged. No engine of that size exists, he said, and his own could not be modified and would not be competitive if it were. A scrapper and a persuasive man, Granatelli jumped for the rostrum and made *The Case of the Outlawed Turbine* into a *cause célèbre*. It was, he said, a simple matter of the establishment banning what they knew they couldn't beat. But the U. S. A. C. wouldn't give him an inch, much less eight square inches, and he went to court. Win or lose, he says, he'll be back this Memorial Day with turbines. So will others. Probably most competitive will be a team of two turbines sponsored by Goodyear and Carroll Shelby and designed by Ken Wallis. They, too, will be four-wheel driven, and 1967 World Champion Denis Hulme and Bruce McLaren have been nominated for the rides. If one of them runs as Parnelli Jones ran, someone will say, looking at the serried squadrons of rear-engined Fords, "Gentlemen, you are looking at a million dollars' worth of junk!" and the big wheel will start around one more time.



THERE'S ONE BORN EVERY SECOND

(continued from page 106)

block. As he starts to move the two other blocks, the outside man says, "Can I hold any cap I want before I bet?" The operator tells him to go ahead. The outside man puts his finger on the center block, turns it and wins.

He then whispers to the mark, "As long as you hold the cap, he can't slide the pea out." The operator again covers the pea, shows his hands empty and starts moving the two other blocks. The mark decides to bet. As he gets out his money, the outside man says, "You dropped a bill," and leans over to pick it up. The mark is already reaching out to hold the cap, but he looks down for an instant and, as he does so, the operator casually shoves the cap covering the pea forward, to make it easier for him to reach it. As the mark is looking away and the gesture is so natural, the mark never notices. The operator continues moving the two other caps, while the mark holds down the now-empty cap.

If he doesn't bet the full extent of his roll, the outside man also throws down a bet and the operator says, "You'll have to match this gentleman's bet." As the mark has seen the pea put under the cap and he's holding it down, he'll blow his wad.

Instantly, the outside man, helped by the stick, distracts the mark's attention, while the operator sloughs the joint (folds up his table and disappears). The outside man has to hold the mark and persuade him not to go to the fuzz. He usually does this by offering to pay for his loss, claiming to be at fault, while reminding him that, since gambling is a criminal offense, they're both as guilty as the grifter. He has to hold the mark long enough for the grifter to make a complete getaway; otherwise, he's only a "20-minute man" and, no matter how shrewd he is at getting Mr. Bates to bet his okus (whole roll), he's not much good to the gang.

• • •

The shell game is the bastard child of the cups and balls, the oldest magic trick known. There's an Egyptian wall painting in the tomb of Baqt, done about 2000 B.C., showing the game. Three cups are used and the magician makes a number of small balls appear and disappear from under them. The trick was so well known to the Greeks and Romans that the Latin word for a magician is *acetabularius*, meaning a cup-and-ball man.

The gypsies probably deserve the credit for transforming this ancient trick into a gambling game. John Mulholland, the famous American magician, witnessed some Romanian gypsies giving a command performance of the trick—the command being given by the chief of police. The gypsies used three thimbles and a pealike object made of cigarette



"Look at it this way, Dillon: The bank had ninety million apples; of these, the auditors found eighty-nine million. What happened to those other apples?"

paper, slightly dampened so it would stick to the tip of the operator's finger and he could slip it out while shuffling the thimbles around. Nongypsies learned the technique, improving it by making the pea of wax, so it could be harpooned on the little fingernail. As "thimble rigging," the game became common at race tracks and country fairs.

The game is said to have been introduced into the United States by "Dr." Bennett, who worked the Mississippi river steamboats in the early part of the last century. Dr. Bennett was still showing the marks how to find the little joker when he died in 1845. He had to wear glasses by then, but he still was considered king of the thimble riggers.

Shortly after Dr. Bennett went to his reward, the important scientific discovery was made that the game worked far better if three walnut shells and a small rubber pea were used. Because of the shape of the shells, the simple act of pushing one forward causes the pea to pop out into the operator's hand. Drawing a shell backward causes the pea to slide under it. Soon, thimble rigging became a thing of the past; everyone was using the three walnut shells.

The great genius of the shell game was Soapy Smith. Soapy was Jefferson Randolph Smith, born in Georgia in 1860. At an early age, he ran away from home and went to Texas, where he

became a cowboy. One afternoon, he went to a traveling circus, where he saw a grifter named Clubfoot Hall operating the shells. Soapy was fascinated and the fascination cost him all his wages. But he was too big a man to hold a grudge. He figured that shuffling three shells around was a much easier way of making a living than punching cattle, so he attached himself to Clubfoot. From then on, his rise was rapid.

Soapy first achieved national recognition when he moved into the silver town of Creede, Colorado. Within a few weeks, he had cleaned out the miners and was the best-known gambler in town. His only rival was Robert Ford (the man who shot Jesse James), but Soapy had him murdered and took over Creede. When the town ran out of silver, Soapy went to the Klondike for the gold rush. He set up his three shells at Skagway and was soon running that town as he'd run Creede. He was shot in 1898 by Captain Reid, an engineer, but Soapy killed Reid before he died.

Throughout the early days of this century, the shell game was the standard grift at small circuses and carnivals. Often eight out of ten dollars the show grossed came from the shells. Some shows were owned and operated by the shell-game men to collect a crowd—draw a tip—so they could spread the store (set up a table and start working).

A typical take was \$400 to \$500 a day. Colonel Weaver, a famous operator, once turned over \$4000 in one day to the Hagenback Circus as its share of his takings, and Kid Monahan handed in \$3000 on another occasion.

When the patch (advance man for the circus, whose job was to bribe the local authorities so the shell men could operate) passed the word to rip and tear, it meant that anything went. But if he reported, "I mitted the shamus, but he said no," it meant that the local sheriff had refused the bribe. Then the shell men had to be careful. In case of a raid, there was no time to slough the joint. A genius named Jim Miner overcame this difficulty by "doing the shells" on an open umbrella. The umbrella could be closed in seconds and could not be introduced in court as incriminating evidence, as could the table. Jim always introduced his game with the following poem:

*A little fun, just now and then,
Is relished by the best of men.
If you have nerve, you may win plenty,
Five draws you ten, and ten draws twenty.
Attention give, I'll show to you
How shells hide the peekaboo.
Select your shell, the one you choose.*

Send a can to a friend.



Everybody knows somebody who needs a more effective deodorant.

We think we've got it.

Mennen Pushbutton Deodorant. Spray for spray, Mennen delivers more of the protective ingredient than the aerosol deodorant your friend is probably using. Send him (or her) a can. If you'd rather, send us a dollar and we'll send the can. Delivered in a plain brown wrapper.

They'll never know who to thank.

"Send A Can" Offer,
P.O. Box PB-68-P Kenil, N. J. 07847

I know somebody who needs Mennen Pushbutton Deodorant. Here is a dollar. Will you send a can to:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____



"What do you suppose Alice used to get to Wonderland?"

If right, you win; if wrong, you lose.

The game itself is lots of fun, Jim's chances, though, are two to one.

And I'll tell you, your chance is slim To win a prize from Umbrella Jim.

Although Neversweat regarded himself as a great manipulator, his handling of the blocks was as raw as a beefsteak. He had trouble with the muscles of his right hand. On one occasion, a mark had pulled out a knife and pined Neversweat's hand to the table while he was shuffling the blocks. Then the mark turned over the bottle caps, thinking Neversweat had the pea palmed. When he found the pea, he pulled the knife out and apologized; but after that, Neversweat was forced to hold his right hand in a cramped position.

As a professional magician, I soon learned to handle the caps much better than Neversweat; but it took me a long time to realize that his crude manipulation was actually a good thing, since it convinced the marks that he was incapable of trickery. Also, the sleight of hand is unimportant; everything depends on building up the mark for the blow. When I handled the caps, I tried to

give an exhibition of magic, which is the last thing a real grifter would do. Neversweat finally told me, "You have such an innocent, dumb face. I figured you'd make a grifter; but the trouble is, you're just as dumb as you look."

Although drinking never affected Neversweat's handling of the caps, it did cause him to take crazy chances. He'd gotten his nickname from always being calm in emergencies, but this was mainly because he was too drunk to know better. Once we went to a bar and Neversweat started downing rye with beer chasers, as though he were trying to fill a well. I confined myself to one beer, which caused Neversweat to say contemptuously, "You ain't an old man, kid, but you're so damn moral you might as well be. Now, me, I'll drink anything I can't chew."

I noticed Neversweat throw occasional glances toward a thickset man at the other end of the bar. Suddenly he left me, went up to the stranger, borrowed a match and returned. After another drink, he told me, "You can always spot the fuzz. When I asked him for a match, he give me this suspicious look before pulling out the box. That clown was pounding a beat until they took the harness off

him and made him a detective. He's no more fit to be a detective than the Devil is to be foreman in a powder factory. Oh, well, life would be dull if you didn't step on those flat feet once in a while."

He had another drink and then said, "Come on, kid, let's work outlaw."

He meant start a game off the lot, without the gang. This was a fool thing to do anyhow; but with a detective in the bar, it was insanity. Neversweat had barely enough money to pay for his drinks and I was relieved, as this meant he had no roll to flash and couldn't pay a winner. It didn't bother Neversweat. He went over to a table, laid down his wrist watch as bait and got out the bottle caps. I saw the fuzz watching us and began to sweat.

I went over to the table and Neversweat offered me a free game—if I won. I got the watch. He juggled the caps, but when he pulled his hands away, it was obvious that he had palmed the pea. This was my signal. I leaned forward and put my hands down on the two end caps. "It's under the middle one," I said.

Neversweat was caught. He couldn't get at either of the end caps to slip the pea under. It would have made a corpse smile to see the agony on his face. Finally, he lifted the center cap and produced the pea. I left with the watch. Everyone was laughing, especially the fuzz.

Neversweat got back to the lot late that night. He'd left the bar shortly after I had, gotten some money and returned. He'd tried showing the game to a new bunch of suckers, but the fuzz was still there and tried my trick of putting his hands on the end caps. Only this time it hadn't worked. The fuzz was pretty sore and wanted to run him in, but Neversweat reminded him that it wouldn't look good in the papers how a newly made detective had lost his roll on the old shell game.

Neversweat thought he'd pulled a great stunt; but after that, the atmosphere around the lot was pretty hot. The fuzz had told his pals on the force what had happened and every prowler car and every plainclothesman on the force moved in. The flat joints (gambling booths) were closed and strippers had to wear bras. This was especially tough on the carnival's proprietor. When I'd joined the outfit a few weeks before, the ability of a performer depended on how good he could swing a sledge, and the tops leaked so badly we'd taken to paraffining ourselves. But we'd hit a few red ones (good towns) and the owner had invested in neon lights for the flash and new G strings for the girls. Now the whole carry was taking the rap for Neversweat's outlaw. But even when the owner ordered all grifters off the lot, Neversweat refused to worry.

"The boss has chased the grift, but we'll be back the first day the rides don't hit," he assured me. "Anyhow, I've been

with this rag too long. The privilege was getting too high" (the kickback to the carnival management). "I'll jump from show to show for a while and stay with one outfit only as long as the privilege can be stalled."

Neversweat had trouble finding another carny that would take him. He had a reputation as a rip-and-tear operator. Finally, he and the outside man decided to work outlaw. As they needed a car and I had one, they asked me to help out. I did—but only once.

We drove into a town and I dropped Neversweat and the outside man at a bank. I parked the car and went back, waiting for my cue. Neversweat strolled around until he saw a likely-looking mark come out of the bank, then went up to the man and started talking to him. I found out later that Neversweat explained that he was a Puerto Rican who wanted to find out how to bank money. The mark was trying to give him the brush-off until Neversweat produced a roll of bills that made the mark look wild. Neversweat claimed he'd give a big commission to anyone who'd help him, because he was afraid to go into a bank alone. All the time he was giving the grind, he was waving that roll of cabbage around so it was really a pity for someone not to relieve him of it.

Then the outside man went up and offered to help him. Neversweat signaled me, so I went up and asked what the trouble was. The mark began to get very upset, because he could see this poor Puerto Rican was up against a couple of city slickers; and if anyone was going to relieve him of that okus, it might as well be the mark, who could give it a good home. Neversweat offered to buy everyone lunch while we explained banking practices to him. We agreed and went to my car. The three men got in the back, while I drove around looking for a good restaurant.

Restaurants were scarce in that part of town, and while I was looking, the outside man found some bottles of beer under the seat. The beer went right to Neversweat's head. He put a newspaper across his knees and started showing them a game he'd learned in Puerto Rico with three of the beer-bottle caps and a spitball. It was pitiful to take money from a drunk Puerto Rican, but the mark decided to do it. He lost \$100, although he couldn't understand how.

Then the outside man bet and won. The mark saw now where he'd made his mistake, so we drove back to the bank and he drew out \$3000. We started driving around again, while Neversweat framed the gaff. When they'd cleaned him, I said they'd taken so long with their game that I had to get back to my job and didn't have time to go to the restaurant. So I stopped the car and the mark got out.

Just then, a prowler car went by and the mark started yelling. I lost my head, went into reverse, backed up and hit another car. Then I stalled. I decided that from then on, it was their funeral and I didn't want to interfere with the corpse, so I jumped out and ran. The car was an old jalopy, not worth more than \$30, anyhow.

It was many years later that I saw Neversweat again, on the old Philly main stem at Race and Vine. He didn't look so good and I offered him a drink. After pouring some rye down his throat, he told me that after the fuzz got them, he and the outside man swore they'd never seen each other before; but down at the station house, the police turned up an old photograph of him and the outside man together, taken in Connecticut. There wasn't much they could say after that, but they got off with a fine.

"How are the blocks holding up these days?" I asked.

"Well, we ran into a little trouble in Harlem last week. There was a big tip—too big, 'cause most of them were women. Women aren't no good. When a man loses, he's sort of speechless, but women start to holler. I was betting with this big cat and cleaned him. He didn't say anything, just walked away, but I knew he meant trouble."

"Then why didn't you return his money?"

"I'll see a mark in hell as far as a pigeon can fly in a million years before I'd do that. The sweetest music in the world is the squealing of a mark. I'd rather take money from a mark than find it in the street—the owner might claim it. I should have sloughed the joint, but the outside had a couple more marks lined up, so I kept grinding. Then this mark came back and started shooting. He missed me but hit one of the women. I'd have stopped to see how she was, but I can't stand the sight of blood—especially mine—so I left. Besides, that mark was shouting things discouraging to a man whose living depends on the confidence the public has in him."

"Sounds as though things were getting tough," I told him. "Ever think of going legitimate?"

"I'm morally opposed to doing anything legitimate if I can avoid it—and I usually can avoid it. When I was a kid, I said I'd play the game higher than a cat's back and make it rain money. No one's ever called me a liar. No, I'll keep on crossroading until they plant me. Yet, it's funny. How many of us old-time grifters have a dollar to show the many times we've taken the marks?"

I looked at Neversweat's hands. He'd arranged the three empty liquor glasses on the table and was automatically making the block passes with them.



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THE ANNEX

(continued from page 88)

that the floor itself dipped down in a gentle curve and lifted again at another place in the distance, where it turned again. It was swaying slightly, the whole corridor, like the bridges primitive peoples wove across deep swift rivers. She told him to walk carefully and stay close to the corridor wall. She motioned to him to stop and they were, he saw, on either side of a double door. It was room 4242. If she knew the rest of it, she would know the right number. It had been so placed that half of it was on each door, so that each was labeled 42. Even though she knew, he did not want her to watch what had to be done, watch the task assigned him; but before he could ask her to go away, to give him the key and go away, go back and wait for him around the corner, out of sight, she put a bright-red key in the lock and the double doors opened inward.

Inward, but outward. They opened

onto the nothing of a dizzy height, making a vent for a cold wind that came husking down the hallway behind him and pushed him a long clumsy stride to stand on the very brink. Far, far, far below, the bug shapes of city cars and trucks moved very slowly, as when seen from an aircraft. He teetered, toes over the edge, and slowly fought back the sickness and the terror, knowing he could not let her see that he suddenly realized how cynically and savagely they had tricked him. He adjusted himself to the slight sway of the corridor and rode it easily, smiling and casual for her benefit, aware of how narrowly she was watching him.

Then came a deep and powerful thud, more vibration than sound. It came welling up from below and it danced the swaying corridor, nearly toppling him out. It came again and again. He learned to ride the new motion. The girl whim-

pered. He looked far down, almost directly down, and said, "It's nothing. Your friends have come to work. They've got some kind of a derrick thing down there and they're swinging one of those big cannon balls against the foundation."

He stepped back with care and reached and took her hand. Her hand was cold and hesitant. He led her past the open and windy space and back to where, once again, the structure was solid underfoot, trembling almost imperceptibly to each subsonic thud. She pulled her hand free and, after walking slowly, looking at the room numbers, chose one and opened the door, motioning him to come in. The room was in semidarkness, gray light outlining the window. She closed the door and he heard her sigh.

Reaction made him feel weak and sick. He saw the shape of the bed and moved to it and sat on the edge of it. She came to him and pushed at his shoulder and he lay back, grateful that she understood. He swung his legs onto the bed and she went to the foot and unlaced his shoes and took them off.

"We'd better not make very much noise," she whispered.

"Of course."

"Do you understand about the old people?"

"I know there's something I'm supposed to understand."

"That's enough for now."

She disappeared in the shadows and then he saw her again in silhouette in front of the gray of the window. He heard her sigh and he saw her, with slow and weary motion, tug the shift off over her head, toss it aside, pat her rumpled hair back into order, then bend and slip her shoes off. She stood near the corner of the window, half turned, standing quite still in silhouette, hips in relaxed and weary tilt, and he remembered one of the girls in that Degas print standing off at the side, standing in exactly the same position.

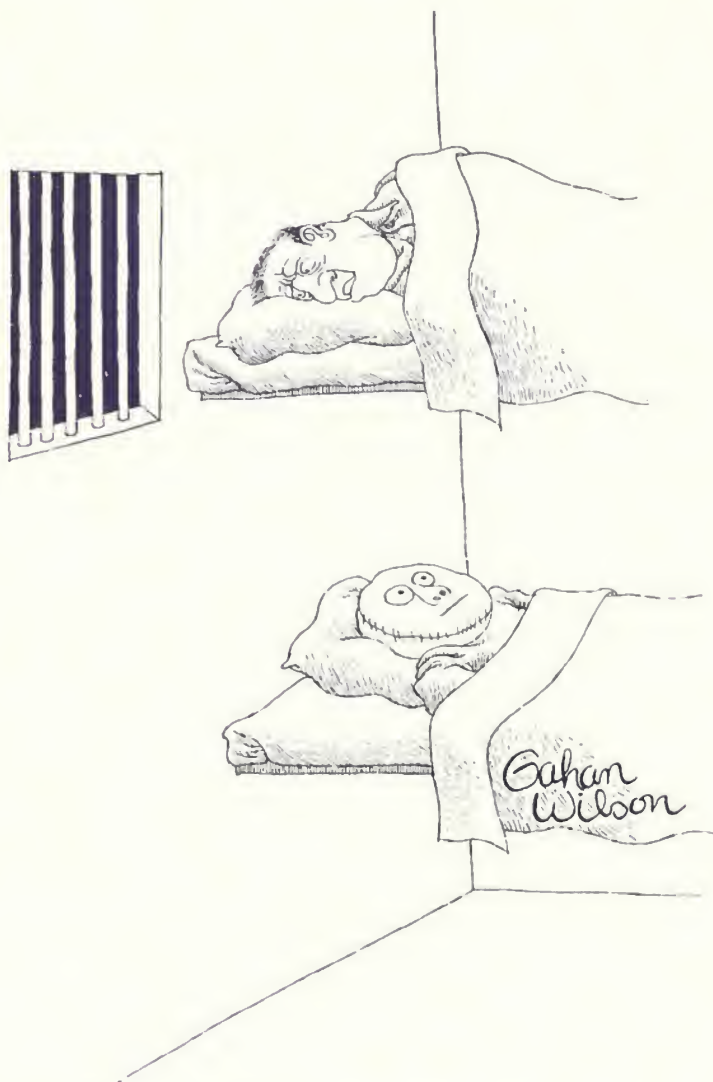
He knew she would turn and come to him but would not understand about what the weakness had done to him. He did not want to confess that kind of weakness to her.

He said, "Even when they do very tricky things, that doesn't mean the rules are changed. We have to follow the rules, just as if everything were happening to someone else, to some people they want to keep, instead of to us. You did it their way, and you know there isn't really any other way down from here. This is all we have left."

"So if I knew all along?" she asked, prompting him.

"If you knew how it was going to be, then you had to know you were a part of it, too."

Not turning, still standing at the gray of the window, she said sadly, softly, "See? You keep understanding more and



"Come on, Charlie, let me in on when you guys are making the break!"

more of it. Sleep for a little while, darling. Then you'll know the rest of it."

At a few minutes past six, Dr. Samuel Barringer opened the door of room 11 in the intensive-care section. In the shadows of the room, he saw the young nurse standing in silhouette by the gray of the window, looking out, standing there with a look of wistful grace.

At the sound of the latch as he closed the door, she spun with a guilty start, greeted him in her gentle and formal morning voice and handed him the clipboard with the patient's chart and the notation she had made since his visit four hours earlier. He held it under the low light for a moment, handed it back to her, then reached through the orifice in the transparent side of the oxygen tent to gently place the pads of his first two fingers against the arterial throb in the slack throat. He stood in a half bow, his eyes closed, listening and measuring through his finger tips. He was a big blond bear of a man, simultaneously clumsy and deft, as bears can be.

The nurse stood, awaiting instructions. He told her he would be back in a few minutes and he walked to the far end of the corridor, to the waiting room beyond the nurses' station. Sylvia sat alone there, at the end of the couch by the lamp table, staring out the big window. The hospital tower was higher than the buildings to the west of it, and she could see the wide, slow river in the morning haze. Daylight muted the yellow glow of the lamp beside her.

She turned and saw him and suddenly her dark eyes looked enormous and her face was more pale. "Sam? Is—"

"They didn't call me back. I just came in and checked him, and I have a couple of others to check, and it's standard procedure, Sylvie. No perceptible change."

He walked past her to the big window and shoved his fists into his hip pockets and looked out at the new day.

After a little while, she said, "He's been trying to take it easier since that little coronary. He really has. But you know how Dave is. He said he was going to weed his practice down to about eight very rich and nervous old ladies with minor ailments. Sam?"

He turned and looked at her, at the lean, mature vitality of her face. "What, honey?"

"What's the prognosis, Sam?"

He shrugged his bear shoulders. "Too early to tell." He looked out the window and saw a freighter being nudged into the channel by the tugs. He wished he were on it and that everybody on board was sworn never to tell Dr. Barringer where they were going or how long they'd be gone.

"Sam, please! That was a big one. Oh,



George Dole

"I think she comes after the birds and the bees."

God, I know that was a big one! Remember me, Sam? Eighteen years we three have known one another. I'm a nurse . . . was a nurse. Remember? You don't have to pat me on the head, Sam."

It was easy to remember the Sylvie Dorn of 18 years ago, that chunky, flirtatious, lively girl, now a whip-slender matron, dark hair with the first touches of gray. Thirty-eight? Mother of Ricky, Susan, Timmy—godmother to his own pair of demons. And Dave is—was—is 42.

"Sam?" she said again.

He turned from the window and went lumbering to the couch, thinking of all the times you make this decision and then decide how to wrap words around it to match the person you tell. But this one was close to the past and all the years, close to the heart.

He sat beside her and took her hands and swallowed a rising thickness in his throat, blinked, swallowed again and said in a pebbly voice, "I'm sorry, Sylvie. Dave hasn't got enough heart muscle left to run a toy train. And there's not one damned thing we can do about it or for it."

She pulled her hands free and lunged against him, and he held her in his big arms and patted her as she strained at the first great hard spasmodic sob and got past it and in about two or three minutes pulled herself back to a control and a forlorn stability he knew she would be able to maintain.

She dabbed her eyes and blew her nose and said, "Today sometime?"

"Probably."

"Tell them you've given permission for me to stay in there with him, will you?"

"Of course. I'll be in every once in a while."

"And thank your dear gal for taking over our tribe, Sam. Sam? Do you think he'll know I'm . . . I'm there with him?"

First, he thought, you throw the stone and then you throw the lump of sugar. No point in telling her that death had occurred, that Dave, as Dave, was long gone and that the contemporary miracles of medical science were keeping some waning meat alive, in the laboratory sense of the word.

"From everything we can learn and everything we can guess, Sylvie, I feel certain that he'll be aware of you being there, holding his hand."

When the first gray light of the morning made the shape of the window visible, he dressed quickly and went out. He guessed that they would not be expecting him to leave that room so soon after arriving.

There were shadows of night still remaining in the empty streets, so that even though he knew his way and walked swiftly, the city seemed strange to him.

discretion and the sense to present unfamiliar faces in already reader-familiar roles—or perhaps he just couldn't afford to pay celebrity scale out of a \$930,000 budget. (Colossal Productions at Hollywood and Vine would have had to put a sword in Dedalus' hand and turn him into a true Son of Ulysses after ramrodding Rock Hudson into the role.) *Time* called the film a précis, and précis is perhaps precisely what it is. Two hours and twelve minutes is still not sufficient time to crowd the full Joycean crowd before our eyes or to speak as much Joycean speech as we might want to hear—but to step out of the awesome shadow of the tone for a moment and enter into a sound stage, instead of remembering some 700 pages—well, then two hours and twelve minutes of *Ulysses* on screen is 132 minutes well spent. ReJoyce.

But the gala premiere audience did not get that much undisturbed time with the film. It soon became obvious to Mr. Strick, if not to everyone else in the theater, that Those Words were actually blacked out at the bonum of the screen.

Stately, slim Joseph Strick, director, rose from his seat and intoned the words "Stop the projection!" But the projection rolled right on.

War council between producer and director of *Ulysses*: Joe will storm the projection room to have the film stopped, while Walt (Walter Reade, Jr., wearing the white carnation) will announce what the protest is all about. Half a dozen functionaries were already stationed at the projection-room door awaiting the assault. Threats—excuse my French—and words about Those Words. Grapple and push. Suddenly, Joe Strick is inside the projection room, where the reels of *Ulysses* roll on. Riot.

"Throw him out," in French.

"Dehors!" "Outside!"

"Throw him all the way out!" in further French.

"Tell me something," asked the house doctor later. "How did you happen to sprain an ankle at the movies?"

Omnium-gatherum the following day: At Press Conference II, a starlet with a lovely blonde rope of hair was drafted to translate, but the translation went too slowly for the French. They had already profited from exclusive news the day before and now resented having to sit listening in English. (I confess, at this point, that several non-French journalists were unhappier over the fact that only hand-picked Frenchmen had a direct line to Le Bret than over Le Bret's censorship of the subtitles to *Ulysses*.) Two translators volunteered to replace the blonde, and finally a third participated, too, until the very air hummed with translation. The French, smiling slyly, one newspaperman to another, wrote their notes in red ink—because the aftermath

of a *scandale célèbre* should always be written in blood.

What was the ultimate ultimatum?

YOUR ACTION IN MUTILATING A MOTION PICTURE INVITED BY YOU TO THE FESTIVAL IS BARBARIC, ARROGANT AND INTOLERABLE. THE INSULT IS NOT TO US ALONE BUT TO ALL WHO CARE ABOUT FILMS. WE DEMAND A PUBLIC APOLOGY AND A RESTORATION OF THE COURTESIES YOU OWE TO YOUR INTERNATIONAL GUESTS, COLLEAGUES AND FRIENDS. WE DEMAND ANOTHER SCREENING OF THE PICTURE IN THE ORIGINAL FORM, IN WHICH YOU INVITED US TO SHOW IT. IF WE ARE NOT SATISFIED ON THESE MATTERS BY TEN A.M. TOMORROW, WE HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO WITHDRAW FROM THE FESTIVAL, AND WE SHALL URGE ALL THOSE WHO ARE HORRIFIED BY YOUR DISRESPECT AND HIGHHANDEDNESS TO FOLLOW US.

(SIGNED)

JOSEPH STRICK

FRED HAINES

WALTER READE, JR.

MON ANUS ROYAL IRLANDAIS! (French subtitle.)

The point, pointed out an Argentinian reporter, was: Was the translation of the subtitles taken from Valéry Larbaud, as approved by Joyce and accepted by the Académie Française? But that is *not* the point. Mr. Strick insisted, we were *never* restricted by the festival to any one translation; there were only six weeks to do subtitles for a work that took Joyce seven years to write—if such restrictions were made, or restrictions of any kind insisted upon, we would have refused to enter the film.

Argument over Valéry Larbaud.

The man responsible for the subtitles—who was never consulted concerning the controversy—wrote to the *Paris Herald Tribune* on May 4, 1967:

It may be quite true that, according to the *Trib* reviewer, some of the subtitles "would better fit a medical dictionary than a work of art," but if it is so, we'll have to blame Valéry Larbaud. I am a seasoned enough subtitler to have foreseen what happened in Cannes, and to have followed *strictly* Larbaud for all the "medical dictionary words."

(signed)

Jean Seudy

I noticed during the press conference that Mr. Fred Haines, author of the screenplay of *Ulysses*, coproducer and ultimatum signer, held a book in his hand. Compulsive reader that I am, I could not resist edging over to Mr. Haines when the press conference broke up, to glance at the title of the volume



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he carried. It was a copy of *Ulysses*, by James Joyce.

Shall we go in to lunch? suggested Mr. Strick.

We lunched at the Carlton with a young lady from the London *Observer* and were intercepted *en passant* by a table-passing parade of cinema NAMES and ultimately, to stay, Mr. Lewis Allen, producer (*Lord of the Flies*, I later learned), sitting down at our table to relax from what seemed like some personal nightmare, saying, No, nothing to eat, thank you, I'm, you know, sort of. . . . You look a lot better, said Joseph Strick. You looked ghastly last night, observed the *Observer*. A little wine? suggested Mr. Strick. No, thanks, no, I'll just have a little of that water, I think.

"Well, what did you think of it?"

"Jesus, when I saw those subtitles scribbled out. . . . Did you contact NAME yet?" asked Mr. Allen.

"Yes, and he approached some of the jury members—Shirley MacLaine, I think, and Vincente Minnelli. We're going to try to get the jury to resign in protest."

"I'll talk to Truffaut," said Mr. Allen, who had recently produced *Fahrenheit 451*, directed by François Truffaut. "He's down here making a film with NAME, and if there's anything he can do, he'll do it."

"We're going to talk to some of the other delegates to try to get them to withdraw their films in protest."

The *terrine du chef* had already been served and the waiter was pouring more Côtes de Provence. The waiter asked Mr. Allen if he would care to order lunch, but Mr. Allen slid deeper into his chair and admitted he had only just finished breakfast. He poured himself a second glass of mineral water.

"What did NAME think of it?" asked Mr. Strick, lingering over his plate.

Mr. Allen hesitated, saying, "Well, You know how she is. About Joyce." He slipped a little deeper into his chair. "Parts of it she thought were great, she really did."

Mr. Strick's digestion seemed to improve and he finished the last of his *terrine*.

I was somewhat startled to see what looked like a silver boiler approaching across the carpeted way, rolling under the glistening chandeliers on silent rubber wheels. Closer, it resembled an iron lung; and when the waiter rolled open the door, I was reminded of a casket with the half lid open for display. *Poor old Paddy Dignam in there*, and we were at his wake. But no, it was ham.

Over our table's platters of ham and next-door neighbors' *salades Niçoises*, crosscurrents of talk eddied from table to table to the clink of silverware with Carlton crests. I might have heard, if I'd listened hard, but I didn't exactly:

Listen to the man from *Cahiers du Cinema*: "Shadow and substance with

underlying symbolism are shown by the lighting alone."

And the man from *Le Nouvel Observateur*: "Three men sharing a tower in Dublin could only represent a socialist society with its comradely associations."

Cahiers du Cinema: "Truly, *Ulysses*, for the lighting alone. . . ."

Le Nouvel Observateur: "And below surface antagonisms, there is, in their relationship, a genuine philosophy of the ideal state."

Before dessert, both *Cahiers* and the *Nouvel O.* would tell the U.S. to go home.

We were eating ham and discussing an actor. NAME was up for a choice role in the United States, but Joseph Strick suggested he would absolutely have to get an American agent to deal with his agent in London. Who's his London agent? The young lady from the London *Observer* named NAME—and words were said by all who knew him.

Coffee was served, but Mr. Allen continued with water. Mr. Strick mentioned *The Last of the Just*. He would like to direct *Just* next, with Mr. Allen as producer, if only they could come up with a literate script. Three NAMES were named who had already tried to write one.

Mr. Strick said, We ought to get a boat and do some sailing, and Mr. Allen sat up and thought, Yes, a great idea, and they both tried to think of a boat they could get and then Mr. Allen thought he knew where they could get one. They really had to get a boat, yes, and sail the hell out of the yacht harbor next week.

But next day, before noon, Joseph Strick flew away on BEA, bound for London.

Before leaving, he issued the following statement:

Our film *Ulysses* has been mutilated.

We have been lied to, humiliated and denied fair access to a fair competition.

We withdraw.

But was that THE END?

No, because right after all Those Words went down to whispers sometime after the final anticlimax with no nothing left to talk about but is Bardot coming or not there came to Cannes a strange outfit outfitted from almost outerspace no not misfais dout misoverstand but really so In only they knew how far lets just say strange and possibly lonely together led by a hungry hungover boy scout without a merit badge except the Brillo boxes and assorted supermarket cartons to his name hair bleached withered white and smoggy eyes so overexposed to popcolor they were colorless as used flashbulbs flanked by his popartyficial cowboy carrying a cap pistol with a Rasputin who wrote the script not to mention Miss National Velvet in black national velours

for the occasion or whatever occasional comment you care to make plus another Miss Somebodyelse as deathwhite as her sisterstar both mascaraed to the bone black massacred about the eyes miscarried to Cannes God knows not scared scarred but is nothing sacred dyeing with their Courrègesboots over whitebody stockings shocking minijumped thighs on thin shaved fashionmodel pins and Vogue-knees and you knew they both bit their fingernails out of camerarange Chelsea-girls claimed their spokesman smoking for there was their spokesman growing bald and already barefoot on the Plage Sportive trying to con together cameracrew enough to make the day worth while while the photographers were mostly down downing drinks at the Carlton bar pretending to be producers and the few newsmen to be had had gathered by now pressing unimpressive questions to the boy scout leader swallowing his boyish Adams apple burying his answers in the sand or replying whippers for the spokesman to quote for outside being In everything was an Injoke even wherein are you staying and whereat do you go from here until the spokesman tried to rally Chelsea-girl support support your local Chelsea girl the film afterall was Invited In he insisted by telegram and now not one official officially admitted it film or telegram either and not one theater would admit three hours and thirty minutes schizophrenics on their screens which is actually nothing to the twentyfive hours their leaders next film will run on how many split screens only he knows possibly four but trash said the boy scout all of my movies are but it keeps us off the street but the point pointed out the spokesman is are we Invited or not we came to Cannes by telegram and now we Cant did you go in personal-to-person to Delegate General Le Bret and ask him to ask again no because Monsieur Le Bret is strangely no longer home to scandalflicks with untitled subtle subtitles all entreaties useless *Ulysses* did that but a secretary secretly went in for us with our signed petition with hundreds of NAMES not to mention Marguerite Duras even wanted to see our Girls and God knows whomelse because they were all in French but the secretary secretly asked herself if she should ask again no knowing Favre Le Bret is not now about to be trapped twice in one festival already scandal-swindled and possibly proved prude but she relented entering the Delegate Generals office and asked the directors director if he knew who was here no not Andy Warhol I hope yes said the secretary and he wants to show the world his Chelsea-girls *merde* euphemistically reflected Favre and without further reflection or final ado it was no he said I wont No.





"Mustn't mix business with pleasure, Marie."

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LAKES AND RIVERS



GIRLS OF SCANDINAVIA



DADS AND GRAOS



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JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH, THE PROTEAN ECONOMIST, AUTHOR, ADVISOR TO JFK AND FORMER AMBASSADOR TO INDIA, VIEWS THE WAR AND THE NATIONAL MOOD, POLITICS AND THE INTELLECTUAL, IN AN EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW

"THE GIRLS OF SCANDINAVIA"—A 12-PAGE PICTORIAL PANGYRIC TO NORTH EUROPE'S FREE-SPIRITED SUN GODDESSES

"AN INQUEST ON OUR LAKES AND RIVERS"—A DEDICATED CONSERVATIONIST AND DISTINGUISHED JURIST EXPOSES THE SENSELESS DESPOILING OF OUR PRICELESS LIQUID ASSETS—BY **U. S. SUPREME COURT JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS**

"SECOND GENESIS"—WITH DNA AND RNA AS THE KEYS, SCIENCE STANDS ON THE THRESHOLD OF CREATING LIFE AND A NEW RACE OF AUTHENTIC SUPERMEN—BY **MAX GUNTHER**

"HAWAII"—A FRESHLY CANDID APPRAISAL OF THOSE PARADISIACAL ISLANDS THAT MAKE UP OUR 50TH STATE—BY **PLAYBOY'S** NEW TRAVEL EDITOR, **LEN DEIGHTON**

"GHOST"—A SARDONIC TALE OF WHAT A MAN WILL SACRIFICE TO ACHIEVE THE SYMBOLS OF SUCCESS—BY **HOKE NORRIS**

"HOW I BECAME A RENAISSANCE MAN IN MY SPARE TIME"—WHEREIN THE AUTHOR TRIES TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE BY MIXING HIS MEDIA AND EXPANDING HIS CONSCIOUSNESS—BY **MARVIN KITMAN**

"GIRL GETTING EDUCATED AT NOON ON SUNDAY"—THEY MET AT AN ACID-ROCK BALL AND SHE GROKKED HIM; ALL THAT REMAINED WAS TO CRACK HER COOL—BY **HERBERT GOLD**

"PLAYBOY'S GIFTS FOR DADS AND GRADS"—A HOST OF RICH REWARDS FOR PATRESFAMILIAS AND BACCALAUREATES

*Sometimes I wonder
if you like me for myself...
or just my shape.*



In beer, going first class is Michelob. Period.



Whatever you add to your vodka drinks...
start with the patent on smoothness.



Only
Gordon's Vodka
has it.

